

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.
VOLUME THE SECOND.

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VOLUME THE SECOND.

CONTAINING

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

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M DCC XC.

MEASURE for MEASURE

VOL. II.



Persons Represented.

Vincentio, *duke of Vienna.*

Angelo, *lord deputy in the duke's absence.*

Escalus, *an ancient lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.*

Claudio, *a young gentleman.*

Lucio, *a fantastick.*

Two other like gentlemen.

Varrius*, *a gentleman, servant to the duke.*

Provost.

Thomas, } *two friars.*

Peter, }

A justice.

Elbow, *a simple constable.*

Froth, *a foolish gentleman.*

Clown, *servant to Mrs. Over-done.*

Abhorson, *an executioner.*

Barnardine, *a dissolute prisoner.*

Isabella, *sister to Claudio.*

Mariana, *betrothed to Angelo.*

Juliet, *beloved by Claudio.*

Francisca, *a nun.*

Mistress Overdone, a bawd.

Lords, gentlemen, guards, officers, and other attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

* Varrius might be omitted, for he is only once spoken to, and says nothing. JOHNSON.

MEASURE for MEASURE

ACT I. SCENE I.

A room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—

Escal. My Lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;

1 The story is taken from Cinthio's *Novels*, Decad. 8. Novel 5. POPE.

We are sent to Cinthio for the plot of *Measure for Measure*, and Shakspeare's judgment hath been attracted for some deviations from him in the conduct of it, when probably all he knew of the matter was from *Madam Isabella*, in the *Heptameron* of *Whetstone*, Lond. 4to. 1582.—She reports, in the fourth dayes Exercise, the rare *Historie of Promos and Cassandra*. A marginal note informs us, that *Whetstone* was the author of the *Comedie* on that subject; which likewise had probably fallen into the hands of Shakspeare. FARMER.

There is perhaps not one of Shakspeare's plays more darkened than this by the peculiarities of its author, and the unskilfulness of its editors, by distortions of phrase, or negligence of transcription. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare took the fable of this play from the *Promos and Cassandra* of G. Whetstone, published in 1578. See Theobald's note at the end.

A hint like a seed, is more or less prolific, according to the qualities of the soil on which it is thrown. This story, which in the hands of Whetstone produced little more than barren insipidity, under the culture of Shakspeare became fertile of entertainment. The curious reader will find that the old play of *Promos and Cassandra* exhibits an almost complete embryo of *Measure for Measure*; yet the hints on which it is formed are so slight, that it is nearly as impossible to detect them, as it is to point out in the acorn the future ramifications of the oak.

The reader will find the argument of G. Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, at the end of this play. It is too bulky to be inserted here. See likewise the piece itself among *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded &c.* published by S. Leacroft, Charing-cross. STEEVENS.

Measure for Measure was, I believe, written in 1603. See an Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays, ante. MALONE.

4 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Since I am put to know ², that your own science
 Exceeds, in that, the lists ³ of all advice
 My strength can give you: Then no more remains,
 But that to your sufficiency ^{**} as your worth is able,
 And let them work ⁴. The nature of our people,
 Our city's institutions, and the terms

² Since I am put to know,—] I am put to know may mean,
 I am obliged to acknowledge. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part II. sc. 1:

“ ——— had I first been put to speak my mind.” STEVENS.

³ — lists] Bounds, limits. JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— Then no more remains,

But that to your sufficiency ^{**} as your worth is able,
 And let them work.] I have not the smallest doubt that the composi-
 tor's eye glanced from the middle of the second of these lines to that
 under it in the *Mt.* and that by this means two half lines have been
 omitted. The very same error may be found in *Macbeth*, edit. 1632.

“ ——— which, being taught, return,

“ To plague the ingredients of our poison'd chalice

“ To our own lips.”

instead of

“ ——— which, being taught, return,

“ To plague the invention. This even handed justice

“ Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice” &c.

Again, in *Much ado about nothing*, edit. 1623. p. 103:

“ And I will break with her. Was't not to this end, &c.”
 instead of

“ And I will break with her, and with her father,

“ And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end, &c.”

Mr. Theobald would supply the defect thus:

But that to your sufficiency you add

Diligence, as your worth is able, &c.

Sir T. Hamner reads:

But that to your sufficiency you join

A will to serve us, as your worth is able, &c.

The following passage, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. which is constructed in
 a manner somewhat similar to the present when corrected, appears to
 me to strengthen the supposition that two half lines have been lost:

“ Send danger from the east unto the west,

“ So honour cross it from the north to south,

“ And let them grapple.”

Sufficiency is skill in government; ability to execute his office. And let
 them work, a figurative expression; Let them ferment. MAISON.

Some words seem to have been lost here, the sense of which, perhaps,
 may be thus supplied:

——— then no more remains,

But that to your sufficiency you put

A zeal as willing as your worth is able, &c. TYRWHITT.

1 or

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

5

For common justice⁵, you are as pregnant in⁶,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.—[*Exit an attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul⁷
Blessed him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power. What think you of it?
Especially. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history⁸

Fully

5 ——— and the terms

[*For common justice,*] *Terms* means the technical language of the court. An old book called *Les Termes de la Ley*, (written in Henry the Eighth's time) was in Shakspeare's days, and is now, the accident of young students in the law. BLACKSTONE.

6 — as pregnant in,] *Pregnant* is ready, knowing. JOHNSON.

— with special soul] By the words *with special soul* I believe, the poet meant no more than that *he was the immediate voice of his heart.* So, in the *Tenpest*

—— “for several virtues

“Have I lik'd several women, never any

“With *so full soul*, but some defect” &c. STEEVENS.

This seems to be only a translation of the usual formal words inserted in all royal grants — “*de gratia nostra specialis, et ex merito*” &c.

7 — I am a kind of character in thy life,

8 — that, to the observer, doth thy history

[*Unfold*] What is their peculiarity in this, that a man's life in forms to the observer of his history?

History may be taken in a more diffuse and licentious meaning, for *future events*, or in part of life yet to come. If this sense be received, the simile is not ill proper. JOHNSON.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Fully unfold: Thyself and thy belongings⁹
 Are not thine own so proper¹, as to waste
 Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee².
 Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
 Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues³
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
 But to fine issues⁴: nor nature never lends⁵
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use⁶. But I do bend my speech
 To one that can my part in him advertise⁷;

Shakspeare has the same thought in *Henry IV.* which is some comment on this passage before us:

- "I here is a history in all men's lives,
 "Figuring the nature of the times decas'd;
 "The which observ'd, a man may prophecy
 "With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 "As yet not come to life, &c. STEEVENS.

9 — *thy belongings*] i. e. endowments. MALONE.

1 — *are not thine own so proper,*] i. e. are not so much thy own property. STEEVENS.

2 — *them on thee.*] The old copy reads—*they* on thee. STEEVENS.
 Corrected by Sir Tho. Hanmer. MALONE.

3 — *for if our virtues &c.*]

Paulum sepulture distat inertie

Culata virtus —Hor. THEOBALD.

4 — *to fine issues:*] To great consequences; for high purposes. JOHNSON.

5 — *nor nature never lends*] Two negatives, not employed to make an affirmative, are common in our author. STEEVENS.

6 — *she determines*

Herself the glory of a creditor,

Both thanks and use.] i. e. She (Nature) requires and allots to herself the same advantages that creditors usually enjoy,—thanks for the endowments she has bestowed, and extraordinary exertions in those whom she hath thus favoured, by way of interest for what she has lent.

Use, in the phraseology of our author's age, signified interest of money. MALONE.

7 — *I do bend my speech*

To one that can my part in him advertise;] I believe, the meaning is,—I am talking to one who is himself already sufficiently conversant with the nature and duties of my office;—of that office, which I have now delegated to him. MALONE.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Hold therefore, Angelo²;
In our remove, be thou at full yourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,
Though first in question³, is thy secondary;
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice⁴
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

² *Hold therefore, Angelo:*] That is, continue to be Angelo; *hold* as thou art. JOHNSON.

I believe that—*Hold therefore Angelo*, are the words which the duke utters on tendering his commission to him. He concludes with—*Take thy commission.* STEEVENS.

If a full point be put after *therefore*, the duke may be understood to speak of himself. *Hold therefore*, i. e. Let me therefore hold, or stop. And the sense of the whole passage may be this. The duke, who has begun an exhortation to Angelo, checks himself thus. "But I am speaking to one, that can in him [*in*, or by himself] apprehend my part [all that I have to say]: I will therefore say no more [on that subject]." He then merely signifies to Angelo his appointment.

T. W. H. T.

³ [*first in question*,] That is, first called for; first appointed. JOHNSON.
⁴ *We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice*] *Leaven'd choice* is one of Shakspeare's harsh metaphors. His train of ideas seems to be this. *I have proceeded to you with choice mature, concocted, fermented, leavened.* When bread is *leavened* it is left to ferment: a *leavened* choice is therefore a choice not hasty, but considerate, not declared as soon as it fell into the imagination, but suffered to work long in the mind. JOHNSON.

8 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way ².

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope ³ is as mine own;
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to flage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *avis* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Iscl. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness ¹

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit.]

Iscl. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—I let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Iscl. I'll wait upon your honour. [Exit.]

SCENE II:

A Street.

Enter LUCIO, and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to
composition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the
dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of
Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

² *bring you something on the way.*] i. e. accompany you. The
mode of expression is to be found in almost every writer of the
ages. R. 110.

³ *your scope.* —] That is, Your amplitude of power. JOHN. O.

Lucio

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: As for example; Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersy, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio.

4 — *in metre*:] In the primers, there are metrical graces, such as, I suppose, were used in Shakspeare's time. JOHNSON.

5 *Grace is grace, despite of all controversy*:] The question is, whether the second gentleman has ever heard grace. The first gentleman limits the question to *grace in metre*. Lucio enlarges it to *grace in any form or language*. The first gentleman, to go beyond him, says, or *in any religion*, which Lucio allows, because the nature of things is unalterable; grace is as immutably grace, as his merry antagonist is a wicked villain. Discrepancy in religion cannot make a *grace* not to be *grace*, a *pirate* not to be *pirate*; as, nothing can make a *villain* not to be a *villain*. This seems to be the meaning, such as it is. JOHNSON.

6 — *there went but a pair of sheers between us*.] We are both of the same piece. JOHNSON.

7 — *pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet*.] The jest about the pile of a French velvet alludes to the loss of hair in the French dis-

cate,

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Lucio. I think thou dost ; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech : I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health ; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong ; have I not ?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast ; whether thou art tainted or free.

1 *Gent.* Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes¹ ! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray ?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a year².

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more³.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me. but thou art full of error ; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy ; but so so sound, as things that are hollow. thy bones are hollow, impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now ? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica ?

Bawd. Well, well ; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all. •

ease, a very frequent topick of our author's jocularities. *Lucio* finding that the gentleman understands the distemper so well, and mentions it so feelingly, promises to remember to drink his health, but to forget to drink after him. It was the opinion of Shakspeare's time, that the cup of an infected person was contagious. JOHNSON.

The jest lies between the similar sound of the words *pill'd* and *pil'd*. This I have elsewhere explained, under a passage in *Henry VIII*: "*Pill'd* priest thou liest." STEEVENS.

¹ *Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes!*] In the old copy this speech, and the next but one, are attributed to *Lucio*. The present regulation was suggested by Mr. Pope. What *Lucio* says afterwards, "*A French crown more,*" proves that it is right. He would not utter a sarcasm against himself. MALONE.

² *To three thousand dollars a year.*] A quibble intended between *dollars* and *doctors*. HANMER.

The same jest occurred before in the *Tempest*. JOHNSON.

³ *A French crown more.*] *Lucio* meant here not the piece of money so called, but that venereal scab, which among the surgeons is styled *cancer Venusii*. THEOBALD.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Barbd. Marry, fir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Barbd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopp'd off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Barbd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt LUCIO and gentlemen.*]

Barbd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat², what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

*Enter Clown*³.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Barbd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman⁴.

Barbd.

2 — *what with the sweat,*] This may allude to the *sweating sickness*, of which the memory was very fresh in the time of Shakespeare; but more probably to the method of cure then used for the diseases contracted in brothels. JOHNSON.

3 *Enter Clown.*] As this is the first clown who makes his appearance in the plays of our author, it may not be amiss, from a passage in *Tarlton's News out of Purgatory*, to point out one of the ancient dresses appropriated to the character: "— I sawe one attired in russet, with a button'd cap on his head, a bag by his side, and a strong bat in his hand; so artificially attired for a clowne, as I began to call Tarlton's wonted shape to remembrance." STEEVENS.

Such perhaps was the dress of the Clown in *All's well that ends well* and *Twelfth Night*; Touchstone in *As you like it*, &c. The present clown however (as an anonymous writer has observed) is only the tapster of a brothel, and probably was not so appareled. MALONE.

4 — *What has he done?*

Clown. A woman.] The ancient meaning of the verb to *do* (though now obsolete) may be guess'd at from the following passage:

"Chiron,

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Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river⁵.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs⁶ of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clown. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

"Chiron. Thou hast undone our mother.

"Aaron. Villain, I've done thy mother." *Titus Andronicus.*

Again, in Ovid's *Elegies*, translated by Marlowe, printed at Middlebourg, no date:

"The strumpet with the stranger will not do,

"Before the room is clear, and door put to."

Hence the name of *Over-done*, which Shakspeare has appropriated to his *bawd*. COLLINS.

⁵ — in a peculiar river.] i. e. a river belonging to an individual; not publick property. MAYONE.

⁶ All houses in the suburbs.—] This is surely too general an expression, unless we suppose that all the houses in the suburbs were *bawdy-houses*. It appears too, from what the *bawd* says below, "But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?" that the clown had been particular in his description of the houses which were to be pulled down. I am therefore inclined to believe that we should read here, *all bawdy-houses*, or *all houses of resort* in the suburbs. TYRWHITT.

[But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?] This will be understood from the Scotch law of James's time, concerning *whores* (whores): "that common women be put at the utmost ends of townes, where least perill of fire is." Hence *Ursula* the pig-woman, in *Bartholomew's Fair*: "I, I, gamesters, mock a plain, plump, soft wench of the suburbs, do!" FARMER.

See *Martial*, where *sumptuaria*, and *suburbana* are applied to prostitutes. STEEVENS.

The licensed houses of resort at Vienna are at this time all in the suburbs, under the permission of the Committee of Chastity. S. W.

Clown.

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13

Clown. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers; LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou shew me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just^s.

Lucio.

^s Thus can the demi-god, authority,

Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—

The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;

On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.] The demi-god, Authority, makes us pay the full penalty of our offence, and its decrees are as little to be questioned as the words of heaven, which pronounces its pleasure thus;—I punish and remit punishment according to my own uncontrollable will; and yet who can say, what dost thou? —Make us pay down for our offence by weight, is a fine expression to signify paying the full penalty. The metaphor is taken from paying money by weight, which is always exact; not so by tale, on account of the practice of diminishing the species. WARBURTON.

● I suspect that a line is lost. JOHNSON.

It may be read, the sword of heaven.

Thus can the demi-god, Authority,

Make us pay down for our offence, by weight;—

The sword of heaven;—on whom &c.

Authority is then poetically called the sword of heaven, which will spare or

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin⁹ down their proper bane,)
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality¹ of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

or punish, as it is commanded. The alteration is slight, being made only by taking a single letter from the end of the word, and placing it at the beginning.

This very ingenious and elegant emendation was suggested to me by the rev. Dr. Roberts, of Eaton; and it may be countenanced by the following passage in the *Cibler's Prophecy*, 1594:

“—In brief they are the swords of heaven to punish.”

Sir *W. Davenant*, who incorporated this play of *Shakspeare* with *Much ado about Nothing*, and formed out of them a Tragi-comedy called *The Law against Lovers*, omits the two last lines of this speech; I suppose, on account of their seeming obscurity. STEEVENS.

The very ingenious emendation proposed by Dr. Roberts is yet more strongly supported by another passage in the play before us, where this phrase occurs [act III. sc. last]:

“He who the sword of heaven will bear,

“Should be as holy as severe.”

yet I believe the old copy is right. MALONE.

Notwithstanding Dr. Roberts's ingenious conjecture, the text is certainly right. *Authority* being absolute in Angelo, is finely stiled by Claudio, *the demi god*. To his uncontrollable power, the poet applies a passage from St. Paul to the Romans, ch. ix. v. 15, 18, which he properly stiles, *the words of heaven*; for he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, &c. And again: Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, &c. HENLEY.

⁹ *Like rats that ravin* &c.] To *ravin* was formerly used for cagerly or voraciously devouring any thing. REED.

Ravin is an ancient word for *prey*. STEEVENS.

¹ — as the morality—] The old copy has *mortality*. It was corrected by Sir William Davenant. MALONE.

Lucio.

Lucio. Lechery ?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, fir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend :—Lucio, a word with you. *[Takes him aside.]*

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—
Is lechery so look'd after ?

Claud. Thus stands it with me :—Upon a true contract,
I got possession of Julietta's bed ² ;
You know the lady ; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order : this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower ³
Remaining in the coffer of her friends ;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps ?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness ⁴ ;
Or whether that the body publick be

² *I got possession of Julietta's bed, &c.*] This speech is surely too indelicate to be spoken concerning Juliet, before her face, for she appears to be brought in with the rest, though she has nothing to say: The Clown points her out as they enter; and yet from Claudio's telling Lucio, *that he knows the lady, &c.* one would think she was not meant to have made her personal appearance on the scene. STEEVENS.

Claud. may be supposed to speak to Lucio apart. MALONE.

³ *Only for propagation of a dower—*] The meaning of the speaker is sufficiently clear, yet this term appears a very strange one. Sir William Davenant seems also to have thought so; for he reads

“ *Only for the assurance of a dowry.* ”

Perhaps we should read—*only for prorogation—*. MALONE.

⁴ *Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;*] *Fault*, I apprehend, does not refer to any enormous act done by the deputy, (as Dr. Johnson seems to have thought) but to *newness*. The *fault and glimpse* is the same as the *faulty glimpse*. And the meaning seems to be—*Whether it be the fault of newness, a fault arising from the mind being dazzled by a novel authority, of which the new governor has yet had only a glimpse,—has yet taken only a hasty survey; or whether &c.* Shakspeare has many similar expressions. MALONE.

A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
 Who, newly in the feat, that it may know
 He can command, let's it straight feel the spur:
 Whether the tyranny be in his place,
 Or in his eminence that fills it up,
 I stagger in:—But this new governor
 Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
 Which have, like unscour'd armour⁵, hung by the wall,
 So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
 And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
 Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
 Freshly on me⁶:—'tis, surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle⁷
 on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may
 figh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he is not to be found.
 I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
 This day my sister should the cloister enter,
 And there receive her approbation⁸:
 Acquaint her with the danger of my state;

⁵ — *like unscour'd armour,*] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“Like rusty mail in monumental mockery.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — — — *But this new governor*

Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,

Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall,

So long — — —

Now puts the drowsy and neglected act

Freshly :] Lord Strafford, in the conclusion of his Defence in the House of Lords, had, perhaps, these lines in his thoughts:

“It now full two hundred and forty years since any man was tentented with that which our fathers have left; and not awake the sleeping lions, to our own destruction, by raking up a few rusty records, that have lain so many ages by the walls, quite forgotten and neglected.”

MALONE.

⁷ — *so tickle*] i. e. ticklish. This word is frequently used by our old dramatick authors. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *her approbation* :] i. e. enter on her probation, or noviciate. So again, in this play:

“I, in probation of a sisterhood”—

Again, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

“Madam, for a twelvemonth's approbation,

“We mean to make the trial of our child.” MALONE.

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,⁹
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art,
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

- Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement
of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition;¹ as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be
sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack².
I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,—

Claud. Come, officer, away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

A Monastery.

Enter Duke, and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love

⁹ — prone and speechless dialect,] *Prone*, I believe, is used here for prompt, significant, expressive. (though speechless), as in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* it means *ardent, head-strong*, rushing forward to its object:

"O that prone lust should stain in pure a bed!" MALONE.

Prone, perhaps, may stand for *bumble*, as a *prone posture* is a *posture of supplication*. So, in the *Opportunity*, by Shirley, 1640:

"You have *prostrate* language."

The same thought occurs in the *Winter's Tale*:

"The silence often of pure innocence

"Persuades, when speaking fails."

Sir W. D'Avenant, in his alteration of the play, changes *prone* to *sovere*. I mention some of his variations, to shew that what appear difficulties to us were difficulties to him, who living nearer the time of Shakspeare, might be supposed to have understood his language more intimately. STEEVENS.

¹ — *Order grievous imposition*;] I once thought it should be *inquisition*; but the present reading is probably right. *The crime would be under grievous penalties imposed.* JOHNSON.

— *lost at a game of tick-tack.*] *Tick-tack* is a game at tables. *Jouer au tric-trac* is used in French, in a wanton sense. MALONE.

18 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Can pierce a complete bosom³: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd⁴;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery⁵ keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture⁶, and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to head-strong steeds,)
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep⁷;

Even

³ Believe not that the dribbling dart of love

Can pierce a complete bosom:] Think not that a breast completely armed can be pierced by the dart of love, that comes fluttering without force. JOHNSON.

⁴ — the life remov'd;] i. e. a life of retirement, a life removed from the bustle of the world. STEEVENS.

So, in *Hamlet*: "It waits you to a more remov'd ground." MALONE.

⁵ — and witless bravery—] Bravery in old language often means, splendour of dress. And was supplied by the second folio. MALONE.

⁶ A man of stricture,] Stricture for strictness. JOHNSON.

⁷ We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to head-strong steeds,)

Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;] The old copy reads—head-strong needs, and—let slip. Both the emendations were made by Mr. Theobald. The latter may derive support (as he has observed) from a subsequent line in this play:

"The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept."?

So, also, from a passage in *Hamlet*:

"How stand I then,

"That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,

"Excitements of my reason and my blood,

"And let all sleep?"

If *sleep* be the true reading, (which, however, I do not believe,) the sense may

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey : Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use ; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd^s : so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd :
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful :
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do : For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office ;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the sight,
To do it slander^t : And to behold his sway,

may he, — which for these fourteen years we have suffered to *pass unnoticed, unobserved* ; for to the same phrase is used in *Twelfth Night* :
“ Let him let this matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capulet.”

Mr. Theobald altered *fourteen* to *nineteen*, to make the Duke's account correspond with a speech of Claudio's in a former scene, but without necessity ; for our author is often incorrect in the computation of time. MALONE.

Theobald's correction is misplaced. If any correction is really necessary, it should have been made where Claudio, in a foregoing line, says *nineteen* years. I am disposed to take the Duke's words. WHALLEY.

^s Becomes *more mock'd, than fear'd* :] *Becomes* was added by Mr. Pope to restore sense to the passage, some such word having been left out. STEEVENS.

^t *Sith*—] i. e. since. STEEVENS.

^t *To do it slander* :] The original copy reads—*To do in slander*. The emendation was Sir Thomas Hanmer's. In the preceding line the first folio appears to have—*sight* ; which seems to be countenanced by the words *ambush* and *strike*. *Sight* was introduced by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

20 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
 Visit both prince and people : therefore, I pr'ythee,
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
 How I may formally in person bear me
 Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
 At our more leisure shall I render you ;
 Only, this one :—Lord Angelo is precise ;
 Stands at a guard² with envy ; scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone : Hence shall we see,
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

S C E N E V.

A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges ?

Fran. Are not these large enough ?

Isab. Yes, truly : I speak not as desiring more ;
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of saint Clare.

Lucio. [*within*] Ho ! Peace be in this place !

Isab. Who's that which calls ?

Fran. It is a man's voice : Gentle Isabella,
 Turn you the key, and know his business of him ;
 You may, I may not ; you are yet unsworn :
 When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
 But in the presence of the prioress :
 Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face ;
 Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.
 He calls again ; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit FRAN.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity ! Who is't that calls ?

Hanmer's emendation is supported by a passage in *Henry IV. P. I :*

" Do me no slander, Douglass, I dare fight." STEEVENS.

² — in person bear me] *Me*, which seems to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

So, in the *Tempest :*

" ——— some good instruction give,

" Now I may bear me here." STEEVENS.

³ *Stands at a guard—*] Stands on terms of defiance. JOHNSON.

Ente

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge⁴,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, mock me not:—your story⁵.

Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not⁶.—Though 'tis my fa-
miliar sin

With

⁴ For that, which, if myself might be his judge,] Perhaps these words
were transposed at the press. The sense seems to require—That, for
which, &c. MALONE.

⁵ Sir, make me not your story.] Thus the old copy. I have no doubt
that we ought to read (as I have printed,) Sir, mock me not:—your story.
So, in *Macbeth*:

• “Thou com'st to use thy tongue:—thy story quickly.”

In *King Lear* we have—“Pray, do not mock me.”

I beseech you, Sir, (says Isabel) do not play upon my fears; reserve this
idle talk for some other occasion;—proceed at once to your tale. Lucio's
subsequent words, [“'Tis true,”—i. e. you are right; I thank you
for reminding me;] which, as the text has been hitherto printed, had no
meaning, are then pertinent and clear. Mr. Pope was so sensible of
the impossibility of reconciling them to what preceded in the old copy,
that he fairly omitted them.

What Isabella says afterwards, fully supports this emendation:

“You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.”

I have observed that almost every passage in our author, in which
there is either a broken speech, or a sudden transition without a connect-
ing particle, has been corrupted by the carelessness of either the tran-
scriber or compositor. See a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act II. Sc. i:

“A man of—sovereign, peerless, he's esteem'd.”

And another on *Coriolanus*, Act I. Scene iv:

“You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues

“Plaster you o'er!” MALONE.

⁶ I would not.] i. e. Be assured, I would not mock you. So after-

With maids to seem the lapwing⁷, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart⁸,—play with all virgins so,
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and fainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth⁹, 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd¹:

wards: "Do not believe it:" i. e. Do not suppose that I would mock you. MALONE.

⁷ *With maids to seem the lapwing,*] The lapwings fly with seeming fright and anxiety far from their nests, to deceive those who seek their young. HANMER.

See Ray's Proverbs: "The lapwing cries, tongue far from heart." The farther she is from her nest, where her heart is with her young ones, she is the louder, or perhaps all tongue. SMITH.

See the *Comedy of Errors*, Act V. Sc. iii. GREY.

⁸ *Though 'tis my familiar sin*

*With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so, &c.*] This passage has been pointed in the modern editions thus:

'Tis true:—I would not (though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so:
I hold you &c.

According to this punctuation, Lucio is made to deliver a sentiment directly opposite to that which the author intended. *Though 'tis my common practice to jest with and to deceive all virgins, I would not so play with all virgins.*

The sense, as the text is now regulated, appears to me clear and easy. 'Tis very true, (says he) I ought indeed, as you say, to proceed at once to my story. Be assured, I would not mock you. Though it is my familiar practice to jest with maidens, and, like the lapwing, to deceive them by my insincere prattle, though, I say, it is my ordinary and habitual practice to sport in this manner with all virgins, yet I should never think of treating you so; for I consider you, in consequence of your having renounced the world, as an immortal spirit, as one to whom I ought to speak with as much sincerity as if I were addressing a saint. MALONE.

⁹ *Fewness and truth,*] i. e. in few words, and those true ones. In few, is many times thus used by Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

Your brother and his lover—] i. e. his mistress; *lover*, in our author's time, being applied to the female as well as the male sex. Thus, one of his poems, containing the lamentation of a deserted maiden, is entitled "*A Lover's Complaint*," MALONE.

As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry².

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action³: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line⁴ of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use⁵ and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,

² —as blossoming time,

That from the seedness the bare fallow brings

To teeming foison; so her plenteous womb

Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.] This sentence, as Dr. Johnson has observed, is apparently ungrammatical. I suspect two half lines have been lost. Perhaps however an imperfect sentence was intended, of which there are many instances in these plays:—or, as might have been used in the sense of *like*. *Teeming foison* is abundant plenty. *Tilth* is tillage. MALONE.

³ Bore many gentlemen,——

In hand and hope of action:] *To bear in hand* is a common phrase for *to keep in expectation and dependance*; but we should read,

—with hope of action. JOHNSON.

⁴ And with full line—] With full extent, with the whole length. JOHNSON.

⁵ —to give fear to use—] To intimidate *use*, that is, practices long countenanced by custom. JOHNSON.

Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arreſts him on it;
And follows cloſe the rigour of the ſtatute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unleſs you have the grace ⁶ by your fair prayer
To ſolten Angelo: and that's my pith
Of buſineſs ⁷ 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Job. Doth he ſo ſeek his life?

Lucio. Haſ cenſur'd him ⁸

Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Is. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Aſſay the power you have.

Job. My power! Alas! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us loſe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs ⁹
As they themſelves would owe them ¹.

Job. I'll ſee what I can do.

Lucio. But, ſpeedily.

⁶ *Unleſs you have the grace—*] That is, the acceptableneſs, the power of gaining favour. So, when ſhe makes her ſuit, the provost ſays:
Heaven give thee moving graces ¹ JOHNSON.

⁷ — *my pith*

Of buſineſs—] The inmoſt part, the main of my meſſage. JOHNS.

⁸ *Haſ cenſur'd him—*] We ſhould read, I think, *He has cenſured him*, &c. In the Miſ. of our author's time, and frequently in the minted copy of theſe plays, *be has*, when intended to be contracted, is written—*b'as*. Hence probably the miſtake here. MALONE.

— *cenſur'd him—*] i. e. ſentenced him. So, in *Orbello*:

“ — to you, lord governor,

“ Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *All their petitions are as freely theirs*] All their requeſts are as freely granted to them, are granted in as full and lenient a manner, as they themſelves could wiſh. The editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily reads—*as truly theirs*; which has been followed in all the ſubſequent copies. MALONE.

¹ — *would owe them.*] To owe ſignifies in this place, as in many others, to poſſeſs, to have, STEEVENS.

Job.

I'ab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother *
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll lend him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

I'ub. Good fir, adieu.

Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGIO, ESCAI'RS, a Justice, Provost², *Officers,*
and other Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey³,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

E'cal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death⁴: Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know⁵,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,)

¹ — *the mother*] The abbess, or prioress. JOHNSON.

² *Provost*,] A provost is generally the executioner of an army.

STEVENS.

"A Provost martial" Minshew explains "Prevost des Mareschaux:
"Pictor etrum capitalium, pactor etrum capitalium." REED.

A prison for military offenders is at this day, in some places, called the
Pictor. MALONE.

³ — *to fear the birds of prey*,] To fear is to affright, to terrify.

STEVENS.

⁴ *Than fall, and bruise to death*:] i. e. fall *the axe*;—or rather, let the
criminal fall, &c. MALONE.

Shakespeare has used the same verb active in *the Comedy of Errors*,
and *As You Like It*. STEVENS.

⁵ *Let but your honour know*,] To know is here to examine, to take
cognisance. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;

"Know of your truth, examine well your blood." JOHNSON.

That,

That, in the working of your own affections,
 Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
 Or that the resolute acting of your blood⁶
 Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
 Whether you had not sometime in your life
 Err'd in this point which now you censure him⁷,
 And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
 Another thing to fall. I not deny,
 The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
 May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
 Guiltier than him they try: What's open made
 To justice, that justice seizes. What know the laws,
 That thieves do pass on thieves⁸? 'Tis very pregnant⁹,
 The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
 Because we see it; but what we do not see,
 We tread upon, and never think of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence,
 For I have had such faults¹⁰, but rather tell me,
 When I that censure him do so offend,
 Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

6 — of your blood] Old copy—our blood. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

7 — which now you censure him,] Some word seems to be wanting to make this line sense. Perhaps, we should read—which now you censure him for. STEEVENS.

8 — What know the laws,

That thieves do pass on thieves?] How can the administrator of the laws take cognizance of what I have just mentioned? How can they know, whether the jurymen who decide on the life or death of thieves be themselves as criminal as those whom they try? To pass on is a forensic term. So, in the well-known provision of MAGNA CHARTA: —“nec super eum ibimus, nec super eum mittemus, nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum, vel per legem terra.” MALONE.

9 'Tis very pregnant,] 'Tis plain that we must act with bad as with good; we punish the faults, as we take the advantages, that lie in our way, and what we do not see we cannot note. JOHNSON.

10 For I have had such faults,] That is, because, by reason that I have had such faults. JOHNSON.

Ang.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Prov.*
Ejcal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people
in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses
in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's
the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's
constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice,
sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two
notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they?
Are they not malefactors?

² *Some rise &c.*] This line is in the first folio printed in Italicks, as
a quotation. All the folios read in the next line:

Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none. JOHNSON.

A brake anciently meant not only a sharp bit, a snaffle, but also the
engine with which farriers confined the legs of such unruly horses as
would not otherwise submit themselves to be shod, or to have a cruel
operation performed on them. This in some places is still called a
smith's brake. I likewise find from Holinshed; p. 670, that the
brake was an engine of torture. It was called the duke of Exeter's
daughter. See Blackstone's COMMENT. IV. 320, 321.

If Shakspeare alluded here to this engine, the sense of this passage
will be: *Some run more than once from engines of punishment, and answer
no interrogatories; while some are condemned to suffer for a single trespass.*

A yet plainer meaning may be deduced from the same words. A brake
meant a bush. By brakes of vice, therefore, may be meant a collection,
a number, a thicket of vices.

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that, by brakes of vice, Shakspeare means
only the *thorny paths of vice.* STEEVENS.

I am not satisfied with either the old or present reading of this very
difficult passage; yet have nothing better to propose. The modern
reading, *vice*, was introduced by Mr. Rowe. In *K. Henry VIII.* we have

“ 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
“ That virtue must go through.” MASON.

Elb.

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well³; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow⁴?

Clown. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd⁵; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house⁶, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest⁷ before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman;—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

³ *This comes off well;*] This is nimbly spoken; this is volubly uttered. JOHNSON.

The same phrase is employed in *Timon of Athens*, and elsewhere; but in the present instance it is used ironically. The meaning of it, when seriously applied to speech, is—This is well delivered, this story is well told. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?*] Says Angelo to the constable. “He cannot, sir, quoth the Clown, he's out at elbow.” I know not whether this quibble be generally observed: he is out at the word *elbow*, and out at the elbow of his coat. The Constable, in his account of master Proth and the Clown, has a stroke at the *puritans*, who were very zealous against the stage about this time. “Precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.” FARMER.

⁵ *—a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd;*] This we should now express by saying, he is half-tapster, half-bawd. JOHNSON.

Thus in *K. Henry IV.* “a parcel-gilt goblin.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *—she professes a hot-house;*] A hot-house is an English name for a bagnio. JOHNSON.

⁷ *—whom I detest.* He means—protest. MALONE.

Escal.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, fir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, fir, by mistress Over-done's means⁸: but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? [*To Angelo.*]

Clown. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honour's reverence,) for stew'd prunes⁹; fir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time¹ stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, fir.

Clown. No, indeed, fir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point: as I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said; and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three pence again:

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes;

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were

⁸ *Ay, fir, by mistress Over-done's means:*] Here seems to have been some mention made of Froth, who was to be accused, and some words therefore may have been lost, unless the irregularity of the narrative may be better imputed to the ignorance of the constable. JOHNS.

⁹ *—stew'd prunes:] Stew'd prunes* were to be found in every brothel. See a note on the 3d scene of the 3d act of the First Part of *King Henry IV.* In the old copy *prunes* are spelt, according to vulgar pronunciation, *preewyns*. STELVENS.

¹ *—at that very distant time—]* He means *instant*. MALONE.

past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you ;

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool : to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave : And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir ; a man of fourscore pound a year ; whose father dy'd at Hallowmas :—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth ?

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Clown. Why, very well ; I hope here be truths : He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair,* sir ;—'twas in *The Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, Have you not ?

Froth. I have so ; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then ;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,

When nights are longest there : I'll take my leave,

And leave you to the hearing of the cause ;

Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less : Good morrow to your lordship.

[*Exit ANGELO.*]

Now, sir, come on : What was done to Elbow's wife, once more ?

Clown. Once, sir ? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir ; What did this gentleman to her ?

Clown. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's

* — in a *lower* chair,] One of the editors, plausibly enough, proposes to read—in a lower *chamber*, which derives some support from the subsequent words—"where, indeed, you have a delight to sit." But the old reading is intelligible, and therefore should not be changed. A *lower* chair is a chair lower than ordinary. MALONE.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 31

face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be supposed³ upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour?

Escal. He's in the right: constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clown. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?⁴—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal⁵! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box of the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

³ I'll be supposed—] He means *deposed*. MALONE.

⁴ Justice, or Iniquity?] Elbow, the officer of justice, or Pompey, the instrument of vice? MALONE.

Justice and Iniquity were, I suppose, two personages well known to the audience by their frequent appearance in the old moralities. The words, therefore, at that time produced a combination of ideas, which they have now lost. JOHNSON.

⁵ —Hannibal,] Mistaken by the constable for *Cannibal*. JOHNSON.
Elb.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer; because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou see'st, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To Froth.*]

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, sir?

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir? [*To the Clown.*]

Clown. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clown. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you^c, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clown. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clown. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greater thing about

^c—they will draw you,] *Draw* has here a cluster of senses. As it refers to the tapster, it signifies to drain, to empty; as it is related to hang, it means to be conveyed to execution on a burdle. In Froth's answer, it is the same as to bring along by some motive or power. JOHNSON.

you⁷; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster; Are you not? Come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clown. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clown. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay⁸: If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey, told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you;

⁷ — *greatest thing about you*;] This fashion, of which, perhaps, some remains were to be found in the age of Shakspeare, seems to have prevailed originally in that of Chaucer, who, in the *Perceus Tale* speaks of it thus: “*Soit of hem shewen the bolie and the shape &c. in the wrapping of hir boson, and eke the buttokes of hem behinde, &c.*” Greene, in one of his pieces, mentions the *great bumme of Paris*.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay*:] A bay of building is, an many parts of England, a common term, of which the best conception that I could ever attain, is, that it is the space between the main beams of the roof; so that a barn crossed twice with beams is a barn of three bays. JOHNSON.

in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, fir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness⁹ in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, fir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, fir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, fir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well.—What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, fir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe

But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.

Come, fir.

[*Exeunt.*]

9.—by your readiness—] Old Copy—the readiness. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the Mss. of our author's age, y^r. and y^r. (for so they were frequently written) were easily confounded. MALONE.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

*Another Room in the same.**Enter Provost, and a Servant.*

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know
His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All tests, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!—

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath she a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*]
See you the foinicators be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO, and ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honour! [*offering to retire.*]

Ang. Stay a little while¹.—[*to Isab.*] You are welcome: What's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not².

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother's³.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To fine the faults⁴, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

¹ *Stay a little while.*] It is not clear why the provost is bidden to stay, nor when he goes out. JOHNSON.

Stay a little while is said by Angelo, in answer to the words, "*Save your honour*;" which denoted the Provost's intention to depart. Isabella uses the same words to Angelo, when she goes out, near the conclusion of this scene. So also, when she offers to retire, on finding her suit ineffectual: "*Heaven keep your honour!*" MALONE.

² *For which I must not plead, but that I am*

At war, 'twixt will, and will not.] i. e. for which I must not plead, but that there is a conflict in my breast betwixt my affection for my brother, which induces me to plead for him, and my regard to virtue, which forbids me to intercede for one guilty of such a crime; and I find the former more powerful than the latter. MALONE.

³ ——— *let it be his fault,*

And not my brother's.] i. e. let his fault be condemned, but let not my brother himself suffer. MALONE.

⁴ *To fine the faults*—] *To fine* means, I think, to pronounce the fine or sentence of the law, appointed for certain crimes. Mr. Theobald, without necessity, reads *find*. The repetition is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

Isab.

Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!

[*retiring.*

Lucio. Give't not o'er so: to him again, intreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse⁵
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold.

[*To Isab.*

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again⁶: Well believe this⁷,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
~~Not the king's crown~~, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. ~~Ang.~~ touch him: there's the vein.

[*Aside.*

⁵ — with that remorse,] *Remorse* in this place, as in many others, is pity. See *Othello*, Act. III. STEEVENS.

⁶ May call it back again:] The word *back* was inserted by the editor of the second folio, for the sake of the metre. MALONE.

⁷ Well believe this,] Be thoroughly assured of this. THEOBALD.

38 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Ishab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were ⁸, were forfeit once;
And he that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made ⁹.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.

Ishab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare
him;

He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe ¹,
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass ², that shews what future evils,

Either

⁸ — *all the souls that were,*] This is false divinity. We should read,
are. WARBURTON.

⁹ *And mercy then will breathe within your lips,*

Like man new made.] You will then appear as tender-hearted
and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence, immediately
after his creation. MALONE.

I rather think the meaning is, *You will then change the severity of
your present character.* In familiar speech, *You will be quite another
man.* JOHNSON.

¹ *If the first man, &c.*] The word *man* has been supplied by the mo-
dern editors. I would rather read, *If he, the first, &c.* TYRWHITT.
Man was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

² — *and, like a prophet,*

Looks in a glass—] See *Macbeth*, Act IV. sc. i. STEEVENS.

This

(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end³.

Ishab. Yet, shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those I do not know⁴,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Ishab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;
And he that suffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Ishab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,

For

This alludes to the fopperies of the *beril*, much used at that time by cheats and fortune-tellers to predict by. *WARBURTON.*

The *beril*, which is a kind of chrysal, hath a weak tincture of red in it. Among other tricks of astrologers, the discovering of past or future events was supposed to be the consequence of looking into it. See *Auteny's miscellanies*, p. 165, edit. 1721. *REED.*

³ But, where they live, to end.] The old copy reads—But, *here* they live, to end. Sir Thomas Hanmer substituted *ere* for *here*; but *where* was, I am persuaded, the author's word.

The prophecy is not, that future evils should end, *ere*, or before, they are born; or, in other words, that there should be no more evil in the world (as Sir T. Hanmer by his alteration seems to have understood it); but, that they should *end where they began*, i. e. with the criminal; who being punished for his first offence, could not proceed by *successive degrees* in wickedness, nor excite others, by his impunity, to vice. So, in the next speech:

“And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,

“Lives, not to act another.”

It is more likely that a letter should have been omitted at the press, than that one should have been added.

The false mistake has happened in *the Merchant of Venice*, Folio, 1623, p. 173, col. 2:—“ha, ha, *here* in Genoa.”—instead of—“*where* in Genoa?” *MALONE.*

⁴ I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;

For then I pity those I do not know,] This was one of Hale's memorials.

For every pelting⁵, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.—
Merciful heaven!

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak⁶,
Than the soft myrtle;—But man, proud man⁷!
Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep⁸; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal⁹.

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench; he will relent;
He's coming; I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heaven she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself¹:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the leis, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab.

rials. When I find myself [swayed to mercy, let me remember, that there is a mercy likewise due to the country. JOHNSON.

⁵ — pelting—] i.e. paltry. STEEVENS.

⁶ — gnarled oak,] *Gnarre* is the old English word for a knot in wood; STEEVENS.

⁷ Than the soft myrtle;—But man, proud man!] The defective metre of this line shews that some word was accidentally omitted at the press; probably some additional epithet to *man*; perhaps *weak*;—"but man, weak, proud man—." The editor of the second folio, to supply the defect, reads—O but man, &c. which, like almost all the other emendations of that copy, is the worst and the most improbable that could have been chosen. MALONE.

⁸ As make the angels weep;] The notion of angels weeping for the sins of men is rabbinical.—*Ob peccatum flentur angelos inducunt Hebraeorum magistri.*—Grotius ad S. Lucam. THEOBALD.

⁹ — who, with our spleens,

Would all themselves laugh mortal.] i.e. who, if they were endued with the organs of man,—with our spleens, would laugh themselves out of immortality; or, as we say in common life, laugh themselves dead. THEOBALD.

The ancients thought that immoderate laughter was caused by the bigness of the spleen. WARBURTON

¹ We cannot weigh our brother with ourself;] We mortals, proud and foolish, cannot prevail on our passions to weigh or compare our brother, a being

Ishab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art avis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Ishab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
'That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that that my sense breeds with it.²—Fare you well.

Ishab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

Ishab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good, my lord, turn
back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Ishab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with
you.

a being of like nature and like frailty, *with ourself*. We have different names and different judgments for the same faults committed by persons of different condition. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copy, *ourself*, which Dr. Warburton changed to *yourself*, is supported by a passage in the fifth act:

“ ——— If he had so offended,

“ He would have *weigh'd* thy brother by *himself*,

“ And not have cut him off.” MALONE.

² — *that my sense breeds with it.*] That is, new thoughts are stirring in my mind, new conceptions are *hatched* in my imagination. So we say to brood over thought. JOHNSON.

See W. Davenant's alteration favours the sense of the old reading [*breeds*, which Mr. Pope changed to *bleeds*]:

——— *She speaks such sense*

As with my reason breeds such images

As thine has excellently form'd. STEEVENS.

I rather think the meaning is,—She delivers her sentiments with such propriety, force, and elegance, that my *sensual desires* are inflamed by what she says. *Sense* has been already used in this play with the same signification:

“ ——— one who never feels

“ The wanton flings and motions of the *sense*.” MALONE.

Lucio.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels³ of the tested gold⁴,
Or stones, whose rates⁵ are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls⁶,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well: come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; away. [*Aside to Isabel.*]

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross⁷.

[*Aside.*
Isab.]

3 — *fond shekels*] *Fond* means very frequently in our author *foolish*. It signifies in this place *valued or prized by folly*. STEEVENS.

4 — *tested gold*,] cuppelled, brought to the *test*, refined. JOHNSON.
The cuppell is called by the refiners a *test*. Vide Harris's Lex. Tech.
Voce CUPPELL. Sir J. HAWKINS.

5 *whose rates*—] The old copy has—*rate*. This necessary emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

6 — *preserved souls*,] i. e. preserved from the corruption of the world. The metaphor is taken from fruits preserved in sugar. WARBURTON.

7 *Amen*:

For I am that way going to temptation,

Where prayers cross.] Which way Angelo is going to temptation, we begin to perceive; but how *prayers cross* that way, or cross each other, at that way, more than any other, I do not understand.

Isabella prays that his *honour* may be safe, meaning only to give him his title: his imagination is caught by the word *honour*: he feels that his honour is in danger, and therefore, I believe, answers thus:

I am that way going to temptation,

Which your *prayers cross*.

That is, I am tempted to lose that honour of which thou implorest the preservation. The temptation under which I labour is that which thou hast unknowingly thwarted with thy prayer. He uses the same mode of language a few lines lower. *Isabella*, parting, says: *Save your honour!* Angelo catches the word—*Save it! from what?*

From thee; even from thy virtue! JOHNSON.

The best method of illustrating this passage will be to quote a similar one from the *Merchant of Venice*. Act III. sc. i.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Sola. Let me say *Amen* betimes, lest the devil cross thy prayer."

Same reason Angelo seems to say *Amen* to *Isabella's* prayer;
but,

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour!

[*Exeunt LUCIO, ISABELLA, and Provost.*]

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
'The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the sun⁸,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,

but, to make the expression clear, we should read perhaps—Where
prayers *are crossed*. TYRWHITT.

I believe, the meaning is—May Heaven grant your prayer! May
my honour be preserved! for I find I am going into that way or road
of temptation, where prayers *only* can *thwart* the temptation, and pre-
vent it from overcoming me.

To *cross* is used in the same sense in *Timon of Athens*: "The devil
knew not what he did, when he made man politick: he *crossed* himself
by it." Again, in the play before us: "I may make my case as Clau-
dius, to *cross* this in the least."

Or, perhaps, the speaker means,—I am going into the road of temp-
tation, into which we daily pray that we may not be led. Our Lord's
prayer may have been here in Shakspeare's thoughts. MALONE.

⁸ ——— it is I,

[*That lying by the violet, in the sun, &c.*] I am not corrupted by
her, but by my own heart, which excites foul desires under the same
benign influences that exalt her purity, as the carrion grows putrid by
those beams which increase the fragrance of the violet. JOHNSON.

" ——— Can it be,

'That modesty may more betray our sense

'Than woman's lightness?' So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"I do protest, her modest wordes hath wrought in me a maze,

"Though he be faire, she is not deackt with garish shewes for gaze.

"Her bewtie lures, her lookes cut off fond suits with chaste disdain.

"O God, I feele a sodaine change, that doth my freedome chayne.

"What didst thou say? sic, *Promos*, sic, &c." STEEVENS.

Sense has in this passage the same signification as in that above
"—that my *sense* breeds with it." MALONE.

44. 'MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

And pitch our evils there ? O, fie, fie, fie !
 What dost thou ? or what art thou, Angelo ?
 Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
 That make her good ? O, let her brother live :
 Thieves for their robbery have authority,
 When judges steal themselves. What ? do I love her,
 That I desire to hear her speak again,
 And feast upon her eyes ? What is't I dream on ?
 O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
 With saints dost bait thy hook ! Most dangerous
 Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving virtue : never could the strumpet,
 With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
 Once stir my temper ; but this virtuous maid
 Subdues me quite :—Ever, till now,
 When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how ?

S C E N E III.

A Room in a Prison.

Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost ! so I think, you are.

Prov. I am the provost : What's your will, good friar ?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,

¹ *And pitch our evils there ?* So, in *K. Henry VIII.*:

“ Nor build their evils on the graves of great men.”

Neither of these passages appear to contain a very elegant allusion.

Evils, in the present instance, undoubtedly stands for *foricæ*. Dr. Farmer assures me he has seen the word used in this sense by our ancient writers ; and it appears from Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, &c. that the privies were originally so ill contrived, even in royal palaces, as to deserve the title of *evils* or nuisances. STEEVENS.

One of Sir John Berkenhead's queries confirms the foregoing observation :

“ Whether, ever since the House of Commons has been locked up, the speaker's chair has not been a *close-stool* ?”

“ Whether it is not seasonable to stop the nose of my *evil* ?” Two CENTURIES OF PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 8vo. no date. MALONE.

² *I smil'd, and wonder'd how.* As a day must now intervene between this conference of Isabella with Angelo, and the next, the act might more properly end here ; and here, in my opinion, it was ended by the poet. JOHNSON.

I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison : do me the common right
To let me see them ; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one ; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames of her own youth³ ;
Hath blister'd her report : She is with child ;
And he that got it, sentenc'd : a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die ?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you ; stay a while, [to Juliet.
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry ?

Juliet. I do ; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,

3 *Who falling in the flames of her own youth,*

Hath blister'd her report : [The old copy has—*flawes*. The correction was made by Dr. Warburton. In support of this emendation, it should be remembered, that *flawes* (for so it was anciently spelled) and *flames* differ only by a letter that is very frequently mistaken at the press. The same mistake is found in *Macbeth*, Act II. sc. i. edit. 1623 :

“ — my steps, which they *may* walk,” — instead of — which *way*. Again, in this play of *Measure for Measure*, Act V. sc. i. edit. 1623 : — “ give *we* your hand ;” instead of *me*. — In a former scene of the play before us we meet with — “ burning youth.” MALONE.

Sir W. Davenant reads *flames* instead of *flaws* in his *Law against Lovers*, a play almost literally taken from *Measure for Measure*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*. FARMER.

Shakspeare has *flaming youth* in *Hamlet*, and Greene, in his *Never too Late*, 1600, says — “ he measured the *flames* of youth by his own dead cinders.” *Blister'd her report*, is *disfigured her fame*. *Blister* seems to have reference to the *flames* mentioned in the preceding line. A similar use of this word occurs in *Hamlet* :

“ — — takes the role

“ From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

“ And sets a *blister* there.” STEEVENS.

Or

46 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so daughter: But lest you do repent⁴,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;
Shewing, we would not spare heaven⁵, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest⁶.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,

And I am going with instruction to him:

Grace go with you! *Benedicite.*

[*Exit.*]

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love⁷,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ *But lest you do repent,*] is only a kind of negative imperative—
Ne te poeniteat,—and means, repent not on this account. STEVENS.

I think that a line at least is wanting after the first of the Duke's speech. It would be presumptuous to attempt to replace the words; but the sense, I am persuaded, is easily recoverable out of Juliet's answer. I suppose his advice, in substance, to have been nearly this. Take care, *lest you repent* [not so much of your fault, as it is an evil,] *as that the sin hath brought you to this shame.*" Accordingly, Juliet's answer is explicit to this point:

"I do repent me, as it is an evil,

"And take the shame with joy." TYRWHITT.

⁵ *Shewing, we would not spare heaven,*] i. e. spare to offend heaven.
MALONE.

⁶ *There rest.*] Keep yourself in this temper. JOHNSON.

⁷ *O injurious love,*] O love, that is injurious in expediting Claudio's death, and that respites me a life, which is a burthen to me worse than death! TOLLET.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention⁸, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel⁹: Heaven in my mouth¹,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious²; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot³, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form +!

How

⁸ *Whilst my invention,*] By *invention*, I believe the poet means *imagination*. STEEVENS.

So, in our author's 103d sonnet:

" ————— a face,

" That overgoes my blunt *invention* quite."

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

" O for a muse of fire, that would ascend

" The brightest heaven of *invention*!" MALONE.

⁹ *Anchors on Isabel.*] We meet with the same singular expression in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" There would he *anchor* his aspect, and die

" With looking on his life." MALONE.

¹ *Heaven in my mouth,*] i. e. Heaven *being* in my mouth. MALONE.

² *Grown fear'd and tedious;*] What we go to with reluctance may be said to be *fear'd*. JOHNSON.

³ — *with boot,*] *Boot* is profit, advantage, gain. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *change for an idle plume,*

Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form! &c.] There is, I believe, no instance in Shakspeare, or any other author, of "*for vain*" being used for "*in vain*." Besides; has the air or wind *less* effect on a feather than on twenty other things? or rather, is not the reverse of this the truth? An *idle plume* assuredly is not that "*ever-fixed mark*," of which our author speaks elsewhere, "*that looks on tempests, and is never shaken*." The old copy has *vaine*, in which way a *vane* or weather-cock was formerly spelt. [See *Minsheu's Dict.* 1617, *in verb.*—So also, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. sc. i. edit. 1623: "What *vaine*? what weathercock?"] I would therefore read—*vane*.—I would exchange

How often dost thou with thy 'case'⁵, thy habit,
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
 To thy false seeming⁶? Blood, thou still art blood⁷:
 Let's write good angel on the devil's horn⁸,
 'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter

exchange my gravity, says Angelo, for an idle feather, which being driven along by the wind, serves, to the spectator, for a *vane* or weathercock. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"I am a feather for each wind that blows."

And in the *Merchant of Venice* we meet with a kindred thought:

—————"I should be still

"Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind."

The omission of the article is certainly awkward, but not without example. Thus, in *K. Lear*:

"Hot questriests after him met him at gate."

Again, in *Coriolanus*: "Go, see him out at gates."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*: "Ascend, fair queen, *Pantheon*."

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*: "Pray heartily, he be at palace!"

Again, in *Cymbeline*: "Nor tent, to bottom, that."

The author, however, might have written—

————an idle plume,

Which the air beats for vane o' the place.—O form,

How often dost thou—&c.

The pronoun *thou*, referring to only *one* antecedent, appears to me strongly to support such a regulation. MALONE.

⁵ —*case*,] For outside; garb; external shew. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls*

To thy false seeming?] Here Shakspeare judiciously distinguishes different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are blighted, and wise men are allured. Those who cannot judge but by the eye, are easily awed by splendour; those who consider men as well as conditions, are easily persuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power. JOHNSON.

⁷ —*Blood, thou still art blood*:] The old copy reads—Blood, thou art blood. Mr. Pope, to supply the syllable wanting to complete the metre, reads—Blood, thou art *but* blood! But the word now introduced appears to me to agree better with the context, and therefore more likely to have been the author's.—*Blood* is used here, as in other places, for *temperament of body*. MALONE.

⁸ *Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,*

'Tis not the devil's crest.] i. e. let the most wicked thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it shall pass for innocent. WARBURTON.

It should be remembered that the devil is usually represented with horns and cloven feet.—Dr. Johnson would read—'Tis yet the devil's crest. He acknowledges, however, that the passage may be understood, according to Dr. Warburton's explanation. "O place, how dost thou

impale

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit Serv.*] O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart?

Making both it unable for itself,

And dispossessing all my other parts

Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;

Come all to help him, and so stop the air

By which he should revive: and even so

The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,

Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love

Must

impose upon the world by false appearances! so much, that if we write *good angel on the devil's horn*, 'tis not taken any longer to be *the devil's crest*. In this sense, *Blood thou art*, &c. is an interjected exclamation." The old copy appears to me to require no alteration.

MALONE.

9 — to my heart;] Of this speech there is no other trace in *Promos* and *Cassandra* than the following:

"Both hope and drede at once my harte doth tuch." STEEVENS.

1 *The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,*] *General* was, in our author's time, a word for *people*, so that the *general* is the *people*, or *multitude*, subject to a king. So, in *Hamlet*: "The play pleased not the militia: 'twas caviare to the general." JOHNSON.

The use of this phrase, "*the general*," for the *people*, continued so late as to the time of lord Clarendon:—"as rather to be consented to, than that *the general* should suffer." Hist. B. V. p. 530. Svo. MALONE.

Twice in *Hamlet* our author uses *subject* for *subjects*:

"So nightly toils the *subject* of the land." Act I. sc. i.

Again, Act I. sc. ii:

"The lists and full proportions all are made

"Out of his *subject*." STEEVENS.

So the duke had before (act I. scene ii.) expressed his dislike of popular applause:

"I'll privily away. I love the people,

"But do not like to stage me to their eyes.

"Though it do well, I do not relish well

"Their loud applause and *eyes* vehement:

"Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,

"That does affect it."

I cannot help thinking that Shakspeare, in these two passages, intended to flatter that unkingly weakness of James the First, which made him so

Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Ifab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me,

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Ifab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour! [*retiring.*]

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

Ifab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Ifab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made², as to remit
'Their sawcy sweetnesss, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid³: 'tis all as easy

Falsely

impatient of the crowds that flocked to see him, especially upon his first coming, that, as some of our historians say, he restrained them by a proclamation. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, in his *Memoirs of his own Life*, [a Ms. in the British Museum,] has a remarkable passage with regard to this humour of James. After taking notice, that the king going to parliament, on the 30th of January, 1620-1, "spoke lovingly to the people, and said, God bless ye, God bless ye;" he adds these words, "contrary to his former hasty and passionate custom, which often, in his sudden distemper, would bid a pox or a plague on such as flocked to see him." TYRWHITT.

² ——— *that hath from nature stolen*

A man already made,] i. e. that hath killed a man. MALONE.

³ *Their sawcy sweetnesss, that do coin heaven's image*

In stamps that are forbid:] We meet with nearly the same words in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596, certainly prior to this play:

"——— And will your sacred self

"Commit high treason 'gainst the king of heaven,

"To stamp his image in forbidden metal?"

These lines are spoken by the countess of Salisbury, whose chastity (like Isabel's) was assailed by her sovereign.

Their sawcy sweetnesss Dr. Warburton interprets, *their severity in discipline*

Falsely to take⁴ away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
'To make a false one⁵.

Ifab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth⁶.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, That the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him⁷,

gence of the appetite. Perhaps it means nearly the same as what is afterwards called *sweet uncleanness*. MALONE.

⁴ *Falsely to take*—] *Falsely* is the same with *dishonestly*, *illegally*: so *false*, in the next lines, is *illegal*, *illegitimate*. JOHNSON.

⁵ *As to put mettle in restrained means,*

To make a false one.] *Mettle*, the reading of the old copy, which was changed to *metal* by Mr. Theobald, (who has been followed by the subsequent editors,) is supported not only by the general purport of the passage, (in which our author having already illustrated the sentiment he has attributed to Angelo by an allusion to coining, would not give the same image a second time,) but by a similar expression in *Timon*:

“ ——— thy father, that poor ræg,

“ Must be thy subject; who in spite put stuff

“ To some she-heggard, and compounded thee,

“ Poor rogue hereditary.”

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“ As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to,

“ Before her troth-plight.”

The controverted word is found again in the same sense in *Macbeth*.

“ ———thy undaunted mettle should compose

“ Nothing but males.”

Again, in *K. Ri. bard II.*:

“ ———that bed, that womb,

“ That mettle, that fell-same mould that fashion'd thee,

“ Made him a man.”

Means is here used for *medium*, or *object*, and the sense of the whole is this: 'Tis as easy wickedly to deprive a man born in wedlock of life, as to have unlawful-commerce with a maid, in order to give life to an illegitimate child. The thought is simply, that murder is as easy as fornication; and the inference which Angelo would draw, is, that it is as improper to pardon the latter as the former. The words—*to make a false one*—evidently referring to *life*, shew that the preceding line is to be understood in a natural, and not in a metaphorical, sense. MALONE.

⁶ *'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.*] What you have (is undoubtedly the murder and fornication are both forbid by the law of scripture;—but on earth

in our human government. MALONE.

⁷ *to redeem him*—] The old copy has—and to redeem him—. The new was added by Sir William D'Avenant. MALONE.

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul⁸.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt⁹.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—

I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul¹,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, answer².

Aug.

⁸ *I had rather give my body than my soul.*] Isabel, I believe, uses the words, "give my body," in a different sense from that in which they had been employed by Angelo. She means, I think, *I had rather die, than forfeit my eternal happiness by the prostitution of my person.* MALONE.

⁹ *Our compell'd sins*

Stand more for number than for accompt.] Actions to which we are compelled, however numerous, are not imputed to us by heaven as crimes. If you cannot save your brother but by the loss of your chastity, it is not a voluntary but compelled sin, for which you cannot be accountable. MALONE.

¹ *Pleas'd you to do't, at peril, &c.*] The reasoning is thus: Angelo asks whether there might not be a charity in sin to save this brother. Isabella answers, that if Angelo will save him, she will stake her soul that it were charity, not sin. Angelo replies, that if Isabella would save him at the hazard of her soul, it would be not indeed no sin, but a sin to which the charity would be equivalent. JOHNSON.

² *And nothing of your, answer.*] This passage would be clear, I think, if it were pointed thus:

To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me :

Your sense pursues not taine ; either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily³ ; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant⁴, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself : as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty⁵ ten times louder

Than

So that the substantive *answer* may be understood to be joined in construction with *mine* as well as *your*. The faults of *mine answer* are the faults which I am to answer for. TYRWHITT.

And nothing of your answer, means, and make no part of those for which you shall be called to answer. STEEVENS.

3 Or *seem so, craftily*,] Old copy—*crafty*. Corrected by Sir William D'Avenant. MALONE.

4 *Let me be ignorant*,] *Me* is wanting in the original copy. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

5 *Proclaim an enshield beauty*—] An *enshield beauty* is a shielded beauty, a beauty covered as with a shield. STEEVENS.

This should be written *en-shell'd*, or *in-shell'd*, as it is in *Coriolanus*, Act. IV. sc. vi.

“ Thrusts forth his horns again into the world

“ That were *in-shell'd* when Marcius stood for Rome.”

These *Masks* must mean, I think, the *Masks of the audience* ; however improperly a compliment to them is put into the mouth of Angelo. As Shakspeare would hardly have been guilty of such an indecorum to flatter a common audience, I think this passage affords ground for supposing that the play was written to be acted at court. Some strokes of particular flattery to the King I have already pointed out ; and there are several other general reflections, in the character of the duke especially, which seem calculated for the royal ear. TYRWHITT.

I do not think so well of the conjecture in the latter part of this note, as I did some years ago ; and therefore I should wish to withdraw it. Not that I am inclined to adopt the idea of the author of *REMARKS*, &c. p. 20. as I see no ground for supposing that Isabella had any mask in her hand. My notion at present is, that the phrase *these black masks* signifies nothing more than *black masks* ; according to an old idiom of our language, by which the demonstrative pronoun is put for the prepositive article. See the *Glossary to Chaucer*, Ed. 1775. v. *This, These*. Shakspeare seems to have used the same idiom, not only in the passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Romeo and Juliet*, but also in *1 H. IV.* Act I. sc. iii.

— and, but for *these* vile guns,

He would himself have been a soldier.

With respect to the former part of this note, though the *Remarker* has told us, that “ *enshield* is CERTAINLY put by contraction for *en-shielded*, I have no objection to leaving my conjecture in its place, till

Than beauty could display'd.—But mark me ;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross :
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain⁶.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that⁷, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,⁸) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law⁹; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer¹;

some authority is produced for such an usage of *enshield* or *enshielded*.

TYRWHITT.

Sir W. D'Avenant reads—as a black mask; but I am afraid Mr. Tyrwhitt is too well supported in his first supposition, by a passage at the beginning of *Romeo and Juliet*:

“These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,

“Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.” STEEVENS.

⁶ —upon that pain.] Pain is here for penalty, punishment. JOHNSON.

⁷ (As I subscribe not that,) To subscribe means, to agree to.

STEEVENS.

⁸ But in the loss of question)—] This expression I believe means, but in idle supposition, or conversation that tends to nothing, which may therefore, in our author's language, be call'd the loss of question.

Thus, in *Coriolanus*, Act III. sc. i:

“The which shall turn you to no other harm,

“Than so much loss of time.”

Question, in Shakspeare, often bears this meaning. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“And after supper long he questioned

“With modest Lucrece, &c.” STEEVENS.

Question is used here, as in many other places, for *conversation*.

MALONE.

⁹ Of the all-binding law;—] The old copy has—all-building! The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

—or else to let him suffer;] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads more grammatically—“or else let him suffer.” But our author is frequently inaccurate in the construction of his sentences. I have therefore adhered to the old copy. You must be under the necessity [to let, &c.] must be understood. MALONE.

What

What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, "Were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once²,
Than that a sifter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom³, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he⁴,

Owe,

² — a brother died at once,] Perhaps we should read—for once.

³ Ignomy in ransom,] *Ignomy* was in our author's time used for *ignominy*. So again, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I.

"Thy *ignomy* sleep with thee in thy grave—"

Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of these lines may prove a reasonably good comment on them:

Ignoble ransom no proportion bears

To pardon freely given. MALONE.

⁴ *Is not a feodary, but only he, &c.*] This is so obscure, but the allusion so fine, that it deserves to be explained. A *feodary* was one that in the times of vassalage held lands of the chief lord, under the tenure of paying rent and service, which tenures were called *feuda* amongst the Goths. Now, says Angelo, "we are all frail; yes, replies Isabella; if all mankind were not *feodaries*, who owe what they are to this tenure of imbecility, and who succeed each other by the same tenure, as well

Owe⁵, and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves ;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

Women !—Help heaven ! men their creation mar

In profiting by them⁶. Nay, call us ten times frail ;

For we are soft as our complexions are,

And credulous to false prints⁷.

Ang. I think it well :

And from this testimony of your own sex,

(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold ;—

I do arrest your words ; Be that you are,

That is, a woman ; if you be more, you're none ;

If you be one, (as you are well express'd

By all external warrants,) shew it now,

By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one : gentle my lord,

as my brother, I would give him up." The comparing mankind, lying under the weight of original sin, to a *feodary*, who owes suit and service to his lord, is, I think, not ill imagined. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare has the same allusion in *Cymbeline* :

" ——— senseless bauble,

" Art thou a *feodary* for this act ?"

The old copy reads—*by* weakness. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. I am by no means satisfied with it. *Thy* is much more likely to have been printed by mistake for *this*, than the word which has been substituted. Yet *this* weakness and *by* weakness are equally difficult to be understood. Sir W. D'Avenant omitted the passage in his *Law against Lovers*, probably on account of its difficulty. MALONE.

⁵ *Owe*,—] To owe is, in this place, to own, to bold, to have possession. JOHNSON.

⁶ *In profiting by them*.] In imitating them, in taking them for examples. JOHNSON.

⁷ I rather think the meaning is,—in taking advantage of their weakness. A French sense : *se profiter*. MALONE.

⁷ *For we are soft as our complexions are,*

And credulous to false prints.] So, in *Twelfth Night* :

" How easy is it for the proper false

" *In women's waxen hearts* to set their forms !

" Alas ! our frailty is the cause, not we ;

" For, such as we are made of, such we be." MALONE.

And credulous to false prints. i. e. we take any impression. WARBUR.

Let

Let me intreat you, speak the former language².

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet:

And you tell me, that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't³,
Which seems a little fouler than it is⁴,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming²!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against³ you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny⁴. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;

²—*speak the former language.*] Isabella answers to his circumlocutory courtship, that she has but *one tongue*, she does not understand this new phrase, and desires him to talk his *former language*, that is, to talk as he talked before. JOHNSON.

³ *I know your virtue hath a licence in't,*] Alluding to the licences given by ministers to their spies, to go into all suspected companies, and join in the language of malecontents. WARBURTON.

⁴ *Which seems a little fouler &c.*] So, in *Promos and Cassandra*:

"*Cas.* Renowned lord, you use this speech (I hope) your thrall to trye;

"If otherwise, my brother's life so deare I will not bye.

"*Pro.* Fair dame, my outward looks my inward thoughts bewray;

"If you mistrust, to search my harte, would God you had a keye."

STEEVENS.

² *Seeming, seeming!*—] Hypocrisy, hypocrisy; counterfeit virtue.

JOHNSON.

³ *My vouch against*] means no more than denial. JOHNSON.

⁴ *That you shall stifle in your own report,*

And smell of calumny.] A metaphor from a lamp, or candle extinguished in its own grease. STEEVENS.

Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes⁵,
 That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
 By yielding up thy body to my will;
 Or else he must not only die the death⁶,
 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
 To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
 Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
 I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
 Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true⁷. [*Exit*
Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
 Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
 That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
 Either of condemnation or approof!
 Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
 Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
 To follow, as it draws! I'll to my brother:
 Though he hath fallen by prompture⁸ of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour⁹,
 That had he twenty heads to tender down
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorr'd pollution.

⁵ — and prolixious blushes,] That maiden modesty, which is slow in yielding to the wishes of a lover. MALONE.

The word *prolixious* is not peculiar to Shakspeare. It is used by Dryden, and by Nashe. STEEVENS.

⁶ — die the death,] This seems to be a solemn phrase for death inflicted by law. JOHNSON.

It is a phrase taken from scripture, as is observed in a note on the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. STEEVENS.

The phrase is a good phrase, as Shallow says, but I do not conceive it to be either of legal or scriptural origin. Chaucer uses it frequently. See *Cant. Tales*, ver. 607.

⁷ "They were adradde of him, as of the deth," ver. 1222.

⁸ "The deth he seleth thurgh his herte smite." It seems to have been originally a mistaken translation of the French *La Mort*. TYRWHITT.

⁹ — my false o'erweighs your true,] *False* and *true* are here used as substantives. My falsehood will outweigh your truth. So, in our author's 113th Sonnet:

"My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue." MALONE.

— prompture] Suggestion, temptation, instigation. JOHNSON.

⁹ — such a mind of honour,] This, in Shakspeare's language, may mean, such an honourable mind, as he uses elsewhere, *mind of love*, for *loving mind*. STEEVENS.

Then,

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die :
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Prison.

Enter Duke, CLAUDIO, and Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope :

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death¹ ; either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life,—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,

'That none but fools would keep² : a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skiey influences,)

'That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st³,

Hourly

¹ *Be absolute for death ;*] Be determined to die, without any hope of life. *Horace,*

"The hour which exceeds expectation will be welcome." JOHNSON.

² *That none but fools would keep :*] The meaning is, that *none but fools would wish to keep life ;* or, *none but fools would keep it, if choice were allowed.* JOHNSON.

Keep, in this place, I believe, may not signify *preserve*, but *care for*. "No longer for to live I *ne kepe*," says *Aeneas*, in *Chaucer's Dido queen of Carthage* ; and elsewhere, "That I *kepe* not rehearsed be," i. e. which I *care not to have rehearsed*.

Again, in the *Knights Tale*, late edit. ver. 2240 :

"I *kepe* no light of armes for to yelpe." STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is confirmed by a passage in *the Dutchess of Malfy*, by Webster, (1623) an author who has frequently imitated Shakspeare, and who perhaps followed him in the present instance :

"Of what is't *fools* make such vain *keeping* ?

"*Sin* their conception, their birth weeping ;

"*Their life* a general mist of error ;

"*Their death* a hideous storm of terror."

See the Glossary to Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer. v. *kepe*. MALONE.

³ *That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,*] The editors have changed

Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet run'st toward him still⁴: Thou art not noble;
 For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
 Are nurs'd by baseness⁵: Thou art by no means valiant;
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm⁶: Thy best of rest is sleep⁷,

And

changed *dost* to *do* without necessity or authority. The construction is not, "the skiey influences that do," but, "a breath thou art, that dost" &c. If "Servile to all the skiey influences" be inclosed in a parenthesis, all the difficulty will vanish. PORSON.

4 ———merely thou art death's fool:

*For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet run'st toward him still:*] In those old farces called *Moralities*, the *fool* of the piece, in order to shew the inevitable approaches of death, is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *fool* at every turn into his very jaws. So that the representations of these scenes would afford a great deal of good *mirth* and *morals* mixed together. WARBURTON.

It is observed by the editor of *the Sad Shepherd*, 8vo. 1783, p. 154, that the initial letter of Stowe's *Survey* contains a representation of a struggle between *Death* and the *Fool*; the figures of which were most probably copied from those characters, as formerly exhibited on the stage. REED.

5 *Are nurs'd by baseness:*] Dr. Warburton is undoubtedly mistaken in supposing that by *baseness* is meant *self-love*, here assigned as the motive of all human actions. Shakspeare only meant to observe, that a minute analysis of life at once destroys that splendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by *baseness*, by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill, all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkness of the mine. JOHNSON.

This is a thought which Shakspeare delights to express. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—cu: *dungy earth* alike

"Feeds man as beast."

Again:

"Which sleeps, and never palates more the *dung*,

"The *biggar's* nurse, and *Cæsar's*." STEEVENS. 6

6 — *the soft and tender fork*

Of a poor worm:] *Worm* is put for any creeping thing or *serpent*. Shakspeare supposes falsely, but according to the vulgar notion,

And that thou oft provok'st¹; yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more: Thou art not thyself²;
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
 That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not:
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
 And what thou hast, forget'st: Thou art not certain;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects³,
 After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
 • For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee fire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo⁴, and the rheum,

that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked*. He confounds reality and fiction; a serpent's tongue is *soft*, but not *forked* nor hurtful. If it could hurt, it could not be soft. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* he has the same notion:

" ——— With doubler tongue

" *Than thine, O serpent, never adder stung.*" JOHNSON.

Shakspeare might have caught this idea from old tapestries or paintings, in which the tongues of serpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow. STEEVENS.

7 *Thy best of rest is sleep, &c.*] Evidently from the following passage of Cicero: "*Habes somnum imaginem mortis, eamque quotidie induis, & dubitas quin sensus in morte nullus sit cum in ejus simulacro videas esse nulum sensum.*" But the Epicurean insinuation is, with great judgment, omitted in the imitation. WARBURTON.

Here Dr. Warburton might have found a sentiment worthy of his animadversion. I cannot without indignation find Shakspeare saying that *death is only sleep*, lengthening out his exhortation by a sentence which in the sinner is impious, in the reasoner is foolish, and in the poet trite and vulgar. JOHNSON.

This was an oversight in Shakspeare; for in the second scene of the fourth act, the Provost speaks of the desperate Barnardine, as one who regards death only as a *drunken sleep*. STEEVENS.

8 — *thou oft provok'st*;] i. e. solicitest, procurest. MALONE.

9 *Thou art not thyself*;] Thou art perpetually repaired and renovated by external assistance; thou subsistest upon foreign matter, and hast no power of producing or continuing thy own being. JOHNSON.

1 — *strange effects*] For *effects* read *affects*; that is *affections, passions* of mind, or disorders of body variously *affected*. So, in *Othello*: "*The young affects*" JOHNSON.

2 — *serpigo*;] The *serpigo* is a kind of tetter. STEEVENS.

For ending thee no sooner : Thou hast nor youth, nor age ;
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both ³ : for all thy blessed youth ⁴
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied eld ⁵ ; and when thou art old, and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty ⁶,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life

3 — *Thou hast nor youth, nor age ;*

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,

Dreaming on both :] This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young, we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us ; when we are old, we amuse the anguish of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances ; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening. JOHNSON.

4 — *for all thy blessed youth*

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms.

Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old and rich,

Thou hast neither heat, &c.] Shakspeare declares that man hath neither youth nor age ; for in youth, which is the happiest time, or which might be the happiest, he commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy ; he is dependent on *palsied eld* : must beg alms from the coffers of hoary avarice ; and being very niggardly supplied, becomes as aged, looks, like an old man, on happiness which is beyond his reach. And, when he is old and rich, when he has wealth enough for the purchase of all that formerly excited his desires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment ;

— has neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty, &c.

To make his riches pleasant. JOHNSON.

The sentiment contained in these lines, which Dr. Johnson has explained with his usual precision, occurs again in the forged letter that Edmund delivers to his father, as written by Edgar ; *K. Lear*, Act I. sc. ii. : “ This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times ; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them.”—Dr. Johnson would read *blasted* youth ; but the words above, printed in Italicks, support, I think, the reading of the old copy,—“ *blest* youth,” and shew that any emendation is unnecessary.

MALONE.

⁵ *Of palsied eld ;*] *Eld* is generally used for *old age*, *discrepancy*. It is here put for *old people*, *persons worn out with years*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,*] By “heat” and “affection” the poet meant to express *appetite*, and by “limb” and “beauty,” *strength*. EDWARDS.

“Lie”

Lie hid more thousand deaths⁷ : yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find, I seek to die ;
And, seeking death, find life : Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What, ho ! Peace here ; grace and good company !

Prov. Who's there ? come in : the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provoost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak⁸, where I may be
Conceal'd. [*Exeunt Duke and Provoost.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort ?

Isab. Why,

As all comforts are ; most good, most good, in deed⁹ :
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

Intends

7 — more thousand deaths :] The meaning is not only a thousand deaths, but a thousand deaths besides what have been mentioned.

JOHNSON.

8 Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be :] The old copy reads :
Bring them to hear me speak, &c.

The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The editor of the second folio, after the word *Conceal'd*, has added,—" Yet hear them." But the alterations made in that copy do not deserve the smallest credit. There are undoubted proofs that they were merely arbitrary ; and in general they are also extremely injudicious. *MALONE.*

9 As all comforts are ; most good, most good, in deed :] If this reading be right, Isabella must mean that she brings something better than words of comfort, she brings an assurance of deeds. This is harsh and constrained, but I know not what better to offer. *JOHNSON.*

I believe in deed, as explained by Dr. Johnson, is the true reading. See in *Macbeth* :

" We're yet but young in deed." *STEEVENS.*

I would joint the lines thus :

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort ?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are, most good. Indeed lord Angelo, &c.
Indeed

64 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Intends you for his swift embassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment¹ make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity² you had,
To a determin'd scope³.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Indeed is the same as in truth, or truly, the common beginning of speeches in Shakspeare's age. See Charles the First's Trial. The king and Bradshaw seldom say any thing without this preface: "Truly, Sir——." BLACKSTONE.

¹ — an everlasting leiger:

Therefore your best appointment—] *Leiger* is the same with *re-sident*. *Appointment*; preparation; act of sitting, or state of being fitted for any thing. So in old books, we have a knight well *appointed*; that is, well armed and mounted, or fitted at all points. JOHNSON.

The word *appointment*, on this occasion, should seem to comprehend confession, communion, and absolution. "Let him (says *Eschelus*) be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation." The king in *Hamlet*, who was cut off prematurely, and without such preparation, is said to be *dis-appointed*. *Appointment*, however, may be more simply explained by the following passage in *The Antipodes*, 1638:

"———your lodging

"Is decently *appointed*." i. e. prepared, furnished. STEEVENS.

² Though all the world's vastidity—] The old copy has—*Through*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

³ — a restraint,—

To a determin'd scope.] A confinement of your mind to one painful idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped. JOHNSON.

Claud.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And fix or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension:
And the poor beetle⁴, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms⁵.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
'Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-fainted deputy,—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew⁶,
As falcon doth the fowl⁷,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast⁸, he would appear

⁴ *The poor beetle, &c.]* The reasoning is, *that death is no more than every being must suffer, though the dread of it is peculiar to man; or perhaps, that we are inconsistent with ourselves, when we so much dread that which we carelessly inflict on other creatures, that feel the pain as acutely as we.* JOHNSON.

⁵ ——— *If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.]* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— I will be
“ *A bridegroom in my death; and run into 't,*

“ *As to a lover's bed.*” MALONE.

⁶ — *follies doth emmew,]* Forces follies to lie in cover, without daring to show themselves. JOHNSON.

⁷ *As falcon doth the fowl,]* In whose presence the follies of youth are afraid to show themselves, as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the falcon hovers over it. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

“ ——— not he that loves him best,

“ *The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,*

“ *Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shakes his bells.*”

⁸ *To emmew,* is a term in falconry. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *being cast,]* To cast a pond is to empty it of mud. JOHNSON.

A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still: This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab.

9 *The princely Angelo?*

—princely guards! The first folio has, in both places, *prince's*, from which the other folios made *princely*, and every editor may make what he can. JOHNSON.

* *Princely guards* mean no more than the ornaments of royalty, which Angelo is supposed to assume during the absence of the duke. STEEV.

A guard, in old language, meant a welt or border of a garment; "because (says Minshew) it *guards* and keeps the garment from tearing." These borders were sometimes of lace. So, in the *M. of Venice*:

"—Give him a livery

"More guarded than his fellows." MALONE.

† —from *this rank offence*.] I believe means, from the time of my committing this offence, you might persist in sinning with safety. The advantages you would derive from my having such a secret of his in my keeping would ensure you from further harm on account of the same fault, however frequently repeated. STEEVENS.

* —as a pin.] So, in *Hamlet*:

"I do not set my life at a pin's fee." STEEVENS.

† Has he affections &c.] Is he actuated by passions that compel him to transgress the law, at the very moment that he is enforcing it against others?

Ifab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable⁴, he, being so wife,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd⁵?—O *Ifabel*!

Ifab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Ifab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion⁶ to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit⁷
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst

others? [I find, he is.] Surely then, since this is so general a propensity,
since the judge is as criminal as he whom he condemns, it is no sin, or
at least a venial one. So, in the next Act:

“—A dower'd maid,

“And by an enitent body that enforc'd

“The law against it.”

Force is again used for enforce in *K. Henry VIII*:

“If you will now unite in your complaints,

“And force them with a constancy.”

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“Why force you this?” MALONE.

4 *If it were damnable, &c.* Shakspeare shows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio. When *Ifabella* first tells him of Angelo's proposal, he answers, with honest indignation, agreeably to his settled principles, *Thou shalt not do't*. But the love of life being permitted to operate, soon furnishes him with sophistical arguments; he believes it cannot be very dangerous to the soul, since Angelo, who is so wise, will venture it. JOHNSON.

5 *Be perdurably fin'd*—*Perdurably* is lastingly. STEEVENS.

6 *This sensible warm motion*—*Motion* for organized body. MALONE.

7 *—delighted spirit* i. e. the spirit accustomed here to ease and delights. This was properly urged as an aggravation to the sharpness of the torments spoken of. WARBURTON.

I think with Dr. Warburton, that by the *delighted spirit* is meant, the soul once accusom'd to delight, which of course must render the sufferings, afterwards described, less tolerable. Thus our author calls youth, *bleed*, in a former scene, before he proceeds to shew its wants and its inconveniences. STEEVENS.

68 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts⁸
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury⁹, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death¹.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast!

O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!

⁸ —*lawless and incertain thoughts*] Conjecture sent out to wander without any certain direction, and ranging through all possibilities of pain. JOHNSON.

Old Copy—*thought*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁹ —*penury*,] The old copy has—*perjury*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

¹ *To what we fear of death.*] Most certainly the idea of the "spirit bathing in fiery floods," or of residing "in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," is not original to our poet; but I am not sure that they came from the Platonick hell of Virgil.—The monks also had their hot and their cold hell; "the fyrste is fyre that ever brenneth, and never gyveth lighte," says an old homily:—"The seconde is passying cold, that ys a greate hylle of fyre were cast therin, it shold torne to yce." One of their legends, well remembered in the time of Shakspeare, gives us a dialogue between a bishop and a soul tormented in a piece of ice which was brought to cure a *brenning beate* in his foot.—Another tells us of the soul of a monk fastened to a rock, which the winds were to blow about for a twelvemonth, and purge of its enormities. Indeed this doctrine was before now introduced into poetick fiction, as you may see in a poem, "where the lover declareth his pains to exceed far the pains of hell," among the many miscellaneous ones subjoined to the works of Surrey: of which you will soon have a beautiful edition from the able hand of my friend Dr. Percy. ~~My~~ A very learned and inquisitive brother-antiquary hath observed to me, of the authority of Bleskenius, that this was the ancient opinion of the inhabitants of Iceland, who were certainly very little read either in the poet or the philosopher. FARMER.

Lazarus, in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, is represented to have seen these particular modes of punishment in the infernal regions:

"Secondly, I have seen in hell a floud frozen as ice, wherein the envious men and women were plunged unto the navel, and then suddenly came over them a right cold and great wind, that grieved and pricked them right sore, &c." STEEVENS.

Wilt

Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice ?
 Is't not a kind of incest², to take life
 From thine own sister's shame ? What should I think ?
 Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair !
 For such a warped slip of wilderness³
 Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance⁴ :
 Die ; perish ! might but my bending down
 Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed :
 I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
 No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O fie, fie, fie !

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade⁵ :
 Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd :
 'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

[*going.*

Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will ?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would
 by and by have some speech with you : the satisfaction I
 would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure ; my stay must be
 stolen out of other affairs ; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*to Claudio aside.*] Son, I have over-heard what
 hath past between you and your sister. Angelo had never
 the purpose to corrupt her, only he hath made an assay of
 her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of

² *Is't not a kind of incest,—*] In Isabella's declamation there is something harsh, and something forced and far-fetched. But her indignation cannot be thought violent, when we consider her not only as a virgin, but as a nun. JOHNSON.

³ *—a warped slip of wilderness*] *Wilderness* is here used for *wildrest*, the state of being disorderly. The word, in this sense, is now obsolete, though employed by Milton :

“ The paths, and bowers, doubt not, but our joint hands

“ Will keep from *wilderness* with ease.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *—take my defiance :*] *Defiance* is refusal. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ I do defy thy commiseration.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *—by a trade*] A custom ; a practice ; an established habit. So we say of a man much addicted to any thing, *he makes a trade of it.*

“

JOHNSON.
 natures :

natures : she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive : I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true ; therefore prepare yourself to death : Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible⁶ : to-morrow you must die ; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there : Farewell. [*Exit CLAUDIO.*]

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father ?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone : Leave me a while with the maid ; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time^{*}.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good ; the goodness, that is cheap beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness ; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the life of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding ; and, but that frailty hath example, for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo : How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother ?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him : I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But oh, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo ! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss ; Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation ; he made

⁶ Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible.] Do not rest with satisfaction on hopes that are fallible. STEVENSON.

Perhaps the meaning is, Do not satisfy or content yourself with that kind of resolution, which acquires strength from a latent hope that it will not be put to the test ; a hope, that in your case, if you rely upon me you. MALONE.

[*there :*] Continue in that resolution. JOHNSTON.

[*time.*] i. e. à la bonne heure, so be it, very well.

trial of you only. Therefore fatten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further: I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have marry'd; was affianced to her by oath^o, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity^e, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this beset to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband^a, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation^b, which yet she wears for his sake;

^o — by oath.] *By inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.*

^e — and limit of the solemnity.] So, in *King John*:

“Preserve a how long the virgin state shall last,—

“Gives limits unto holy nuptial rites.” I. e. appointed times.

MALONE.

^a — her combinate husband,] *Combinato* is betrothed, *fictus* by contract. STEEVENS.

^b — bestow'd her on her own lamentation,] I once thought that we ought to read—bestow'd on her her own lamentation, but the old copy may be right; and any change, grounded on unusual phraseology, is dangerous. In *Much ado about Nothing*, we find *fiction* as unbecoming:

“Impose me to what penance your invention

“Can lay upon my sin.”

“Bestow'd her on her own lamentation,” is, left her to her sorrows.

and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage³,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience; this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled⁴. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up; Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently

³ — only refer yourself to this advantage.] This is scarcely to be reconciled to any established mode of speech. We may read, only reserve yourself to, or only reserve to yourself this advantage. JOHNSON.

⁴ — the corrupt deputy scaled.] To scale, as may be learn'd from a note to *Coriolanus*, Act I. sc. i. most certainly means, to disorder, to disconcert, to put to flight. An army routed is called by Hollinshed, an army scaled. The word sometime signifies to diffuse or disperse; at others, as I suppose in the present instance, to put into confusion.

to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange⁵ resides this dejected Mariana: At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

The Street before the Prison.

Enter Duke as a Friar; to him Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard⁶.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries⁷, the merriest was put down, and the worse allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir:—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father⁸: What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb.

[*—the moated grange*] A grange is a solitary farm-house. So, in *Otello*:

“———this is Venice;

“My house is not a grange.” STEVENS.

A grange, in its original signification, meant the farm-house of a monastery (from *grana gerendo*), from which it was always at some little distance. One of the monks was usually appointed to inspect the accounts of the farm. He was called the Prior of the Grange;—in barbarous latin *Grangiarus*. Being placed at a distance from the monastery, and not connected with any other buildings, Shakspeare, with his wonted licence, uses it, both here and in *Otello*, in the sense of a solitary farm-house. MALONE.

⁶ *bastard*.] A kind of sweet wine, then much in vogue, from the Italian, *bastardo*. WARBURTON.

See a note on *Hen. IV. P. I. Act II. sc. iv.* STEVENS.

⁷ [*—since of two usuries, &c.*] Usury may be used by an easy licence for the professors of usury. JOHNSON.

And you, good brother father:] In return to Elbow's blundering address of good father friar, i. e. good father brother, the duke humorously calls him, in his own style, good brother father. This would appear

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou cravest to be done, That is thy means to live: Do thou but think What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back, From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,— From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.^o Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin, Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer; Correction and instruction must both work, Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. the deputy cannot abide a whore-monger: if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!¹

Enter
appear still clearer in French. *Dieu vous benisse, mon pere frere.—Et vous aussi, mon frere pere.* There is no doubt that our *frere* is a corruption of the French *frere*. TYRWHITT.

9 —[I eat, array myself, and live.] The old copy reads—I eat away myself——. The emendation was made by Mr. Bishop. MALONE.

¹ From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!¹ I read, Free from all faults, or faults from seeming, free; that men were really good, or that their faults were only seeming—that men were free from faults, or faults from hypocrisy. So Isabella calls Angelo's hypocrisy, seeming, seeming. JOHNSON.

I think we should read with Hamner

Free from all faults, as from faults seeming free.

i. e. I wish we were all as good as we appear to be; a sentiment very naturally prompted by his reflection on the behaviour of Angelo. Hamner has only transposed a word to produce a convenient sense. STEEV.

The original copy has not *Free* at the beginning of the line. It was added unnecessarily by the editor of the second folio, who did not perceive that our, like many words of the same kind, was used by Shak-

Enter LUCIO.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, fir².

Glow. I spy comfort; I cry, bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pigmalion's images, newly made woman³, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain⁴? Ha? What say'st thou, trot⁵? Is the world

speare as a diffyllable. The reading,—from *all* faults, which all the modern editors have adopted. (I think, improperly,) was first introduced in the fourth folio. Dr. Johnson's conjectural reading, *or*, appears to me very probable. The compositor might have caught the word *as* from the preceding line. If *as* be right, Dr. Warburton's interpretation is perhaps the true one. Would we were all as free from faults, as faults are free from, or destitute of, comeliness, or *seeming*. MALONE.

² His neck will come to your waist, a cord, fir.] That is, his neck will be tied, like your waist, with a rope. The friars of the Franciscan order, perhaps of all others, wear a hempen cord for a girdle. Thus Buchanan:

"*Fac gerant suis,*

"*Variata terga funibus.*" JOHNSON.

³ — Pigmalion's images, newly made woman,] By Pigmalion's images, newly made woman, I believe, Shakspeare meant no more than—I have you no women now to recommend to your customers, as fresh and untouched as Pigmalion's statue was, at the moment when it became flesh and blood? The passage may, however, contain some allusion to a pamphlet printed in 1598, called—*The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image, and certain Satires*. STEVENS.

If Marston's *Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image* be alluded to, I believe it must be in the argument.—"The maide (by the power of Venus) was metamorphos'd into a living woman." FARMER.

Perhaps the meaning is,—Is there no courtezay, who being newly made woman, is ^{as} lately ~~delivered~~, still retains the appearance of chastity, and looks as cold as a statue, to be had, &c.

The following passage in *Blunt Master Constable*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1602, seems to authorize this interpretation:

"Laz. Are all these women?"

"Imp. No, no, they are half men, and half women.

"Laz. You apprehend too fast. I mean by women, wives; for wives are no maids, nor are maids women."

Julier in Latin had precisely the same meaning. MALONE.

⁴ What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain?] It is a common phrase used in low raillery of a man

world as it was, man? Which is the way⁶? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

Clown. Tush, fir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub⁷.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: An unhunn'd consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clown. Yes, faith, fir.

Lucio. Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey: Farewell: Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how⁸?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house⁹.

Clown. I hope, fir, your good worship will be my bail.

a man crest-fallen and dejected, that *he looks like a drown'd puppy*. Lucio, therefore, asks him, whether he was *drown'd in the last rain*, and therefore cannot speak. JOHNSON.

He rather asks him whether his *answer* was not drown'd in the last rain, for Pompey returns *no answer* to any of his questions: Or, perhaps, he means to compare Pompey's miserable appearance to a *drown'd mouse*. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P.I. sc. ii:

"Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice. STEEVENS.

⁵ *What say'st thou, trot?* Trot, or, as it is now often pronounced, honest trout, is a familiar address to a man among the provincial vulgar.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *Which is the way?* What is the mode now? JOHNSON.

⁷ *—in the tub.* The method of cure for venereal complaints is grossly called the *powdering tub*. JOHNSON.

It was so called from the method of cure. See the notes on the *tub-fast* and *the diet*, in *Timon*, ACT IV. STEEVENS.

⁸ *—Go, say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?* Lucio then offers him the use of his name to hide the seeming ignominy of his case; and then very naturally desires to be informed of the *true* why he was ordered into confinement. STEEVENS.

—Will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house. In the etymology of the word *husband*. MALONE.

Lucio.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey ; it is not the wear¹. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage : if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more : Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey ? Ha ?

Elb. Come your ways, fir ; come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, fir ?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now².—What news abroad, friar ? What news ?

Elb. Come your ways, fir, come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go³ :

[*Exeunt ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.*

What news, friar, of the duke ?

Duke. I know none : Can you tell me of any ?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia ; other some, he is in Rome : But where is he, think you ?

Duke. I know not where : But wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence ; he puts transgression to^t.

Duke. He does well in^t.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him : something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice⁴, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred ; it is well ally'd : But it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They

¹ —it is not the fashion. STREVENS.

² Then Pompey, i. e. now. The meaning, I think, is, *I will neither bail thee then, nor now.* So again, in this play :

“ More nor lest to others paying.” MALONE.

³ Go,—to kennel, Pompey,—go : It should be remembered, that Pompey is the common name of a dog, to which allusion is made in the mention of a kennel. JOHNSON.

⁴ It is too general a vice. Yes, replies Lucio, the vice is of great kindred ; it is well ally'd, &c. As much as to say, Yes, truly, it is general ; for the greatest men have it as well as we little folks. A little lower he taxes the Duke personally with it. EDWARDS.

say,

78 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way⁵ of creation? Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him:—Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: And he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible⁶.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women⁷; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

⁵ —after the downright way—] Old copy—this downright. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁶ —and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible] In the former editions:—And he is a motion generative; that's infallible. This may be sense; and Lucio, perhaps, may mean, that though Angelo have the organs of generation, yet that he makes no more use of them, than if he were an inanimate puppet. But I rather think our author wrote, —and he is a motion ungenerative, because Lucio again in this very scene says, —this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency. THEOBALD.

A motion generative certainly means a puppet of the masculine gender; a thing that appears to have those powers of which it is not in reality possessed. STEEVENS.

See however, p. 67, note 5. MALONE.

⁷ —much detected for women;] This appears so like the language of Dogberry, that at first I thought the passage corrupt, and wished to read suspected. But perhaps detected had anciently the same meaning. So, in an old collection of tales, entitled, *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: "An officer whose daughter was detected of dishonestie, and generally so reported—". That detected is there used for suspected, and not in the present sense of the word, appears, I think, from the words that follow—*and generally so reported*, which seem to relate not to a known or suspected fact. MALONE.

Lucio.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish⁸; the duke had crochets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his⁹: A shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'tis a secret: must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—The greater file of the subject¹ held the duke to be wife.

Duke. Wife? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helm-ed², must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear, to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge³ with dearer love⁴.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know,

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have

⁸ —clack-dish: The beggars, two or three centuries ago, used to proclaim their want by a wooden-dish with a moveable cover, which they clacked, to shew that their vessel was empty. STEEVENS.

⁹ —an inward of his:] Inward is intimate. STEEVENS.

¹ The greater file of the subject:] The larger list, the greater number. JOHNSON. So, in *Macbeth*: "—the valued file." STEEVENS.

² —the business he hath helm-ed:] The difficulties he hath steer'd through. A metaphor from navigation. STEEVENS.

³ —with dearer love.] Old copy—dear. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

courage to 'maintain it; I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite⁴. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent⁵ will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'y-thee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays⁶. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlick⁷: say, that I said so. Farewell.

[Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

⁴ —an opposite.] In old language meant an adversary. MALONE.

⁵ —ungenitur'd agent.] This word seems to be form'd from *genitoirs*, a word which occurs in Holland's Pliny, tom. ii. p. 321, 560, 589, and comes from the French *genitoires*, the *genitals*. TOLLET.

⁶ —mutton on Fridays.] A wench was called a *laced mutton*. THOB. So, in *De Flor Fausus*, 1604, Lechery says: "I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of Friday stockfish." STEEVENS.

See the *Two Gent.* of Verona, p. 110, n. 9. MALONE.

⁷ —though she smelt brown bread and garlick:] This was the phrase-cloze about our author's time. In the *M. W. of Windsor*, Master Eciton is said to "smell April and May," not, "to smell of, &c. MALONE.

Enter

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 81

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant⁸.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Bawd and Officers.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see⁹,
In special business from his holiness.

⁸ —mercy swear, and play the tyrant.] I do not much like *mercy swear*, the old reading; or, *mercy severer*, Dr. Warburton's correction. I believe it should be, —his would make mercy *severe*. FARMER.

There is surely no need of emendation. We say at present, Such a thing is enough to make a parson swear, i. e. deviate from a proper respect to decency, and the sanctity of his character.

The idea of *swearing* agrees very well with that of a tyrant in our ancient mysteries. STEEVENS.

⁹ —from the see,] The folio reads, *from the sea*. JOHNSON.

The emendation, which is undoubtedly right, was made by Mr. Theobald. In Hall's Chronicle, *sea* is often written for *see*. MALONE.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accurs'd: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know, how you find Claudio prepared? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now he is resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function,* and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extreme shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice².

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you! [*Exit Escal. and Prov.*]

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;

* *respected* i. e. satisfied. REED.

² *he is indeed—justice.* Summum jus, summa injuria. STEEVENS.

Pattern in himself to know,
 Grace to stand, and virtue go³;
 More nor less to others paying,
 Than by self-offences weighing.
 Shame to him, whose cruel striking
 Kills for faults of his own liking!
 Twice treble shame on Angelo,
 To weed my vice, and let his grow⁴!
 O, what may man within him hide,
 Though angel on the outward side⁵!
 How may likeness, made in crimes,
 Mocking, practise on the times,
 To draw with idle spiders' strings
 Most pond'rous and substantial things⁶!

Craft

3 *Pattern in himself to know,*

Grace to stand, and virtue go] This passage is very obscure, nor can be cleared without a more licentious paraphrase than any reader may be willing to allow. *He that bears the sword of heaven should be not less holy than severe: should be able to discover in himself a pattern of such grace as can avoid temptation, together with such virtue as dares venture abroad into the world without danger of seduction.* STEEVENS.

"Pattern in himself to know," is, to experience in his own bosom an original principle of action, which, instead of being borrowed or copied from others, might serve as a pattern to them. Our author, in *the Winter's Tale*, has again used the same kind of imagery:

"By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out

"The purity of his."

In *the Comedy of Errors* he uses an expression equally hardy and licentious—"And will have no attorney but myself;"—which is an absolute catachresis; an attorney importing precisely a person appointed to act for another. MALONE.

4 *To weed my vice, and let his grow*] *My*, does not, I apprehend relate to the duke in particular, who had not been guilty of any vice, but to any indefinite person.—The meaning seems to be—*To destroy by extirpation* (as it is expressed in another place) a fault that I have committed, and to suffer his own vices to grow to a rank and luxuriant height.—The speaker, for the sake of argument, puts himself in the case of an offending person. MALONE.

5 *Though angel on the outward side*] Here we see what induced our author to give the outward-fainted deputy the name of Angelo. MALONE.

6 *How may likeness, made in crimes;*

Mocking, practise on the times,

To draw with idle spiders' strings

Most pond'rous and substantial things] The old copy reads—*Making practise, &c.* which renders the passage ungrammatical, and unintelligible.

Craft against vice I must apply :
 With Angelo to-night shall lie
 His old betrothed, but despis'd ;
 So disguise shall, by the disguis'd ? ,
 Pay with falshood false exacting,
 And perform an old contracting. [Exit.

gible. For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable.

A line in *Macbeth* may add some support to it :

" Away, and mock the time with fairest show."

There is no one more convinced of the general propriety of adhering to old readings. I have strenuously followed the course which was pointed out and successfully pursued by Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens, that of elucidating and supporting our author's genuine text by illustrations drawn from the writings of his contemporaries. But in some cases alteration is a matter not of choice, but necessity ; and surely the present is one of them. Dr. Warburton, to obtain some sense, omitted the word *To* in the third line ; in which he was followed by all the subsequent editors. But omission, in my apprehension, is, of all the modes of emendation, the most exceptionable.—In the passage before us, it is clear from the context, that some *verb* must have stood in either the first or second of these lines. Some years ago I conjectured that, instead of *made*, we ought to read *wade*, which was used in our author's time in the sense of *to precede*. But having since had occasion to observe how often the words *mock* and *make* have been confounded in these plays, I am now persuaded that the single error in the present passage is, the word *Making* having been printed instead of *Mocking* ; a word of which our author has made very frequent use, and which exactly suits the context. In this very play we have had *make* instead of *mock*. [See p. 21.] In the hand-writing of that time the small *c* was merely a straight line ; so that if it happened to be subjoined and written very close to an *o*, the two letters might easily be taken for an *o*. Hence I suppose it was, that these words have been so often confounded.—The awkwardness of the expression—" *Making practice*," of which I have met with no example, may be likewise urged in support of this emendation.

Likeness is here used for *specious* or *seeming* virtue. So, before : " O seeming, seeming ! " The sense then of the passage is,—How may persons assuming the *likeness* or semblance of virtue, while they are *factually* guilty of the grossest crimes, impose with this counterfeit sanctity upon the world, in order to draw to themselves by the flimsiest pretensions the most solid advantages ; i. e. pleasure, honour, reputation, &c. !

In *Much Ado about Nothing* we have a similar thought :

" O, what authority and show of truth

" Can cunning sin cover itself withall ! " MALONE.

7 So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,} So disguise shall, by means of
 a person disguised, return an injurious demand with a counterfeit person.

JOHNSON.
 A C T

86 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

You had not found me here so musical :

Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—

My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe².

Duke. 'Tis good : though musick oft hath such a charm,

To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.

I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquired for me here to-day ? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after : I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you :—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little ; may be, I will call upon you anon for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.]

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy ?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick⁴,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd ;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate⁵,
That makes his opening with this bigger key :
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads ;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night⁶.

quarto, p. 171 —“rather with *kisses* (which are counted the *seals of love*) they chuse to confirm their unanimities, than otherwise to offend a resolved patience.” REED.

² *My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.*] Though the musick sooth'd my sorrow, it had no tendency to produce light merriment. JOHNSON.

³ — *constantly*—] Certainly, without fluctuation of mind. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *circummur'd with brick,*] Circummur'd, walled round JOHNSON.

⁵ — *a planched gate,*] i. e. a gate made of boards. Planche, Fr.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *There have I &c.*] In the old copy the lines stand thus.

There have I made my promise upon the

Heavy middle of the night, to call upon him. STEEVENS.

The present regulation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Duke

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept⁷, he did shew me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him⁸, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me⁹; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt MARI. and ISAB.*]

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes!

⁷ *In action all of precept,*] i. e. shewing the several turnings of the way with his hand: which action contained so many precepts, being given for my direction. *WARBURTON.*

I rather think we should read, *In precept all of action*, that is, in direction given not by words, but by mute signs. *JOHNSON.*

⁸ — *I have possess'd him,*] I have made him clearly and strongly comprehend. *JOHNSON.*

⁹ *That stays upon me;*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.” *STEEVENS.*

¹ — *false eyes*] That is, Eyes insidious and traiterous. *JOHNSON.*

88 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Are stuck upon thee ! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests²
Upon thy doings ! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies !—Welcome ! How agreed ?

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all :
He is your husband on a pre-contráct :
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin ;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit³. Come, let us go ;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow⁴. [*Exeunt.*

² — *these false and most contrarious quests*] Lying and contradictory messengers. ANONYMOUS.

So, in *Orbello* :

“ The senate has sent out three several *quests*.” STEEVENS.

³ *Doth flourish the deceit*.] *Flourish* is ornament in general. So, in another play of Shakspeare :

“ —empty trunks o'er-flourish'd by the devil.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *for yet our tithe's to sow*.] Mr. Theobald reads *tillb*, which Dr. Farmer observes is provincially used for *land till'd*, prepared for sowing ; and Mr. Steevens has shewn, that to *sow tillb* was a phrase once in use. This conjecture appears to me extremely probable. It must however be confessed that our author has already used the word *tillb* in this play, in its common acceptation, for *tillage* ; which would not suit here :

“ — so, her plenteous womb

“ Expresseth his full *tillb* and husbandry.” MALONE.

I believe *tythe* is right, and that the expression is proverbial, in which *tythe* is taken, by an easy metonymy, for *harvest*. JOHNSON.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*A Room in the Prison.**Enter Provost and Clown.*

Prov. Come hither, firrah : Can you cut off a man's head ?

Clown. If the man be a bachelor, fir, I can : but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, fir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine : here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper : if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves ; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpity'd whipping ; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind ; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson ! Where's Abhorson, there ?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, fir ?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution : If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you ; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him : He cannot plead his estimation with you ; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, fir ? Fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, fir ; you weigh equally ; a feather will turn the scale.

[Exit.

Clown. Pray, fir, by your good favour, (for, surely, fir, a good favour^s you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, fir, your occupation a mystery ?

S'—a good favour] *Favour* is countenance. STEEVENS.

Abhor.

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief⁶: If it

⁶ Every true man's apparel fits your thief,] So, in *Promos and Caspandio*, 1578, the Hangman says:

"Here is nyne and twenty futes of apparell for my share."

STEEVENS.

A true man, in the language of our author's time, meant an honest man, and was generally opposed to a thief. Our jurymen are to this day called "good men and true." The following words—"If it be too little, &c." are given in the old copy to the *Clown*: the train of the argument shews decisively that they belong to *Abhorson*. The present arrangement, which is clearly right, was suggested by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

The sense of this speech is this: Every true man's apparel, which the thief robs him of, fits the thief; because, if it be too little for the thief, the true man thinks it big enough; i. e. a purchase too good for him. So that this fits the thief in the opinion of the true man. But if it be too big for the thief, yet the thief thinks it little enough; i. e. of value little enough. So that this fits the thief in his own opinion. The pleasantry of the joke consists in the equivocal sense of *big enough*, and *little enough*. WARBURTON.

There is still a further equivocation. The true man's apparel, which way soever it be taken, *fitting* the thief, the speaker considers him as a *fitter of apparel*, i. e. a tailor.

This, it must be acknowledged, on the first view, seems only to prove the *thief's* trade, not the *hangman's*, a mystery; which latter was the thing to be proved; but the argument is brought home to the hangman also, by the following state of it. "If (says Mr. Heath) Dr. Warburton had attended to the argument by which the bawd proves his own profession to be a mystery, he would not have been driven to the groundless supposition, 'that part of the dialogue had been lost or dropped.' The argument of the hangman is exactly similar to that of the bawd. As the latter puts in his claim to the whores, as members of his occupation, and, in virtue of their painting, would enroll his own fraternity in the mystery of painters; so the former equally lays claim to the thieves as members of his occupation, and in their right endeavours to rank his brethren, the hangmen, under the mystery of *fitters of apparel*, or tailors." MALONE.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

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be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough ; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough : so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed ?

Clown. Sit, I will serve him ; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd ; he doth oftner ask forgiveness ?

Prov. You, firrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd ; I will instruct thee in my trade ; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, sir ; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare ⁸ : for, truly sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn ⁹.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio :

[Exeunt Clown and ABHORSON.]

The one has my pity ; not a jot the other,
Being a murderess, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death :
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
'Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine ?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly ¹ in the traveller's bones :
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him ?

7 — *ask forgiveness.* So, in *As You Like It* :

“ ——— The common executioner,

“ Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,

“ Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,

“ But first *begs pardon.*” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *yare* :] i. e. handy. STEEVENS.

⁹ a *good turn.*] i. e. a turn off the ladder. He quibbles on the phrase according to its common acceptation. FARMER.

¹ — *starkly*] Stiffly. These two lines afford a very pleasing image.

JOHNSON.
Well,

Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?

[*Knocking within.*

Heaven give your spirits comfort!—[*Exit* CLAUDIO.]

By and by:—

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung?

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then², ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke³ and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify⁴ in others: were he meal'd⁵
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so⁶, he's just.—Now are they come.—
[*Knocking within. Provost goes out.*
This is a gentle provost; Seldom, when
The steeld gaoler is the friend of men.—
How now? What noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste,

² They will then,] Perhaps, she will then. Sir J. HAWKINS.

³ Even with the stroke—] Stroke is here put for the stroke of a pen or a line. JOHNSON.

⁴ —To qualify] To temper, to moderate; as we say, wine is qualified with water. JOHNSON.

⁵ —were he meal'd] Were he sprinkled; were he defiled. A figure of the same kind our author uses in *Macbeth*:

“The blood-bolter'd Banquo.” JOHNSON.

Meal'd is mingled; compounded; from the French *mélér*.

BLACKSTONE.

⁶ But this being so,—] The tenor of the argument seems to require —But this not being so—. Perhaps, however, the author meant —But, his life being paralleled, &c. he's just. MALONE.

That wounds the unflinching postern ⁷ with these strokes.

Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawn ~~as~~ Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,

You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we.

Besides, upon the very siege of justice ⁸,
Lord Angelo hath to the publick ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man ⁹.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon ¹.

Mess.

⁷ *That wounds the unflinching postern*] *Unflinching* may signify "never at rest," always opening. BLACKSTONE.

Mr. Rowe reads—unrelenting, Sir T. Hanmer—unrelenting. MALONE.

⁸ *—Siege of justice,*] i. e. seat of justice *Siege, Fr. STEVENS.*

⁹ *This is his lordship's man.*] The old copy has—his lord's man. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the Mss. plays of our author's time they often wrote *Lo.* for Lord, and *Lord.* for Lordship, and these contractions were sometimes improperly followed in the printed copies. MALONE.

¹ *Enter a Messenger.*

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon] The Provost has just declared a fixed opinion that the execution will not be countermanded, and yet, upon the first appearance of the Messenger, he immediately guesses that his errand is to bring Claudio's pardon. It is evident, I think, that the names of the speakers are misplaced. If we suppose the Provost to say

This is his lordship's man,
it is very natural for the Duke to subjoin,

And here comes Claudio's pardon.

The Duke might believe, upon very reasonable grounds, that Angelo had now sent the pardon. It appears that he did so, from what he says to himself, while the Provost is reading the letter:

This is his pardon, purchas'd by such sin— TWEWITT.
When,

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note ; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow ; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Duke. This is his pardon ; purchas'd by such sin, [*Aside.*]
For which the pardoners hire
Hence hath offence his quail
When it is borne in high and low

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love, is the offender friended.—
Now, fir, what news ?

Prov. I told you : Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on : methinks, strangely ; for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*reads.*] *Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock ; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine. for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd ; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus sail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*

What say you to this, fir ?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon ?

Prov. A Bohemian born ; but here nursed up and bred : one that is a prisoner nine years old².

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke, had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him ? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him :

When, immediately after the Duke had hinted his expectation of a pardon, the Provost tells the Messenger, he supposes the Duke to have *known something*, and changes his mind. Either reading may live equally well. JOHNSON.

[*That is a prisoner nine years old.*] i. e. That has been confined *nine years*. So, in *Hamlet* : " *Let us were two days old at sea, a* *warlike preparation, &c.*" MALONE.

And,

And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal³.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? Having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if

³ — *desperately mortal.*] This expression is obscure. I am inclined to believe, that *desperately mortal* means *desperately mischievous*. Or *desperately mortal* may mean a man likely to die in a *desperate* state, without reflection or repentance. JOHNSON.

The word is often used by Shakspeare in the sense first affixed to it by Dr. Johnson, which I believe to be the true one. So, in *Othello*:

"And you, ye mortal engines," &c. MALONE.

my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour⁴.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard⁵; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared⁶ before his death: You know, the course is common⁷. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: You know the

4 — the favour.] See p. 89, n. 5. MALONE.

5 — and tie the beard;] A beard tied would give a very new air to that face, which had never been seen but with the beard loose, long, and squalid. JOHNSON.

Mr. Simpson proposed to read—*die* the beard; and Mr. Steevens has shewn, that it was the custom to *die* beards in our author's time. The text being intelligible, I have made no change, though the conjecture appears extremely probable. MALONE.

6 — to be so bared—] These words relate to what has just preceded—*shave the head*. The modern editions following the fourth folio, read—to be so *barb'd*; but the old copy is certainly right. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the *baring* of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem." MALONE.

7 You know, the course is common.] P. Matbieu, in his *Heroyske Life and Death of Henry the Fourth of France*, says, that Ravilliac, in the midst of his tortures, lifted up his head, and shooke a spark of fire from his beard. "This unprofitable care, he adds, to save it, being noted, afforded matter to diverse to praise the custom in Germany, Switzerland, and divers other places, to *shave off*, and then to burn all the haire from all parts of the bodies of those who are convicted for any notorious crimes." Orimston's *Translation*, 4to. 1612, p. 181. RYED.

character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within ~~the~~ ^{two} days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ⁸. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd: Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession⁹: one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash¹; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request,

⁸ — *nothing of what is writ.*] We should read—here *writ*;—the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand. WARBURTON.

⁹ — *in our house of profession:*] i. e. in my late mistress's house, which was a *professed*, a notorious bawdy-house. MALONE.

¹ *First, here's young master Rash, &c.*] All the names here mentioned are characteristic. *Rash* was a stuff formerly worn. MALONE.

This enumeration of the inhabitants of the prison affords a very striking view of the practices predominant in Shakspeare's age. Besides those whose follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. JOHNSON.

² — *a commodity of brown paper and old ginger,*] In our author's time it was a common practice of money-lenders to give the borrower a

quest, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young master Deewow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lack, the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forthright³ the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tye the great traveller⁴, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think forty more; all great doers in our trade⁵, and are now for the Lord's sake⁶.

Enter

small sum of money, and some commodity of little value, which in the loan was estimated at perhaps ten times its value: The borrower gave a bond or other security, as if the whole had been advanced in money, and sold the commodity for whatever he could. Sometimes no money whatsoever was advanced; but the unfortunate borrower accepted of some goods of a trifling value, as equivalent to a large sum. The following passage in Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592, (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's) fully illustrates that before us: "—so that if he borrow an hundred pound, he shall have forty in silver, and threescore in wares, as lutestrings, hobby-horses, or brown paper, or cloath, &c." MALONE.

³ — *master Forthright*] The old copy reads *Forthlight*; but should not *Forthlight* be *Forthright*, alluding to the line in which the thrust is made? JOHNSON.

Shakspere uses this word in the *Tempest*: "Through *fortlights* and meanders." Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, A^ct III. sc. iii:

"Or hedge aside from the direct *fortrights*." STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that Dr. Johnson's correction is right. An anonymous writer defends the old reading, by supposing the allusion to be to the fencer's threat of making the *light* shine through his antagonist. Had he produced any proof that such an expression was in use in our author's time, his observation might have had some weight. It is probably a phrase of the present century. MALONE.

⁴ — *and brave master Shoetye the great traveller,*] At this time *shoe-brings* were generally worn. STEEVENS.

Brave, in old language, meant *fine, splendid in dress*. The finery which induced our author to give his traveller the name of *Shoe-tye*, was used on the stage in his time. "Would not this, sir, (says Hamlet) and a forest of teathers,—with two *Provincial roses* on my fazz'd *shoes*, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?" MALONE.

⁵ — *all great doers in our trade,*] The word *doers* is used here in a wanton sense. See Mr. Collins's note, A^ct I. sc. ii. MALONE.

For the Lord's sake.] i. e. to beg for the rest of their lives. WARB. I rather

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clown. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clown. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

I rather think this expression intended to ridicule the puritans, whose turbulence and indecency often brought them to prison, and who considered themselves as suffering for religion.

It is not unlikely that men imprisoned for other crimes, might represent themselves as casual enquirers, as suffering for puritanism, and that this might be the common cant of the prisons. In Donne's time, every prisoner was brought to jail by suretiship. JOHNSON.

The phrase which Dr. Johnson has justly explained, is used in *A New Trick to beat the Devil*, 1636: "—I held it, wife, a deed of charity, and did it *for the Lord's sake*." STEEVENS.

I believe Dr. Warburton's explanation is right. It appears from a poem entitled, *Paper's Complaint*, printed among Davies's epigrams, [about the year 1611] that this was the language in which prisoners who were confined for debt, addressed passengers:

"Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's sake*, for the Lord's sake,

"Like Ludgate prisoner, lo, I, begging, make

"My mone."

The meaning, however, may be, to beg or borrow for the rest of their lives. A passage in *Much Ado about Nothing* may countenance this interpretation:—"he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging to it, and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake."

Mr. Pope reads—and are now in for the Lord's sake. Perhaps unnecessarily. In *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Falstaff says,—“there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end,—to beg during life.” MALONE.

H 2

Enter

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, firrah?

Clown. Very ready, fir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? What's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, fir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. O, the better, fir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, fir, here comes your ghostly father; Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O fir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I ^{go} to-day. [*Exit.*]

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and Clown.*]

Prov. Now, fir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him⁷ in the mind he is,

⁷ — to transport him] To remove him from one world to another.
The French *trepas* affords a kindred sense. JOHNSON.

Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years ; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour : What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd ;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio ?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides !
Dispatch it presently ; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo : See, this be done,
And sent according to command ; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon :
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive ?

Duke. Let this be done ;—Put them
In secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio :
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yond generation⁸, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.
[Exit Provost.]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The Provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home ;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly : him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,

⁸ *To yond generation,*] Prisons are generally so constructed as not to admit the rays of the sun. Hence the Duke here speaks of its greeting only those *without* the doors of the jail, to which he must be supposed to point when he speaks these words. Sir T. Hanmer, I think without necessity, reads—*To the under generation*, which has been followed by the subsequent editors.

Journal, in the preceding line, is *daily*. Journalier, Fr. MALONE.

A league below the city ; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form ⁹,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head ; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it : Make a swift return ;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed.

[*Exit.*

Isab. [*within.*] Peace, ho, be here !

Duke. The tongue of Isabel :—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither :
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected ¹.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon ?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world ;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other :

Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio ! Wretched Isabel !
Injurious world ! Most damned Angelo !

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot ;
Forbear it therefore ; give your cause to heaven.
Mark, what I say ; which you shall find

⁹ — weal-balanced form,] Thus the old copy. Mr. Heath thinks that *well*-balanced is the true reading ; and Hanmer was of the same opinion. STEEVENS.

¹ *When it is least expected.*] A better reason might have been given. It was necessary to keep Isabella in ignorance, that she might with more keenness accuse the deputy. JOHNSON.

By every syllable, a faithful verity :
The duke comes home to-morrow ;—nay, dry your eyes ;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance : Already he hath carry'd
Notice to Escalus and Angelo ;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your
wisdom

In that good path, that I would wish it go ;
And you shall have your bosom² on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give ;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return :
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal ; and he shall bring you
Before the duke ; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow³,
And shall be absent. Wend⁴ you with this letter :
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart ; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here ?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even !

Friar, where is the Provost ?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to
see thine eyes so red : thou must be patient : I am fain to
dine and sup with water and bran ; I dare not for my
head fill my belly ; one fruitful meal would set me to't :
But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my

² — your bosom—] Your wish ; your heart's desire. JOHNSON.

³ I am combined by a sacred vow,] I once thought this should be *confined*, but Shakspeare uses *combine* for to bind by a pact or agreement ; so he calls Angelo the *combine* husband of Mariana. JOHNSON.

⁴ Wend you—] To wend is to go. STEEVENS.

troth, Ifabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners⁵ had been at home, he had lived.

[Exit ISABELLA.]

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them⁶.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman⁷ than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, fir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath divvouch'd⁸ other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions

⁵ *if the old-fantastical duke of dark corners—* This duke who meets his mistresses in by-places. So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

"There is nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,

"Deserves a corner." MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *the odd fantastical duke*, but *odd* is a common word of aggravation in ludicrous language, as, *there was old revelling*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *—he lives not in them.*] i. e. his character depends not of them. STEEVENS.

⁷ *—woodman,*] A woodman seems to have been an attendant or servant to the officer called *Forrester*. See *Manhood on the Forest Laws*,

tions shew much like to madness; pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shews his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd: Betimes i' the morn^g, I'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of sort and suit⁹, As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [Exit.

Ang. Good night.—

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant¹, And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid! And by an eminent body, that enforc'd The law against it!—But that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her?—no²:

4to. 1615, p. 46. It is here however used in a wanton sense, and was probably, in our author's time, generally so received. REED.

So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff asks his mistresses,—“Am I a woodman? Ha!” STEEVENS.

¹ —let it be proclaim'd:

Betimes i' the morn, &c.] Perhaps it should be pointed thus:

—let it be proclaim'd

Betimes i' the morn: I'll call you at your house.

So above: And why should we proclaim it an hour before his entering? MALONE.

⁹ —sort and suit,] Figure and rank. JOHNSON.

¹ —makes me unpregnant,] In the first scene the Duke says that *Escalus* is pregnant, i. e. ready, in the forms of law. *Unpregnant* therefore, in the instance before us, is *unready, unprepared*. STEEV.

² —Yet reason dares her? no:] Yet does not reason challenge or incite her to accuse me?—no, (answers the speaker) for my authority &c. To dare, in this sense, is yet a school-phrase: Shakspeare probably learnt it here. He has again used the word with the same signification (as Mr. Steevens observes) in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.;

unless a brother should a brother dare
‘o gentle exercise, &c.” MALONE.

For my authority bears off a credent bulk,
 That no particular scandal³ once can touch,
 But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
 Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
 Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
 By so receiving a dishonour'd life.
 With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!
 Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
 Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not⁴. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar PETER.

Duke. These letters⁵ at fit time deliver me.

[*Giving letters.*]

The Provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
 The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
 And hold you ever to our special drift;
 Though sometimes you do blench⁶ from this to that,
 As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
 And tell him, where I stay: give the like notice
 To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,

³ — my authority bears off a credent bulk,

That no particular scandal, &c.] Credent is creditable, enforcing credit, not questionable. The old English writers often confound the active and passive adjectives. So Shakspeare, and Milton after him, use *inexpressive* for *inexpressible*.—*Particular is private*, a French sense. No scandal from any private mouth can reach a man in my authority. JOHNS.

The old copy reads—*bears off*, in which way *off* was formerly often spelt. *Bears off* Mr. Steevens interprets—*carries with it*. Perhaps Angelo means, that his authority will ward off or set aside the weightiest and most probable charge that can be brought against him. MALONE.

⁴ — *we would, and we would not.*] Here undoubtedly the act should end, and was ended by the poet; for here is properly a cessation of action, and a night intervenes, and the place is changed, between the passages of this scene, and those of the next. The next act beginning with the following scene, proceeds without any interruption of time or change of place. JOHNSON.

⁵ *These letters.*—] Peter never delivers the letters, but tells his story without any credentials. The poet forgot the plot which he had formed. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *you do blench.*—] To *blench* is to start off, to fly off. STEEV.

And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate ;
But fend me Flavius first.

Fri. P. It shall be speeded well. [Exit Friar.]

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius ; thou hast made good
haste :

Come, we will walk : There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Street near the City Gate.

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth ;
I would say the truth ; but to accuse him so,
That is your part : yet I'm advis'd to do it ;
He says, to veil full purpose⁷.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange ; for 'tis a physick,
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace ; the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER⁸.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,

⁷ *He says, to veil full purpose.] To veil full purpose, may, with very little force on the words, mean, to bide the whole extent of our design, and therefore the reading may stand ; yet I cannot but think Mr. Theobald's alteration [t' availful purpose] either lucky or ingenious. JOHNS.*

If Dr. Johnson's explanation be right, (as I think it is,) the word should be written—veil, as it is now printed in the text. MALONE.

⁸ *Enter Friar PETER.] This play has two friars, either of whom might singly have served. I should therefore imagine, that Friar Thomas, in the first act, might be changed, without any harm, to Friar Peter ; for why should the Duke unnecessarily trust two in an affair which required only one. The name of Friar Thomas is never mentioned in the dialogue, and therefore seems arbitrarily placed at the head of the scene. JOHNSON.*

108 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

He shall not pass you : Twice have the trumpets sounded ;
The generous⁹ and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates¹, and very near upon
The duke is entering ; therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A publick Place near the City Gate.

MARIANA (*veil'd*), ISABELLA, and PETER, *at a distance.*
Enter at opposite Doors, Duke, VARRIUS, Lords ;
ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, *Officers, and*
Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met :—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace !

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.

We have made inquiry of you ; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Fore-running more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud ; and I should w^{is}h it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And rasure of oblivion : Give me your hand,
And let the subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim

⁹ *The generous &c.] i. e. the most noble, &c. Generous is here used in its Latin sense. " Virgo generosa et nobilis." Cicero. Shakespeare uses it again in Othello :*

" ——— the generous islanders

" By you invited ———." STEEVENS.

¹ *Have hent the gates.] Have seized or taken possession of the gates.*

Hent, henten, hende, (*says Junius, in his Etymologicon,*) *haucero est, capere, assequi, prehendere, arripere, ab, A. S. hendan. I* *JOHNSON.*
avours *ALONE.*

Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus ;
You must walk by us on our other hand ;—
And good supporters are you.

PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

Fri. P. Now is your time ; speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke ! Vail your regard²
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid !
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice !

Duke. Relate your wrongs : In what ? By whom ? Be brief :

Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice ;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil :
Hear me yourself ; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you : hear me, O hear me, here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm :
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice !

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak :
That Angelo's forsworn ; is it not strange ?
That Angelo's a murderer ; is't not strange ?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater ;
Is it not strange, and strange ?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,

² — *Vail your regard*] That is, withdraw your thoughts from higher things, let your notice descend upon a wronged woman. To *vail*, is to lower. JOHNSON.

This is one of the few expressions which might have been borrowed from the old play of *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

— *vail thou thine ears.*" STEEVENS.

Than this is all as true as it is strange:
 Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
 To the end of reckoning².

Duke. Away with her:—Poor soul,
 She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
 There is another comfort than this world,
 That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
 That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible
 That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible,
 But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
 May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute³,
 As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
 In all his dressings⁴, characts⁵, titles, forms,
 Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal prince,
 If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
 Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
 If she be mad, (as I believe no other,)
 Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
 Such a dependency of thing on thing,
 As e'er I heard in madness⁶.

² — *truth is truth*

To the end of reckoning.] That is, truth has no gradations; nothing which admits of increase can be so much what it is, as *truth is truth*. There may be a *strange* thing, and a thing *more strange*; but if a proposition be *true*, there can be none *more true*. JOHNSON.

³ — *as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,*] *As shy*; as reserved, as abstracted: *as just*; as nice, as exact: *as absolute*; as complete in all the round of duty. JOHNSON.

⁴ *In all his dressings, &c.*] In all his semblance of virtue in all his habiliments of office. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *characts,*] i. e. characters. See *Dugdale, Orig. Jurid.* p. 81: — "That he use, ne hide, no charme, ne carette." TYRWHITT.

Charact signifies an inscription. The stat. 1 Edw. VI. c. 2, directed the seals of office of every bishop to have "certain *characts* under the king's arms, for the knowlege of the diocese." *Characters* are the letters in which an inscription is written. *Character* is the materials of which characters are composed.

"Fairies use flowers for their *character*." *M. W. of Windsor*
 BLACKSTONE.

⁶ *As e'er I heard in madness.*] I suspect Shakspeare wrote:
As ne'er I heard in madness. MALONE.

Isab. Gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality⁷: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
And hide the false, seems true⁸.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio
As then the messenger;—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

7 —do not banish reason

For inequality:] Let not the high quality of my adversary prejudice you against me. JOHNSON.

I imagine, the meaning rather is—Do not suppose I am mad, because I speak passionately and unequally. MALONE.

And hide the false, seems true.] And for ever hide, i. e. plunge into eternal darkness, the false one, i. e. Angelo, who now seems honest. Many other words would have expressed our poet's meaning better than hide; but he seems to have chosen it merely for the sake of opposition to the preceding line. Mr. Theobald unnecessarily reads—Not hide the false,—which has been followed by the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

Duke.

112 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter;—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I perswaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refus'd me¹, and how I reply'd;
(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse² confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting³, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like, as it is true³!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch⁴, thou know'st not what
thou speak'st;

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice⁵: First, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself
And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on;

¹ *How he refus'd me,*] To *refel* is to refute. STEEVENS.

² *My sisterly remorse*—] i. e. pity. STEEVENS.

³ *His purpose surfeiting,*] So, in *Othello*:

“—my hopes, not *surfeited* to death.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *O, that it were as like, as it is true!*] The meaning, I think, is:
O, that it had as much of the appearance, as it has of the reality, of
truth! MALONE.

⁵ —fond wretch,] Fond wretch is foolish wretch. STEEVENS.

⁶ *In hateful practice:*] *Practice* was used by the old writers for any
unlawful or insidious stratagem. JOHNSON.

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
'T'hou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance⁶!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—An officer!
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice⁷,—
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:—Who knows that
Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This' a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a sawcy friar,
A very survy fellow.

Friar P. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: First, hath this woman
Most wrongrully accus'd your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?

Friar P. I know him for a man divine and holy;

⁶ *In countenance*!] i. e. in partial favour. WARBURTON.
Perhaps, rather, in fair appearance, in the external sanctity of this
outward-sanctified Angelo. MAIONE.

⁷ — *practice*.] *Præficus*, in Shakspeare, very often means *præsumptuous*
artifice, unjustifiable stratagem. STEEVENS.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler⁸,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

Friar P. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: Upon his mere request⁹,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo,) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented¹. First, for this woman;
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly² and personally accus'd,)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

ISABELLA is carried off, guarded; and

MARIANA comes forward.

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial³; be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?

⁸ — *nor a temporary medler.*] It is hard to know what is meant by a temporary medler. In its usual sense, as opposed to *perpetual*, it cannot be used here. It may stand for *temporal*: the sense will then be, *I know him for a holy man, one that meddles not with secular affairs*. It may mean *temperising*: *I know him to be a holy man, one who would not temporise, or take the opportunity of your absence to defame you*. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *his mere request.*] *Solely, entirely upon his request*. MALONE.

¹ *Whensoever he's convented.*] To *convent* and to *convene* are derived from the same Latin verb, and have exactly the same meaning. STEEV.

² *So vulgarly.*—] Meaning either so grossly, with such indecency of invective, or by so mean and inadequate witnesses. JOHNSON.

Vulgarly, I believe, means *publicly*. The *vulgar* are the common people.

Daniel uses vulgarly for among the common people:

— and which pleases vulgarly. STEEVENS.

³ *In this I'll be impartial;*] *Impartial* was sometimes used in the sense of

First, let her shew her face⁴; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not shew my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then:—neither maid,
widow, nor wife⁴?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them
are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd;
And I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so
too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

of parts'. In the old play of *Sweetnam the Woman-hater*, Atlanta cries
out, when the judges decree against the women:

"You are *impartial*, and we do appeal

"from you to judges more indifferent." FARMER.

So, in Masson's *Antonia and Melida*, 2d part, 1602:

"———There's not a beauty lives,

"Hath that *impartial* predominance

"O'er my affects, as your enchanting graces."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597:

"Cruel, unjust, *impartial* destinies!"

Again: "———this day, this unjust, *impartial* day."

In the language of our author's time *in was* frequently used as an
augmentative or intensive particle. MALONE.

4 — her face;] The original copy reads—*your face*. The emenda-
tion was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

* *Neither maid, widow, nor wife?*] This is a proverbial phrase to
be found in Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

116 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord :

She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband ;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me ?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No ? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse⁵ :—Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me ; now I will unmask.

[*unveiling.*]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on :
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine : this is the body,
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house⁶,
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman ?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman ;
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage

⁵ *This is a strange abuse :*] *Abuse* stands in this place for *deception*, or puzzle. So, in *Macbeth*, "— my strange and self abuse," means, *this strange deception of myself.* JOHNSON.

⁶ *And did supply thee at thy garden-house,*] A garden-house in the time of our author was usually appropriated to purposes of intrigue. So, in *SKIALETHIA*, or a *shadow of truth*, in certain *Epigrams and Satyres*, 1598.

" Who coming from The CURTAIN, sneaketh in

" To some old garden noted house for sin."

Again, in the *London Prodigal*, a com. 1605 " Sweet lady, if you have any friend, or garden house, where you may employ a poor gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all secret service." MALONE.

Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition⁷; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time, of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from
breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confix'd here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal women⁸ are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;

⁷ — her promised proportions

Came short of composition;] Her fortune, which was promised proportionate to mine, fell short of the composition, that is, contract or bargain. JOHNSON.

⁸ These poor informal women—] Informal signifies out of their senses. In the Comedy of Errors, we meet with these lines:

" ———, I will not let him stir,

" Till I have us'd the approved means I have,

" With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,

" To make of him a formal man again."

Formal, in this passage, evidently signifies in his senses. The lines are spoken of Antipholus of Syracuse, who is behaving like a madman. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,

" Not like a formal man." STEEVENS.

And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
 Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
 Compact with her that's gone¹ think'st thou, thy oaths,
 Though they would swear down each particular saint,
 Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
 That's seal'd in approbation²?—You, lord Escalus,
 Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
 To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
 There is another friar that set them on;
 Let him be sent for.

Friar P. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
 Hath set the women on to this complaint:
 Your provost knows the place where he abides,
 And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [Exit Provost.
 And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
 Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth³,
 Do with your injuries as seems you best,
 In any chastisement: I for a while
 Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well
 Determined upon these slanderers.

Escl. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—[Exit Duke.
 Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar Lo-
 dowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*: honest in nothing,
 but in his cloaths; and one that hath spoke most villain-
 ous speeches of the duke.

Escl. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come,
 and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a
 notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escl. Call that same Isabel here once again; [to an

¹ *That's seal'd in approbation?* When any thing subject to counter-
 feits is tried by the proper officers and approved, a stamp or seal is put
 upon it, as among us on plate, weights, and measures. So the duke
 says, that Angelo's faith has been tried, approved, and seal'd in testi-
 mony of that approbation, and, like other things so sealed, is no more
 to be called in question. JOHNSON.

² *To hear this matter forth,*] To hear it to the end; search it
 to the bottom. JOHNSON.

Attendant.] I would speak with her: pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess; perchance, publickly she'll be ashamed.

Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA; the Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provost.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight².

Escal. Come on, mistress; [*to Isabella.*] here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir, did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place¹ and let the devil³ be sometimes honour'd for his burning throne:—Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us, and we will hear you speak: Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least.—But, O, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?

² — are light at midnight.] This is one of the words on which Shakspeare chiefly delights to quibble. Thus, Portia in the *M. of V.*

“Let me give light, but let me not be light.” STREVEN.

³ Respect to your great place! and let the devil see.] I suspect that a line preceding this has been lost. MALONE.

Shakspeare was a reader of Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny; and in the 5th book and 8th chapter, might have met with this idea: “The Augurs do no worship to any but to the devils beneath.” STREVEN.

Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal⁴,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?

And then to glance from him to the duke himself;
To tax him with injustice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—We'll touze you joint by joint,
But we will know this purpose⁵: What, unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial⁶: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop⁷,

As

4 — to retort your manifest appeal,] To refer back to Angelo the cause in which you appealed from Angelo to the Duke. JOHNSON.

5 — this purpose:] The old copy has—his purpose. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. I believe the passage has been corrected in the wrong place; and would read:

—We'll touze him joint by joint,

But we will know his purpose. MALONE.

6 Nor here provincial:] Nor here accountable. The meaning seems to be, I am not one of his natural subjects, nor of any dependent province. JOHNSON.

7 Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,] Barbers' shops were, at all times, the resort of idle people:

“*Tonfrina erat quædam hic solebamus ferè*

“*Plerumque tam opperiri*—

which Donatus calls *apta foderatisti*. Formerly with us, the better sort of people went to the barber's shop to be trimmed; who then practised the under parts of surgery: so that he had occasion for numerous instruments, which lay there ready for use; and the idle people, with whom

As much in mock as mark.

Esial. Slander to the state ! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio ?
Is this the man, that you did tell us of ?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate : Do you know me ?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice :
I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so ? And do you remember what you said of the duke ?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir ? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward⁸, as you then reported him to be ?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report. you, indeed, spoke so of him ; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow ! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches ?

Duke. I protest I love the duke, as I love myself.

whom his shop was generally crowded, would be perpetually handling and misusing them. To remedy which, I suppose, there was placed up against the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this kind, which, it is not likely, would long preserve its authority. WARR.

This explanation may serve till a better is discovered. But whoever has seen the instruments of a surgeon, knows that they may very easily be kept out of improper hands in a very small box, or in his pocket. JOHNSON.

It was formerly part of a barber's occupation to pick the teeth and ears. STEVENS.

The forfeits in a barber's shop were brought forward by Mr. Kenrick, with a parade worthy of the subject. FARMER.

It may be proper to add, that in a newspaper called the *Daily Magazine*, or, *London Advertiser*, Oct. 15, 1773, which, I am informed, was conducted by Mr. Kenrick, he almost acknowledges, that the Verses exhibiting a catalogue of these forfeits, which he pretended to have met with at Malton or Thirsk, in Yorkshire, were a forgery. MALONE.

⁸ — and a coward,] So, again afterwards :

“ You, sirrah, that know me for a fool, a coward,

“ One all of luxury —”

But Lucio had not, in the former conversation, mentioned cowardice among the faults of the duke. Such failures of memory are incident to writers more diligent than this poet. JOHNSON.

Ang.

Ang. Hark ! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal :—Away with him to prison :—Where is the Provost ?—Away with him to prison ; lay bolts enough upon him : let him speak no more : Away with those giglots too⁹, and with the other confederate companion.

[The Provost lays hands on the Duke.]

Duke. Stay, fir ; stay a while.

Ang. What ! resists he ? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, fir ; come, fir ; come, fir : foh, fir ; Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal ! you must be hooded, must you ? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you ! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour ! Will't not off ? *[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.]*

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er made a duke.—First, provost, let me bail these gentle three : Sneak not away, fir ; *[to Lucio.]* for the friar and you Must have a word anon :—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I purpose, fit you down.—

[to Escalus.]

We'll borrow place of him :—Sir, by your leave : *[to Ang.]* Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do the office ? If thou hast, Rely upon it, till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,

⁹ — *those giglots too,*] A *giglot* is a wanton wench. STEVENS.

¹ *Show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour !*] Dr. Johnson's alteration [*as how ?*] is wrong. In the *Alchemist*, we meet with "a man that has been strangled an hour."—"What, Piper, ho ! be hang'd a-while," is a line of an old madrigal. FARMER.

A similar expression is found in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614 : "Leave the bottle behind you, and be curst a while." MAIORS.

The poet evidently refers to the ancient mode of punishing by the *col-
ligrigium*, or the original pillory, made like that part of the pillory at present which receives the neck, only it was placed horisontally, so that the culprit hung suspended by his chin, and the back of his head. A still more accurate account of it may be found, if I mistake not, in Mr. Bar-
ington's *Observations on the Statutes*. FLETCHER.

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes²: Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—

Do you the office, friar; which consummate³,
Return him here again:—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.*]

Isab. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel:

Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising, and holy⁴ to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us⁵.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost: O, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,

² — my passes:] i. e. what has past in my administration. STEEV.

³ — *quibus consummate,*] i. e. which being consummated. MALONE.

⁴ *Advertising, and holy*—] *Attentive and faithful.* JOHNSON.

⁵ — *be you as free to us.*] *We are as free to you; pardon us as we have pardon'd you.* JOHNSON.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

That brain'd my purpose * : But, peace be with him !
 That life is better life : past fearing death,
 Than that which lives to fear : make it your comfort,
 So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost,

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
 Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
 Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
 For Mariana's sake : but as he adjudg'd your brother,
 (Being criminal, in double violation
 Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
 Thereon dependant, for your brother's life,)
 The very mercy of the law cries out
 Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
 Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure ;
 Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure* *.
 Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested ;
 Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage † :
 We do condemn thee to the very block

* *That brain'd my purpose :*] We now use in conversation a like phrase. *This it was that knocked my design on the head.* JOHNSON.

† — *and of promise-breach,*] Our author ought to have written — “ in double violation of sacred chastity, and of *promise*,” instead of — *promise-breach*. Sir T. Hanmer reads — *and in promise-breach* ; but change is certainly here improper, Shakespeare having many similar inaccuracies. *Double* indeed may refer to Angelo's conduct to Mariana and Isabel ; yet still some difficulty will remain : for then he will be said to be “ criminal [instead of guilty] of *promise-breach*.” MALONE.

§ — *even from his proper tongue,*] Even from Angelo's own tongue. So, above : “ *even the witness of his proper ear* —” &c. JOHNSON.

¶ So, in the Third Part of *K. Henry VI.*

“ *Measure for Measure* must be answered.” STEEVENS.

Shakespeare might have remembered these lines in *A Warning for faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599 (but apparently written some years before) :

“ The trial now remaining, as shall conclude

“ *Measure for Measure*, and lost blood for blood.” MALONE.

“ *Though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage :*] The denial of which will avail thee nothing. So, in the *Winter's Tale* :

“ *Thou shalt not deny, nor shall thou avail.*” MALONE.

Where

Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste ;—
Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband !

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband :
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit ; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come : for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours ²,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him ; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege, — [kneeling.]

Duke. You do but lose your labour ;
Away with him to death. — Now, sir, [*to Lucio.*] to you.

Mari. O, my good lord ! — Sweet Isabel, take my part ;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her ³ :
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me ;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults ;

² *Although by confiscation they are ours,*] This reading was furnished by the editor of the second folio. The original copy has *confutation*, which may be right. — by his being confuted, or proved guilty of the fact which he had denied. This however being rather harsh, I have followed all the modern editors in adopting the emendation that has been made. MAISON.

³ *Against all sense you do importune her :*] The meaning required is, against all reason and natural affection ; Shakspeare, therefore, judiciously uses a single word that implies both ; *sense* signifying both reason and affection. JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in the *Tempest*, Act II.

“ You cram these words into mine ears, against

“ The stomach of my sense.” STEEVENS.

226 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad : so may my husband.

O Isabel ! wilt thou not lend a knee !

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [kneeling.

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd : I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me ; since it is so,
Let him not die : My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died :
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ;
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no subjects ;
Intent but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable ; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault :—
Provoost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour ?

4 *Till he did look on me ;*] The duke has justly observed that Isabel is importuned against all sense to solicit for Angelo, yet here against all sense she solicits for him. Her argument is extraordinary.

A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,

Till he did look on me ; since it is so,

Let him not die.

That Angelo had committed all the crimes charged against him, as far as he could commit them, is evident. The only intent which his act did not overtake, was the defilement of Isabel. Of this Angelo was only intentionally guilty.

Angelo's crimes were such, as must sufficiently justify punishment, whether its end be to secure the innocent from wrong, or to deter guilt by example ; and I believe every reader feels some indignation when he finds him spared. From what extenuation of his crime, can Isabel, who yet supposes her brother dead, form any plea in his favour ? Since he was good 'till he looked on me, let him not die. I am afraid our varlet poet intended to inculcate, that women think ill of nothing that raises the credit of their beauty, and are ready, however virtuous, to pardon any act which they think induced by their own charms. JOHNSON.

5 *His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ;*] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ The slighted purpose never so served,

“ Unless the deed go with it.” STEEVENS.

Prov.

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private messenger.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice⁶:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou had'st done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [*Exit Prov.*]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, and JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for those earthly faults⁷, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?

⁶ — after more advice:] i. e. after more consideration. STEEVENS.

⁷ — for those earthly faults,] The faults, so far as they are punishable on earth, so far as they are removable by temporal power, I forgive.

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Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself. [*unmuffles Claudio.*]

Duke. If he be like your brother, [*to Isab.*] for his sake
I'll pardon'd; And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe⁸;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well⁹:
Look that you love your wife¹; her worth, worth yours².—
I find an apt remission in myself:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon³;—
You, firrah, [*to Lucio.*] that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury⁴, an ass, a mad-man;
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the
trick⁵: If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather
it would please you, I might be whip'd.

Duke. Whip'd first, fir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,

⁸ — *perceives he's safe*;] It is somewhat strange that Isabel is not made to express either gratitude, wonder, or joy, at the sight of her brother. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *your evil quits you well*:] *Quits you*, recompenses, requites you. JOHNSON.

¹ *I look, that you love your wife*;] So, in *Promos*, &c.

"Be loving to good Cassandra, thy wife." STEEVENS.

² — *her worth, worth yours*.] That is, her value is equal to your value; the match is not unworthy of you. JOHNSON.

³ — *here's one in place I cannot pardon*;] The duke only means to frighten *Lucio*, whose final sentence is to marry the woman whom he had wronged, on which all his other punishments are remitted. STEEVENS.

⁴ *One all of luxury*,—] *Luxury*, in our author's time, signified *concupiscence*. MATONE.

⁵ — *according to the trick*:] To my custom, my habitual practice. JOHNSON.

And he shall marry her : the nuptial sniſh'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beſeech your highneſs, do not marry me to a
whore ! Your highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a duke ;
good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a
cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou ſhalt marry her.
Thy ſlanders I forgive ; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits ⁶ :—Take him to priſon :
And ſee our pleaſure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is preſſing to death,
whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deſerves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you reſtore.—
Joy to you, Mariana !—love her, Angelo ;
I have confeſs'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Eſcalus, for thy much goodneſs ⁷ :
There's more behind, that is more grateſate ⁸.
Thanks, provost, for thy care, and ſecreſy ;
We ſhall employ thee in a worthier place :—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home

The

⁶ — *thy other forfeits.*] Thy other puniſhments. JOHNSON.

To forfeit anciently ſignified to commit a carnal offence. STEEVENS.

Thanks, good friend Eſcalus, for thy much goodneſs :] I have always
thought that there is great confuſion in this concluding ſpeech. If my
criticiſm would not be cenſured as too licentious, I ſhould regulate it thus :

Thanks, good friend Eſcalus, for thy much goodneſs.

Thanks, Provost, for thy care and ſecreſy ;

We ſhall employ thee in a worthier place.

Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home

The head of Ragonize for Claudio's.

Ang. The offence pardons itſelf.

Duke. There's more behind

That is more grateſate. Dear Iſabel,

I have a motion, &c. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *that is more grateſate.*] i. e. to be more rejoiced in ; meaning, I
ſuppoſe, that there is another world, where he will find yet greater rea-
ſon to rejoice in conſequence of his upright miniſtry. *Eſcalus* is repre-
ſented as an ancient nobleman, who, in conjunction with *Angelo*, had
reached the higheſt office of the ſtate. He, therefore, could not be ſuf-
ficiently rewarded here ; but is neceſſarily referred to a future and more
exalted recompence. STEEVENS.

The head of Ragozine for Claudio's ;
 The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
 I have a motion much imports your good ;
 Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
 What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine :—
 So bring us to our palace ; where we'll show
 What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know⁹.

[*Exeunt.*]

I think the Duke means to say,—I thank thee, Escalus, for thy upright conduct during thy administration of government. At some future time I shall shew you some more substantial, more *gratulatory*, and *acceptable* marks of my approbation, than mere thanks. MALONE.

⁹ I cannot help taking notice with how much judgment Shakspeare has given turns to this story from what he found it in Cynthio Giraldi's novel. In the first place, the brother is there *actually* executed, and the governour sends his head in a bravado to the sister, after he had debauched her on promise of marriage: a circumstance of too much horror and villainy for the stage. And, in the next place, the sister afterwards is, to solder up her disgrace, married to the governour, and begs his life of the emperor, though he had unjustly been the death of her brother. Both which absurdities the poet has avoided by the episode of Mariana, a creature purely of his own invention. The duke's remaining incognito at home to supervise the conduct of his deputy, is also entirely our authour's fiction.

This story was attempted for the scene before our author was fourteen years old, by one George Whetstone, in *Two Comical Discourses*, as they are called, containing the right excellent and famous history of Promos and Cassandra, printed with the black letter, 1578. The author going that year with Sir Humphrey Gilbert to Norimbega, left them with his friends to publish. THEOBALD.

The novel of Cynthio Giraldi, from which Shakspeare is supposed to have borrowed this fable, may be read in *Shakspeare illustrated*, elegantly translated, with remarks which will assist the enquirer to discover how much absurdity Shakspeare has admitted or avoided.

I cannot but suspect that some other had new-modelled the novel of Cynthio, or written a story which in some particulars resembled it, and that Cynthio was not the author whom Shakspeare immediately followed. The emperor in Cynthio is named Maximine ; the duke, in Shakspeare's enumeration of the persons of the drama, is called Vincentio. This appears a very slight remark ; but since the duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why should he be called Vincentio among the *persons*, but because the name was copied from the story, and placed superfluously at the head of the list by the mere habit of transcription ? It is therefore likely that there was then a story of Vincentio duke of Vienna, different from that of Maximine emperor of the Romans.

Of

Of this play the light or comick part is very natural and pleasing, but the grave scenes, if a few passages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is indefinite; some time, we know not how much, must have elapsed between the recess of the duke and the imprisonment of Claudio; for he must have learned the story of Mariana in his disguise, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The unities of action and place are sufficiently preserved. JOHNSON.

The duke probably had learnt the story of Mariana in some of his former retirements, "having ever loved the life removed" (page 18): And he had a suspicion that Angelo was but a *seemer* (page 20), and therefore he stays to watch him. BLACKSTONE.

The Fable of Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578.

"The Argument of the whole History."

"In the cyttie of *Julio* (sometimes under the dominion of *Corvinus kynge of Hungarie, and Bobemia*,) there was a law, that what man so ever committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should weare some disguised apparel, during her life, to make her infamously noted. This severe lawe, by the favour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarded, untill the time of lord *Promos*' auctoritie; who convicting a young gentleman named *Andrugio* of incontinency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. *Andrugio* had a very virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman to his siter, named *Cassandra*: *Cassandra*, to enlarge her brother's life, submitted an humble petition to the lord *Promos*: *Promos* regarding her good behaviours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke; and doying good, that evill might come thereof, for a time he repyved her brother: but wicked man, tounring his liking into unlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour, raunsome for her brothers life: chaste *Cassandra*, abhorring both him and his sute, by no perswasion would yeald to this raunsome. But in fine, wonne with the importunitie of hir brother (pleading for life), upon these conditions he agreed to *Promos*. First, that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. *Promos*, as feareles in promise, as careless in performance, with sollemne vowe sygned her conditions; but worse then any infydeall, his will satisfysyed, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his auctorite unspotted with favour, and to prevent *Cassandra*'s clamors, he commaunded the gayler secretly, to present *Cassandra* with her brother's head. The gayler, [touched] with the outcryes of *Andrugio*, (abhorryng *Promos*' lewdenes) by the providence of God provided thus for his safety. He presented *Cassandra* with a felons head newlie executed; who knew it not, being mangled, from her brothers (who was set at libertie by the gayler). [She] was so agreeved at this trecherye, that, at the point to kyl her self, she spared that stroke, to be avenged of *Promos*: and devyng a way, she concluded, to make her fortunes knowne unto the kinge. She, executing

this resolution, was so highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do iustice on *Promos*: whose judgment was, to marry *Cassandra*, to repaire her crased honour; which donne, for his hainous offence, he should lose his head. This maryage solempnised, *Cassandra* tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the kinge, tendringe the generall benefit of the cōmon weale before her special case, although he favoured her much, would not graunt her sute. *Andrugio* (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the grieve of his sifter, bewrayde his safety, and craved pardon. The kinge, to renowne the vertues of *Cassandra*, pardoned both him and *Promos*. The circumstances of this rare historye, in action livelye foloweth."

Wbetstone, however, has not afforded a very correct analysis of his play, which contains a mixture of comick scenes, between a Bawd, a Pimp, Felons, &c. together with some serious situations which are not described. STEEVENS.

One paragraph of the foregoing narrative being strangely confused in the old copy, by some carelessness of the printer, I have endeavoured to rectify it, by transposing a few words, and adding two others, which are included within crotchets. MALONE.

COMEDY of ERRORS.

Persons Represented.

Solinus, *Duke of Ephesus.*

Ægeon, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

Antipholus of Ephesus*, } *Twin Brothers, and Sons to*
Antipholus of Syracuse, } *Ægeon and Æmilia, but un-*
 } *known to each other.*

Dromio of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and Attendants on*
Dromio of Syracuse, } *the two Antipholus's.*

Balthazar, *a Merchant.*

Angelo, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

Pinch, *a School-master, and a Conjurer.*

Æmilia, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

Adriana, *Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Luciana, *her Sister.*

Luce, *her Servant.*

A Courtezan.

Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.

S C E N E, Ephesus.

* In the old copy, these brothers are occasionally styled, Antipholus *Erotes*, or *Errats*; and Antipholus *Sereptus*; meaning, perhaps—*erraticus*, and *surreptus*. One of these twins wandered in search of his brother, who had been forced from Æmilia by fishermen of Corinth. The following acrostic is the argument to the *Menæchmi* of Plautus: Delph. Edit. p. 654.

Mercator Siculus, cui erant gemini filii,

Ei, surrepto altero, mors obtigit.

Nomen surreptitii illi indit qui domi est

Avus paternus, facit Menæchmum Sosiclem.

Et is germanum, postquam adolevit, quæritat

Circum omnes oras. Post Epidamnium devenit:

Hic fuerat auctus ille surreptitius.

Menæchmum civem credunt omnes advenam:

Eumque appellant, meretrix, uxor, et socer.

Id se cognoscunt fratres postremò invicem.

The translator, W. W. calls the brothers, *Menæchmus Sosicles*, and *Menæchmus* the traveller. Whencesoever *Shakspeare* adopted *erraticus* and *surreptus* (which either he or his editors have mis-spelt) these distinctions were soon dropt, and throughout the rest of the entries the twins are styled of *Syracuse* or *Ephesus*. STEEVENS.

COMEDY of ERRORS¹.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,

¹ Shakspeare certainly took the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whose version of the acrostical argument already quoted, is as follows:

“ Two twinne-borne sonnes in Sicill marchant had,

“ Menechmus one, and Soficles the other;

“ The first his father lost, a little lad;

“ The grandsire namde the latter like his brother:

“ This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke

“ His brother, and to Epidamnum came,

“ Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like,

“ That citizens there take him for the same:

“ Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,

“ Much pleasant error, ere they meete together.”

Perhaps the last of these lines suggested to Shakspeare the title for his piece.—See this translation of the *Menæchmi*, among *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

I suspect this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially in long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare's more early productions. BLACKSTONE.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1593. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.

For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffick to our adverse towns :
Nay, more,

If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any, Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose ;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort ; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home ;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable :
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence²,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In Syracusa was I born ; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too³, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death ;

² — by nature, not by vile offence,] Not by any criminal act, but by natural affection, which prompted me to seek my son at Ephesus. MALONE.

³ And by me too,—] Too, which is not found in the original copy, was added by the editor of the second folio, to complete the metre.

MALONE

And

And he, great care of goods at random left⁴,
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :
 From whom my absence was not six months old,
 Before herself (almost at fainting, under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear,)
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
 There had she not been long, but she became
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
 As could not be distinguishing'd but by names.
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
 A poor mean woman⁵ was delivered
 Of such a burden, male twins, both alike :
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
 Made daily motions for our home return :
 Unwilling I agreed ; alas, too soon.
 We came aboard :
 A league from Epidamnus had we sail'd,
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragick instance of our harm :
 But longer did we not retain much hope ;
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
 Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,

4 *And he, great care of goods at random left,*] Surely we should read :
 And the great care of goods at random left
 Drew me, &c.

The text, as exhibited in the old copy, can scarcely be reconciled to grammar. MALONE.

5 *A poor mean woman—*] *Poor* is not in the original copy. It was inserted for the sake of the metre by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.
 Forc'd

Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
 And this it was,—for other means was none.—
 The sailors fought for safety by our boat.
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us :
 My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms ;
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Were carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;
 And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us,
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :
 But ere they came,—O, let me say no more !
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so ;
 For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us !
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
 We were encounter'd by a mighty rock ;
 Which being violently borne upon⁶,
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carried with more speed before the wind ;
 And in our sight they three were taken up

⁶ —borne upon,] The original copy reads—borne up. The additional syllable was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us ;
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave helpful welcome⁷ to their shipwreck'd guests ;
 And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my blis ;
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
 Do me the favour to dilate at full
 What hath befall'n of them, and thee⁸, till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
 At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother ; and importun'd me,
 That his attendant, (for his case was like⁹,
 Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
 Might bear him company in the quest of him :
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
 Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
 Roaming clean through¹ the bounds of Asia,
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus ;
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.
 But here must end the story of my life ;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap !

⁷ *Gave helpful welcome—*] Old Copy—*healthful welcome*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio.—So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

“ And gave the tongue a *helpful welcome*.” MALONE.

⁸ — *and thee, till now.*] The first copy erroneously reads—and *they*. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

⁹ — *for his case was like—*] The original copy has—*so* his. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

¹ — *clean through—*] In the northern parts of England this word is still used instead of *quite, fully, perfectly, completely*. STEEVENS.

Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not dilannul,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
 But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can :
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
 To seek thy help² by beneficial help :
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live ; if not³, then thou art doom'd to die :—
 Jailor, take him to thy custody.

Jail. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend⁴,
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

A publick Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
 This very day, a Syracusan merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here ;
 And, not being able to buy out his life,
 According to the statute of the town,
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
 There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
 Within this hour it will be dinner time :

² *To seek thy help—*] Mr. Pope and some other modern editors read—*To seek thy life &c.* But the jingle has much of Shakspeare's manner. MALONE.

³ *—if not,*] Old Copy—*no.* Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ *—wend,*] i. e. go. An obsolete word. STEVENS.

Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit Dro. s.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain, fir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, fir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time^s;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
'That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—

What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

^s *And afterwards consort you till bed-time;*] We should read, I believe,

“And afterwards consort *with* you till bed-time.”

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Mercutio, thou consort'st *with* Romeo.” MALONE.

The

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
 The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,
 My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
 She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
 The meat is cold, because you come not home;
 You come not home, because you have no stomach;
 You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
 But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
 Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray;
 Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
 To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper;—
 The sadler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
 Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
 We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
 So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
 I from my mistress come to you in post;
 If I return, I shall be post indeed;
 For she will score your fault upon my pate.
 Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
 And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
 Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:
 Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
 And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

6 ——— I shall be post indeed,

For she will score your fault upon my pate.] Perhaps, before writing was a general accomplishment, a kind of rough reckoning concerning wares issued out of a shop was kept by chalk or notches on a *post*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. So *Kitely* the merchant making his jealous enquiries concerning the familiarities used to his wife, *Cob* answers: "—if I saw any body to be kiss'd, unless they would have kiss'd the *post* in the middle of the warehouse; &c." STEVENS.

7 —your clock.] The old copy reads—your *cock*. Mr. Pope made the change. MALONE.

Dro. E.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have dispos'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce ⁸ of yours,
'That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. 'Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast
thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the
Phoenix;
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner.
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold
your hands;
Nay, an you will not sir, I'll take my heels.

[Exit DROMIO, S.]

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught ⁹ of all my money.
'They say, this town is full of cozenage ¹;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body ²;

Dis-

⁸ — that merry sconce—] *Sconce* is head. STEEVENS.

⁹ — o'er-raught—] That is, over-reached. JOHNSON.

¹ They say, this town is full of cozenage;] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence ἑρπεία ἀλεξίφάρμακα was proverbial amongst them. Thus Menander uses it, and ἑρπεία γράμματα, in the same sense. WARBURTON

² As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark working forcerers, that change the mind,

Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;] Perhaps the epithets have

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
 And many such like liberties of sin³:
 If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
 I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
 I greatly fear, my money is not safe.

[Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
 That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
 Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
 And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
 Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
 A man is master of his liberty:
 Time is their master; and, when they see time,
 They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.

have been misplaced, and the lines should be read thus:

*Soul-killing forcerers, that change the mind,
 Dark-working witches, that deform the body;*

This change seems to remove all difficulties.—By *soul-killing* I understand destroying the rational faculties by such means as make men fancy themselves beasts. JOHNSON.

Witches or forcerers themselves, as well as those who employed them, were supposed to forfeit their souls by making use of a forbidden agency. In that sense, they may be said to destroy the souls of others as well as their own. I believe Dr. Johnson has done as much as was necessary to remove all difficulty from the passage.

The hint for this enumeration of cheats, &c. Shakspeare received from the old translation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595. "For this assure yourselfe, this towne *Epidamnus* is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse; and (I heare) as full of ribaulds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles cony-catchers, and sycophants, as it can hold: then for curti-zans, &c." STEEVENS.

³ — liberties of sin:] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *libertines*, which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but persons, seems right.

JOHNSON.
Adr.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill ⁴.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe ⁵.

'There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,

But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:

'The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,

Are their males' subject, and at their controls:

Men, more divine, the masters of all these ^{*},

Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,

Indued with intellectual sense and souls,

Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females, and their lords:

'Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where ⁶?

Luc. 'Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, 'no marvel though she pause ⁷;
They can be meek, that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;

⁴ —*ill.*] This word, which the rhyme seems to countenance, was furnished by the editor of the second folio. The first has—*thus*. MALONE.

⁵ *Adr.* *There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.*

Luc. *Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.*] The meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the *bridle* must bear the *lash*, and that woe is the punishment of head-strong liberty. STEEVENS.

^{*} Men—the masters &c.] The old copy has *Man—the master &c.* and in the next line—*Lord*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

⁶ —*start some other where?*] I suspect that *where* has here the power of a noun. So, in *K. Lear*:

“Thou lovest *here*, a better *where* to find.”

The sense is, *How, if your husband fly off in pursuit of some other woman?* So again, p. 149: “—his eye doth homage *otherwhere*.”

Otherwhere signifies—in other places. STEEVENS.

⁷ —*she pause;*] *To pause* is to rest, to be in quiet. JOHNSON.

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
 As much, or more, we should ourselves complain :
 So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
 With urging helpless patience * would'st relieve me :
 But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
 'This fool-begg'd^s patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try ;—
 Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand ?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my
 two cars can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him ? Know'st thou
 his mind ?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear :
 Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his
 meaning ?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well
 feel his blows ; and withal so doubtfully, that I could
 scarce understand them^o.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home ?
 It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain ?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad ; but, sure, he's stark
 mad :

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

* *With urging helpless patience—*] By exhorting me to patience,
 which affords no help. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

"As those poor birds that helpless berries saw." MALONE.

^s *—fool-begg'd—*] She seems to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience*, that
 patience which is so near to *idiotical simplicity*, that your next relation
 would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool*, and *beg* the
 guardianship of your fortune. JOHNSON.

^o *—that I could scarce understand them.*] i. e. that I could scarce
 stand under them. This quibble, poor as it is, seems to have been the
 favourite of Shakspeare. It has been already introduced in the *Two
 Gentlemen of Verona* : "*—my staff understands me.*" STEEVENS.

He

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold¹ :
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I : My gold, quoth he :
Your meat doth burn, quoth I ; My gold, quoth he :
Will you come home, quoth I² ? My gold, quoth he :
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain ?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd ; My gold, quoth he :
My mistress, sir, quoth I ; Hang up thy mistress ;
I know not thy mistress ; out on thy mistress !

Luc. Quoth who ?

Dro. E. Quoth my master :

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress ;—
 So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
 I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders ;
 For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home ?
 For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating :
 Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant ; fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me³ ,
 That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus ?
 You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :
 If I last in this service, you must case me in leather⁴.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face !

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
 Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
 Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

¹ — *a thousand marks in gold :*] The old copy reads—a hundred marks. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

² — *will you come home, quoth I ?*] The word *home*, which the metre requires, but is not in the authentic copy of this play, was suggested by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

³ *Am I so round with you, as you with me,*] He plays upon the word *round*, which signified *spherical* applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech or action*, spoken of his mistress. So the king, in *Hamlet*, bids the queen be *round* with her son. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *case me in leather.*] Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather. STEEVENS.

From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it :
 Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?
 If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
 Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
 Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?
 That's not my fault, he's master of my state :
 What ruins are in me, that can be found
 By him not ruin'd ? then is he the ground
 Of my defeatures⁵ : My decayed fair⁶
 A funny look of his would soon repair :
 But, too unruly deer⁷, he breaks the pale,
 And feeds from home ; poor I am but his stale⁸.

LUC.

⁵ Of my defeatures :] By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features*. At the end of this play the same word is used with a somewhat different signification. STEEVENS.

⁶ — My decayed fair] Shakspeare uses the adjective *gilt*, as a substantive, for *what is gilt*, and in this instance *fair* for *fairness*. Τὸ μὲν καλὸν, is a similar expression. In the *Midsommer Nigh's Dream*, the old quartos read :

“ Demetrius loves your fair.”

Again, in Shakspeare's 68th Sonnet :

“ Before these bastard signs of fair were born.”

Again, in the 83d Sonnet :

“ And therefore to your fair no painting set.” STEEVENS.

Fair is frequently used *substantively* by the writers of Shakspeare's time. So Marston, in one of his satires :

“ As the greene meads, whose native outward faire

“ Breathes sweet perfumes into the neighbour air.” FARMER.

⁷ But, too unruly deer,] The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his poem on a lady's Girdle :

“ This was my heaven's extreamest sphere,

“ The pale that held my lovely deer.” JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has played upon this word in the same manner in his *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Fondling, saith she, since I have hemm'd thee here,

“ Within the circuit of this ivory pale,

“ I'll be thy park, and thou shalt be my deer ;

“ Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or on dale.”

The lines of Waller seem to have been immediately copied from these.

MALONE.

⁸ — poor I am but his stale.] “ Stale to catch these thieves ;” in the *Tempest*, undoubtedly means a *fraudulent bait*. Here it seems to imply the same as *stalking-horse*, *pretence*. I am, says Adriana, but his *pretended*

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fye, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere ;

Or else, what lets it but he would be here ?

Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain ;—

Would that alone alone he would detain^o,

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !

I see, the jewel, best enamelled,

Will lose his beauty ; and though gold 'bides still,

That others touch, yet often touching will

Wear gold : and no man, that hath a name,

But falshood and corruption doth it shame^r.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy !

[*Exeunt.*

tended wife, the mask under which he covers his amours. So, in the *Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587 :

" Was I then chose and wedded for his *fale*,

" To looke and gape for his retireless sayles

" Pust back and flittering spread to every winde ?"

Again, in the old translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595, from whence Shakspeare borrowed the expression : " He makes me a *fale* and a laughing-stock." STEEVENS.

Perhaps *fale* may here have the same meaning as the French word *chaperon*. *Poor I am but the cover for his infidelity.* COLLINS.

9 *Would that alone alone he would detain,*] The first copy reads :

Would that alone a love &c.

The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

1 *I see, the jewel, best enamelled,*

Will lose his beauty ; and though gold 'bides still,

That others touch, yet often touching will

Wear gold : and no man, that hath a name,

But falshood and corruption doth it shame.] This passage in the original copy is very corrupt. It reads—

— *yet the gold 'bides still*

That others touch ; and often touching will

Wear gold ; and no man, that hath a name

By falshood &c.

The word *though* was suggested by Mr. Steevens ; all the other emendations by Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton. *Wear* is used as a dissyllable. The commentator last mentioned, not perceiving this, reads — and so no man &c. which has been followed, I think improperly, by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
 Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out,
 By computation, and mine host's report.
 I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
 I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
 You know no Centaur? You receiv'd no gold?
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
 My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
 Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
 And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
 What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
 Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[beating him.]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is
 earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
 Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
 Your sawciness will jest upon my love,
 And make a common of my serious hours².

² *And make a common of my serious hours.]* i. e. intrude on them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of ground destined to common use, which are thence called commons. STEEVENS.

When

When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But keep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too³; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulder. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every
a wherefore.

Dro. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, where-
For urging it the second time to me.

Ant. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of
season?

Dro. S. In the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme
nor reason?—

—sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave
me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next⁴, to give you nothing
for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Baiting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you cholerick⁵, and purchase me

³ — and insconce it] A sconce was a petty fortification. STEEVENS.

⁴ — next,] Our author probably wrote—next time. MALONE.

⁵ Lest it make you cholerick, &c.] So, in the *Turning of the Screw*:

“I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,

“And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

“For it engenders choler, planteth anger, &c.” STEEVENS.

another dry-basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time : There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have deny'd that, before you were so cholerick.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts : and what he hath scanted men in hair⁶, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair⁷.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost : Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two ; and found ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not found, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then,

⁶ —and what he hath scanted men in hair,] The old copy reads—scanted them. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's.—The same error is found in the Induction to *K. Henry IV.* P. II. edit. 1623 :

“ Stuffing the ears of them with false reports.” MALONE.

⁷ Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.] That is, Those who have more hair than wit, are easily entrapped by loose women, and suffer the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair.

JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing⁸.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring⁹; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time¹ for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, fir; namely, no time² to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

'The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow
That never words were musick to thine ear³,
'That never object pleasing in thine eye,
'That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
'That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

⁸ — *falsing*.] This word is now obsolete. Spenser and Chaucer often use the verb to *falsc*. The author of the *Revisal* would read *falsing*. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *that he spends in tiring*;] The old copy reads—in *trying*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

¹ — *there is no time*] The old copy reads—*here is* &c. The editor of the second folio made the correction. MALONE.

² — *no time* &c.] The first folio has—in no time &c. *In* was rejected by the editor of the second folio. Perhaps the word should rather have been corrected. The author might have written—*even* no time, &c. See many instances of this corruption in a note on *All's Well that ends Well*, Act I. sc. i. MALONE.

³ *That never words were musick to thine ear*,] Imitated by Pope in his *Epistle from Sappho to Phaon*:

“My musick then you could for ever hear,

“And all my words were musick to your ear.” MALONE.

Unless

Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
 How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
 That thou art then estranged from thyself?
 Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
 That, undividable, incorporate,
 Am better than thy dear self's better part.
 Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
 For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall⁴
 A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,
 Without addition, or diminishing,
 As take from me thyself, and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
 Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
 I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust⁵:
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted⁶ by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
 I live dis-stain'd⁷, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
 In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
 As strange unto your town, as to your talk;

⁴ — *may'st thou fall*—] To *fall* is here a verb active. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *with the crime of lust*:] Dr. Warburton reads—with the *grime*— So again in this play: "A man may go over shoes in the *grime* of it." MALONE.

⁶ *Being strumpeted*—] Shakspeare is not singular in his use of this verb. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"By this adúlteris basely *strumpeted*." STEEVENS.

⁷ *I live dis-stain'd*,] i. e. *unstained, undefiled*. THEOBALD.

Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fye, brother! how the world is chang'd with
you :

When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt⁸,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine⁹;
Whose weakness, marry'd to thy stronger state¹,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

⁸ —you are from me exempt,] *Exempt*, separated, parted. The sense is, *If I am doomed to suffer the wrong of separation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.* JOHNSON.

⁹ *Thou art an elm, my husband; I a vine;*]

*Lenta, qui, velut assitas
Vitis implicat arbores,
Implicabitur in tuum
Complexum." Catul. 57.*

So Milton, *Par. Lost. B. V.*

"—— They led the vine

"To wed her elm. She spous'd, about him twines

"Her marriageable arms." MALONE.

¹ —stronger state,] The old copy has—*stranger*. Corrected by Mr. ROWE. MALONE,

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
 Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss²;
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
 What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,
 I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy³.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
 This is the fairy land;—O, spight of spights!—
 We talk with goblins, owls⁴, and elvish sprights⁵;

If

² — idle moss;] i. e. moss that produces no fruit, but being infertile is useless. So, in *Orbello*:—"antres vast, and deserts idle." STEEV.

³ — the offer'd fallacy.] The old copy reads—"the freed fallacy." The emendation was suggested by an anonymous correspondent of Mr. Steevens. Mr. Pope reads, I think, with less probability,—the *favour'd* fallacy; which has been followed by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

⁴ We talk with goblins, owls,—] It was an old popular superstition, that the scritch-owl sucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were supposed to be in like manner mischievously bent against children, *strega* from *strix*, the *scritch-owl*. This superstition they derived from their pagan ancestors. See Ovid. Fast. Lib. vi. WARBURTON.

Ghostly owls accompany *elvish* ghosts in *Spenser's* Shepherd's Calendar for June. So, in *Sherringham's* Discerptatio de Anglorum Gentis Origine, p. 333. Lares, Lemures, *Stryges*, *Lamiae*, *Manes* (*Gastæ dicti*) et similes monstrorum Greges, Elvarum Chorea dicebatur." Much the same is said in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, p. 112, 113.

TOLLET.

Owls are also mentioned in *Cornucopiæ*, or *Pasquil's* Nightcap, or *Antidote for the Headach*, 1623, p. 38:

"Dreading no dangers of the darksome night,

"No eules, hobgoblins, ghosts, nor water-spright." STEEV.

Owls was changed by Mr. Theobald into *cupbs*; and how, it is objected, should Shakspeare know that *striges* or scritch-owls were considered by the Romans as witches? The notes of Mr. Tollet and Mr. Steevens, as well as the following passage in the *London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605, afford the best answer to this question:—"Soul, I think, I am sure cross'd or witch'd with an owl." MALONE.

⁵ — elvish sprights;] The epithet *elvish* is not in the first folio, but the second has—*elves* spright. STEEVENS.

All

If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone⁶, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I *?

Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,

But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—

Come, sir, to dinner; *Dromio*, keep the gate:—

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,

And strive you⁷ of a thousand idle pranks:

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—

Come, sister:—*Dromio*, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

I'll say as they say, and persevere so,

And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, *Antipholus*, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

All the emendations made in the second folio having been merely arbitrary, any other suitable epithet of two syllables may have been the poet's word. Mr. Rowe first introduced—*elvis*. MALONE.

⁶ *Dromio*, thou drone,] The old copy reads—*Dromio*, thou *Dromio*, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

* —am not I?] Old copy—am I not. *Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁷ And strive you—] That is, I will call you to confession, and make you tell your tricks. JOHNSON.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus,
ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all ;
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours ;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet⁸,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart ; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold ;
And that I did deny my wife and house :—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this ?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I
know :
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show :
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were
ink,

Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear⁹.
I should kick, being kick'd ; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

⁸ — *carkanet*,] seems to have been a necklace or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. JOHNSON.

“ *Quarquan*, ornement d'or qu'on mit au col des damoiselles.” *Le grand Ditté de Nicot*.—A *Carkanet* seems to have been a necklace set with stones, or strung with pearls. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Marry, so it doth appear*

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.] Mr. Theobald, instead of *doth*, reads—*don't*. MALONE.

I do not think this emendation necessary. He first says, that his *wrights* and *blows* prove him an *ass* ; but immediately, with a correction of his former sentiment, such as may be hourly observed in conversation, he observes that, if he had been an *ass*, he should, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again. JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar: Pray god, our cheer

May answer my good-will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, fir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish, A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, fir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

Dro. S. [*within*] Mome¹, malt-horse, capon, cock-comb, idiot, patch²!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, fir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

¹ *Mome*,] a dull stupid blockhead, a stock, a post. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed: whatever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken: from hence also comes our word *mum*! for silence. HAWKINS.

² —*patch*!] i. e. fool. Alluding to the parti-colour'd coats worn by the licens'd fools or jesters of the age. STEEVENS.

Ant.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe³?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*within*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh:—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope⁴?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

3 — I owe?] i. e. I own. STEEVENS.

4 — I hope?] A line either preceding or following this, has, I believe, been lost. Mr. Theobald and the subsequent editors read—I *errow*; but that word, and *hope*, were not likely to be confounded by either the eye or the ear. MALONE.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*within*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, fir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go fore.

Aug. Here is neither cheer, fir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither⁵.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold⁶.

Ant. E. So, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

⁵ — *we shall part with neither.*] In our old language, *to part* signified *to have part*. See Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, ver. 9504:

"That no wight with his blisse *parten* shall."

The French use *partir* in the same sense. TYRWHITT.

⁶ — *bought and sold.*] This is a proverbial phrase. "To be *bought and sold* in a company." See Ray's *Collection*, p. 179. edit. 1737.

SIEEVENS.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, fir ; and words are but wind ;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou wantest breaking ; Out upon thee, hind !

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee ! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in ; Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather ; master, mean you so ? For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather : If a crow help us in, firrah, we'll pluck a crow together ⁷.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, fir ; O, let it not be so ;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this ⁸,—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part ⁹ some cause to you unknown ;
And doubt not, fir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made ¹ against you.
Be rul'd by me ; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner :

⁷ —*we'll pluck a crow together.*] We find the same quibble on a like occasion in one of the comedies of Plautus.—The children of distinction among the Greeks and Romans had usually birds of different kinds given them for their amusement. This custom Tyndal in the *Captives* mentions, and says, that for his part he had *tantum upupam*. *Upupa* signifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock*, or some instrument of the same kind, employed to dig stones from the quarries. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Once this,*—] This expression appears to me so singular, that I cannot help suspecting the passage to be corrupt. MALONE.

Once this may mean, Once for all, let me recommend *this* to your consideration. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Your long experience of her wisdom*—

Plead on her part—] The old copy reads *your*, in both places. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

¹ —*the doors are made*—] To *make* the door, is the expression used to this day in some counties of England, instead of, *to bar the door*.

STEEVENS.

And,

And, about evening, come yourself alone,
 To know the reason of this strange restraint.
 If by strong hand you offer to break in,
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,
 A vulgar comment will be made of it;
 And that supposed by the common rout²
 Against your yet ungalled estimation,
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
 For slander lives upon succession³;
 For ever hous'd, where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
 And, in despite of mirth⁴, mean to be merry.
 I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
 Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
 'There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
 My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
 'To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
 And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
 For there's the house; that chain will I bestow,
 (Be it for nothing but to spight my wife.)
 Upon mine hostels there: good sir, make haste:
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so; This jest shall cost me some expence.

[*Exeunt.*]

² — *supposed by the common rout*] *Supposed* is founded on *supposition*, made by conjecture. JOHNSON.

³ — *upon succession*] *Succession* is often used as a quadrisyllable by our author, and his contemporaries. So below, p. 172, *satisfaction* composes half a verse:

“Therefore make present *satisfaction*—.” MALONE.

⁴ *And, in despite of mirth*,—] Though mirth hath withdrawn herself from me, and seems determined to avoid me, yet in despite of her, and whether she will or not, I am resolved to be merry. HEATH.

SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter* LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus, hate,
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate*?

If

5 *And may it be, that you have quite forgot*
An husband's office? Shall, Antipholus, hate
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love in building grow so ruinate?] So, in our author's
 119th Sonnet:

* And ruin'd love, when it is built anew—".
 The word *hate* at the end of the second line was supplied by Mr. Theobald; *building*, instead of *buildings*, is also his correction. In support of the former emendation, a passage in our author's 10th Sonnet may be produced:

"—thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
 "That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
 "Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
 "Which to repair should be thy chief desire."

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours."

Stowe uses the adjective *ruinate* in his *Annales*, p. 892. "The last year at the taking down of the old *ruinate* gate——". MALONE.

The meaning is, Shall thy love-springs rot, even in the spring of love? and shall thy love grow ruinous, even while 'tis but building up?

THEOBALD.

Love-springs are young plants of love. See a note on the second scene of the fifth act of *Coriolanus*, where the meaning of this expression is more fully dilated.

The rhyme which Mr. Theobald would restore, stands thus in the old edition: —shall Antipholus—. If therefore instead of *ruinate* we should read *ruinous*, the passage may remain as it was originally written; and perhaps, indeed, throughout the play we should read *Antipbilus*, a name which Shakspeare might have found in P. Holland's translation of Pliny, B. xxxv, and xxxvii. *Antipbilus* was a famous painter, and rival to Apelles.

Ruinous is justified by a passage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act V. sc. iv:

"Left growing *ruinous* the building fall."

Throughout the first folio, *Antipholus* occurs much more often than
Antipbilus,

If you did wed my sifter for her wealth,
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness :
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth ;
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness ;
 ¶ Let not my sifter read it in your eye ;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty ;
 Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger :
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;
 Be secret-false ; What need she be acquainted ?
 What simple thief brags of his own attain⁶ ?
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in thy looks at board :
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
 Alas, poor women ! make us but believe⁷,
 Being compact of credit⁸, that you love us ;
 Though others have the arm, shew us the sleeve ;
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;
 Comfort my sifter, cheer her, call her wife :
 'Tis holy sport, to be a little⁹ vain,
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I
 know not,
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)
 Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,
 Than our earth's wonder ; more than earth divine.

Antipholis, even where the rhyme is not concerned ; and were the rhyme defective here, such transgressions are accounted for in other places.

STEEVENS.

Antipholis occurs, I think, but thrice in the original copy. I have therefore adhered to the other spelling. MALONE.

⁶ — *his own attain* ?] The old copy has—*attaine*. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

⁷ — *make us but believe*,] The old copy reads—*not believe*. It was corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁸ *Being compact of credit*,] Means, *being made altogether of credulity*.
 STEEVENS.

⁹ — *vain*,] Is *light of tongue*, *not veracious*. JOHNSON.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smoother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknown field ?

Are you a god ? would you create me new ?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe ;

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid¹, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood² of tears ;

Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote :

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take thee³, and there lie ;

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death, that hath such means to die :—

Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink⁴ !

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reason so ?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated⁵ ; how, I do not know.

¹ — mermaid,] is only another name for syren. STEEVENS.

² — in thy sister's flood—] The old copy reads—*sister*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

³ — as a bed I'll take thee,] *Bed*, which the word *lie* fully supports, was introduced in the second folio. The old copy has—*bud*. MALONE.

Mr. Edwards suspects a mistake of one letter in the passage, and would read—I'll take *them*.—Perhaps, however, both the ancient readings may be right :—as a *bud* I'll take *thee*, &c. i. e. I, like an insect, will take thy bosom for a rose, or some other flower, and,

“ —phœnix-like beneath thine eye

“ Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.”

It is common for Shakspeare to shift hastily from one image to another.

Mr. Edwards's conjecture may, however, receive support from the following passage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. sc. ii :

“ —my bosom as a bed

“ Shall lodge thee.” STEEVENS.

⁴ Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink !] Love means—the Queen of love. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ Now for the love of love, and her soft hours—.” MALONE.

⁵ Not mad, but mated,] i. e. confounded.—So, in *Macbeth* :

“ My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.” STEEVENS.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where⁶ you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim⁷.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee⁸:

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:

Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, fir, hold you still;

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [Exit *LUC.*

Enter, from the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, fir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an afs, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

⁶ *Gaze where—*] The old copy reads; *when*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁷ *My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.*] When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven. JOHNSON.

⁸ *—for I aim thee:*] The old copy reads—*for I am thee*. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. Antipholus has just told her, as the same gentleman observes,—that she was his sweet hope's aim. MALONE.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, fir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, fir, such a claim as you would lay to your home; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beedly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, fir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, fir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, fir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, fir;—but her name and three quarters^o,

^o *Nell, fir; but her name and three quarters &c.*] The old copy has—her name is three quarters, &c. The emendation was made by Dr. Thirlby. This poor conundrum is borrowed by Massinger, in *The Old Law*, 1653:

“*Cook.* That *Nell* was Hellen of Greece.

“*Clown.* As long as she married with her husband she was *Ellen*, but after she came to Troy she was *Nell* of Troy.

“*Cook.* Why did she grow shorter when she came to Troy?

“*Clown.* She grew longer, if you mark the story, when she grew to be an *ell*, &c.” MALONE,

that

that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair¹.

Ant.

¹ *In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.* The old copy has—her *hair*. The present reading was introduced by the editor of the second folio. Mr. Theobald prefers the old reading, supposing the allusion to be to Henry IV. “whose claim, on the death of his father, in 1589, [and for several years afterwards] the States of France resisted, on account of his being a protestant.” MALONE.

With this explication Dr. Warburton concurs; and Sir Thomas Hammer thinks an equivocation was intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet surely they have all lost the sense in looking beyond it. Our author, in my opinion, only sports with an allusion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his mistress had the French disease. The ideas are rather too offensive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incrustated eruptions: by *reverted* he means having the hair turning backwards. An equivocal word must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied. Both *forehead* and *France* might in so a sort make war against their *hair*, but now did the *forehead* make war against its *hair*? JOHNSON.

I think with Sir T. Hammer, that an equivocation *may* have been intended. It is of little consequence which of the two words is preserved in the text, if the author meant that two senses should be touched under the same term.—Dr. Johnson's objection, that “an equivocal term must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied,” appears to me not so well founded as his observations in general are; for, though a correct writer would observe that rule, our author is very seldom scrupulous in this particular, the terms which he uses in comparisons scarcely ever answering exactly on both sides. However, as *hair* affords the clearest and most obvious sense, I have placed it in the text. In *King Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we have—

“This

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her¹ breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast² at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assured to her³; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith⁴, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

"This your *beir* of France hath blown this vice in me—" instead of air. MALONE.

² — to be ballast] i. e. ballasted. So, in *Hamlet*:

"——— to have the engineer

"Hoist with his own petar." i. e. *boisted*. STEEVENS.

³ — assured to her;] i. e. affianced to her. STEEVENS.

⁴ — if my breast had not been made of faith, &c.] Alluding to the superstition of the common people, that nothing could resist a witch's power of transforming men into animals, but a great share of faith.

WARBURTON.

Ant.

Ant. S. 'There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong⁵,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine⁶:
'The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then strait away. [*Exit.*

⁵ — to *self-wrong*,] I have met with other instances of this kind of phraseology, but omitted to note them. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*of self-wrong*. MALONE.

⁶ — at the Porcupine;] It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakspeare's plays, the word *Porcupine* is used instead of *Porcupine*. Perhaps it was so pronounced at that time. I have since observed the same spelling in the plays of other ancient authors. Mr. Toller finds it likewise in p. 66 of *Ascham's Works* by Bennet, and in *Stowe's Chronicle* in the years 1117, 1135. STEEVENS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The same.**Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.*

Mer. You know, since pentecost the sum is due,
 And since I have not much importun'd you ;
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
 'To Persia, and want gilders ⁷ for my voyage :
 Therefore make present satisfaction,
 Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
 Is growing to me ⁸ by Antipholus :
 And, in the instant that I met with you,
 He had of me a chain ; at five o'clock,
 I shall receive the money for the same :
 Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save ; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
 And buy a rope's end ; that will I bestow
 Among my wife and her confederates ⁹,
 For locking me out of my doors by day.—
 But soft, I see the goldsmith :—get thee gone ;
 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year ! I buy a rope !
 [Exit DROMIO.]

Ant. E. A man is well help up, that trusts to you :
 I promised your presence, and the chain ;
 But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me :
 Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
 If it were chain'd together ; and therefore came not.

7 — want gilders.] A gilder is a coin valued from one shilling and sixpence, to two shillings. STEEVENS.

8 Is growing to me—] i. e. accruing to me. STEEVENS.

9 — and her confederates.] The old copy has—their confederates. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Ang,

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
'Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
¶ pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time
enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your
money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fye, now you run this humour out of breath?
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none ; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, fir, in denying it :
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do ;

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation :—

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had !
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee ; arrest him, officer ;—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, fir ; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail :—
But, firrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, fir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, fir, she bears away : our fraughtage, fir,
I have convey'd aboard ; and I have bought
The oil, the balsammum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim ; the merry wind
Blows fair from land : they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now, a madman ! Why, thou peevish sheep*,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me ?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope ;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

* — thou peevish sheep,] *Peevish* is silly. So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ Desire my man's abode where I did leave him ;

“ He's strange and *peevish*.” See a note on Act I. sc. vii.

STEEVENSON.

Dro.

Dro. S. You sent me for a ropes end as soon * :
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight ;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats ; let her send it ;
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me : hie thee, slave be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and ANT. E.*]

Dro. S. To Adriana ! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowfabel ³ did claim me for her husband :
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
'Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no ?
Look'd he or red, or pale ; or sad, or merrily ?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors ⁴ tilting in his face ?

Luc.

* *You sent me for a ropes end as soon :*] *Ropes* is here a dissyllable ; the Saxon genitive case. MALONE.

³ *Where Dowfabel—*] This name occurs in one of Drayton's Pastorals :

“ He had, as antique stories tell,

“ A daughter cleaped *Dowfabel*, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?*] Alluding to those meteors in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place :

“ *White, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,*

“ *All of one nature, of one substance bred,*

“ *Did lately meet in the intestine shock*

“ *And furious close of civil butchery.*” WARBURTON.

The

Luc. First he deny'd you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none ; the more my spight.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he ?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ?

Lua. With words, that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty ; then, my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair ?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still ;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere ⁵,

Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every where ;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind ;

Stigmatical in making ⁶, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one ?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah ! but I think him better than I say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse :

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away ⁷ :

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter

The allusion is more clearly explained by the following comparison in the second book of *Paradise Lost* :

" As when, to warn proud cities, war appears

" Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush

" To baffle in the clouds, before each van

" Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,

" Till thickest legions close ; with feats of arms

" From either end of heaven the welkin burns." STEEVENS.

The original copy reads—*Ob*, his heart's meteors, &c. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

⁵ — *sere*,] that is, *dry*, withered. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Stigmatical in making*,] That is, *marked* or *stigmatised* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Far from her nest the lapwing &c.*] This expression seems to be proverbial. I have met with it in many of the old comick writers. Greene, in his *Second Part of Coney-catching*, 1592, says: " But again to our priggers, who, as before I said—*cry with the lapwing farthest from her nest*, and from their place of residence where their most abode

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:
A devil in an everlasting garment² hath him,
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough³;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper¹, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well²;
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell³.

Adr.

is." Nash, speaking of Gabriel Harvey, says—"he withdraweth men, *slipping-like*, from his nest, as much as might be." See this passage yet more amply explained *ante*, p. 22. n. 3. STEEVENS.

² — an everlasting garment] *Everlasting* was in the time of Shakspeare, as well as at present, the name of a kind of durable stuff. The quibble intended here, is likewise met with in B. and Fletcher's *Woman Hater*:

" ——— I'll quit this transitory

" Trade, and get me an *everlasting* robe,

" Sear up my conscience, and turn *serjeant*." STEEVENS.

³ — a fairy, *pitiless and rough*;] There were fairies like *bobgoblins*, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous. JOHNS.

So Milton: "No goblin, or swart *fairy* of the mine,

" Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity." MALONE.

¹ — a shoulder-clapper,] is a bailiff. STEEVENS.

² A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;] To run counter is to run backward, by mistaking the course of the animal pursued; to draw dry-foot is, I believe, to pursue by the track or prick of the foot; to run counter and draw dry-foot well are, therefore, inconsistent. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word *counter*, which means the *wrong way in the chase*, and a prison in London. The officer that arrested him was a serjeant of the counter. For the congruity of this jest with the scene of action, let our authour answer. JOHNSON.

To draw *dry-foot*, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of the foot: for which the blood-hound is famed. GREY.

³ — to hell!] Hell was the cant term for an obscure dungeon in any of our prisons. It is mentioned in the *Counter-rat*, a poem, 1658:

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case⁴.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well; But he's in⁵ a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,

[*Exit LUCIANA.*

That he⁶, unknown to me, should be in debt:—

Tell me, was he arrested on a band⁷?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing; A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell; 'tis time, that I were gone. It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. 'The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes, If any hour meet a serjeant, 'a turns back for very fear.

“ In Wood-street's hole, or Poultry's bell.”

There was likewise a place of this name under the Exchequer chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had paid the uttermost farthing. STEEVENS.

4 — *on the case.*] An action upon the case is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law. GREY.

Dromio, I believe, is still quibbling. His master's *case* was touched by the shoulder-clapper. See p. 180:—“ in a *case* of leather &c.” MALONE.

5 *But he's in—*] The old copy reads—But is in. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

6 *That he—*] The original copy has—*Thus* he. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

— *was he arrested on a band?*] Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly, though the modern editors read *bond*. A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently spelt *band*. A *band* is likewise a *neckcloth*. On this circumstance, I believe, the humour of the passage turns. STEEVENS.

7 See Minshew's Dict. 1617, in v. “BAND or Obligation.” In the same column is found “A BAND or thong to tie withal.” Also “A BAND for the neck, because it serves to bind about the neck.” These sufficiently explain the equivocal. MALONE.

Adr.

Adr. As if time were in debt ! how fondly dost thou reason ?

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too : Have you not heard men say,

That time comes stealing on by night and day ?

If he be in debt^s, and theft, and a serjeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio ; there's the money, bear it straight ;

And bring thy master home immediately.—

Come, sister ; I am press'd down with conceit ;

Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III:

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me

As if I were their well acquainted friend ;

And every one doth call be by my name.

Some tender money to me, some invite me ;

Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;

Some offer me commodities to buy ;

Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,

And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,

And, therewithal, took measure of my body.

Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,

And Lapland forcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for : What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd ?

Ant. S.

^s *If he be in debt,*] The old edition reads—*If I be in debt.*

STEEVENS,

For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable. Mr. Rowe reads—*If time &c.* but *I* could not have been confounded by the ear with *time*, though it might with *be*. MALONE.

What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd ?] A

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris pike¹.

Ant. S.

short word or two must have slipped out here, by some accident, in copying, or at press; otherwise I have no conception of the meaning of the passage. The case is this. Dromio's master had been arrested, and sent his servant home for money to redeem him: he running back with the money, meets the twin Antipholus, whom he mistakes for his master, and seeing him clear of the officer before the money was come, he cries, in a surprise; *What, have you got rid of the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?* For so I have ventured to supply, by conjecture. But why is the officer call'd old Adam new apparell'd? The allusion is to Adam in his state of innocence going naked; and immediately after the fall being cloath'd in a frock of skins. Thus he was new apparell'd: and in like manner, the sergeants of the Counter were formerly clad in buff, or calf's-skin, as the author humorously a little lower calls it. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended. JOHNSON.

These jests on Adam's dress are common among our old writers.

STEVENS.

¹ — *he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.*] The rest of a pike was a common term, and signified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the rush of the enemy. A morris-pike was a pike used in a morris or a military dance, and with which great exploits were done, that is, great feats of dexterity were shewn. JOHNSON.

A morris pike is mentioned by the old writers as a formidable weapon. "Morrespikes (says Langley, in his translation of *Polydore Virgil*) were used first in the siege of Capua." And in *Reynard's Deliverance of certain Christians from the Turks*, "the English mariners laid about them with brown bills, halberts, and morrice-pikes." FARMER.

Polydore Virgil does not mention morris-pikes at the siege of Capua, though Langley's translation of him advances their antiquity so high: *morris-pikes*, or the pikes of the Moors, were excellent formerly; and since

Ant. S. What ! thou mean'st an officer ?

Dro. S. Ay, fir, the serjeant of the band ; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his hand ; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest !*

Ant. S. Well, fir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night ? may we be gone ?

Dro. S. Why, fir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night ; and then were you hindered by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay : Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I ;
And here we wander in illusions :
Some blessed power deliver us from hence !

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, fir, you have found the goldsmith now :
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day ?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid ! I charge thee, tempt me not !

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan ?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she's the devil's dam ; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench : and therefore comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light : light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn ; *ergo*, light wenches will burn ; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, fir. Will you go with me ? We'll mend our dinner here*.

Dro. S. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon².

Ant. S.

since, the Spanish pikes have been equally famous. See Hartlib's legacy, p. 48. TOILET.

* *We'll mend our dinner here.*] i. e. by purchasing something additional in the adjoining market. MALONE.

² — *if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.*] In the old copy you is accidentally omitted. It was supplied by the editor of the second folio. I believe some other words were passed over by the

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorcerers:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils

Ask but the parings of one's nail, a rush,
A hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut,
A cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; and if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that
you know. *[Exeunt. ANT. and DRO.]*

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
'The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

compositor,—perhaps of this import:—"if you do expect spoon-meat, either stay away, or bespeak a long spoon." Or in the sense of *before*, which it signified in old language, is hardly admissible here. In all the old writers, if I mistake not, when employed in this sense, it is joined with a personal pronoun,—“or ere I went,”—“or ere he spoke”; &c. or with an article; as in the instance quoted by Mr. Stevens:

“He shall be murder'd or the guests come in.”

I do not recollect to have ever met with it used as an adverb, for *beforehand*.—The proverb mentioned afterwards by Dromio, is again alluded to in *the Tempest*. See Vol. I. p. 51, n. 5. MALCONE.

Belike,

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
 On purpose shut the doors against his way.
 My way is now, to hie home to his house,
 And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
 He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
 My ring away: This course I fittest choose;
 For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
 I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
 To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
 My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
 And will not lightly trust the messenger,
 That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
 I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
 How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all*.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope?

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I
 return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[beating him.

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. S. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in ad-
 versity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoretson, senseless villain!

* — [I'll pay them all.] See Vol. I. p. 34, n. 1. MALONE.

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, with PINCH³, and Others.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end⁴; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end*.

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*beats him.*]

3 — *Pinch*,] The direction in the old copy is,—“and a schoolmaster called Pinch.” In many country villages the pedagogue is still a reputed conjurer. So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*: “I would have ne'er a cunning school-master in England, I mean a cunning man as a schoolmaster; that is, a conjuror, &c.” STEPHENS.

3 *Mistress, respice finem, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the rope's end.*] These words seem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan against the lord of Liddington; which ends with these words, *Respice finem, respice finem*. But to what purpose, unless our authour would shew that he could quibble as well in English, as the other in Latin, I confess I know not. As for *prophecy like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any passenger was offended, it was the standing joke of the wife owner to say, *Take heed, sir, my parrot prophesies*. To this, Butler hints, where, speaking of Ralpho's skill in augury, he says:

“Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,

“That speak, and think contrary clean;

“What member 'tis of whom they talk,

“When they cry rope, and walk, knave, walk.”

WARB.
Cour.

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
Yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers*?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I deny'd to enter in my house?

Adr. O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home†! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and
scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes‡, she did; the kitchen-vestal¶ scorn'd you.

* — your customers?] A *customer* is used in *Othello* for a common woman. Here it seems to signify one who visits such women. MALONE.

† I din'd at home!] I is not found in the old copy. It was inserted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

‡ Certes,] i. e. certainly. Obsolete. STEEVENS.

¶ — kitchen-vestal] Her charge being like that of the vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence ?

Dro. E. In verity, you did ;—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries ?

Pinch. It is no shame ; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me ? heart and good-will you might
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats ?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope !

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd ;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks :
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold ?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold ;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all ;
And art confederate with a damped pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me :
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[*PINCH and his assistants bind ANT. and DROMIO.*]

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company ;—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks !

Ant. E. What, will you murder me ? Thou jailer, thou,
I am thy prisoner ; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue ?

Off. Masters, let him go :

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer ?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself ?

Off. He is my prisoner ; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee :
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day !

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet !

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain ! wherefore dost thou mād
me ?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing ? be mad,
Good master ; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk !

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and assistants with ANT. and DRO.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at ?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith ; Do you know him ?

Adr. I know the man : What is the sum he owes ?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due ?

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it
not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—

Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

7 — *thou peevish officer ?*] This is the second time that in the course of this play, *peevish* has been used for *foolish*. STEEVENS.

8 — *unhappy strumpet !*] *Unhappy* is here used in one of the senses of *unlucky* ; i. e. *mischievous*. STEEVENS.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help,

To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Officer, ADR. and LUC.*]

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff^o from thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town; Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you; But, I protest, he had the chain of me, Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir, Of credit infinite, highly belov'd, Second to none that lives here in the city;

our stuff] i. e. our baggage. In the orders that were issued for Progresses in the last century, the king's baggage was always nominated. *MAJONE.*

His

His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so ; and that self-chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.

Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble ;

And not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny

This chain, which now you wear so openly :

Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;

Who, but for staying on our controversy,

Has hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day :

This chain you had of me, can you deny it ?

Ant. S. I think, I had ; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir ; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it ?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee :
Fye on thee, wretch ! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus :
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[They draw.]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and Others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake ; he is mad ;—
Some get within him, take his sword away :

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run ; for God's sake, take a
house.

This is some priory ;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[Exeunt ANTIPH. and DROMIO to the Priory.]

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people ; Wherefore throng you hither ?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence :

Let

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy¹ of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;

¹ — the copy] i. e. the theme. We still talk of setting copies for boys. STEEVENS.

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
 Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
 But moody and dull melancholy,
 (Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;)
 And, at her heels², a huge infectious troop
 Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
 To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
 The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
 Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
 When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.
 Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
 Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband
 forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
 And it shall privilege him from your hands,
 Till I have brought him to his wits again,
 Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
 Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
 And will have no attorney but myself;
 And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
 Till I have used the approved means I have,
 With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,

² But moody and dull melancholy,

(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;)

And, at her heels,—] Mr. Heath, to remedy the defective metre of the first line, proposed to read—moody, moping &c. and to obviate the seeming impropriety of making Melancholy a male in one line and a female in the other, he would read—And at *their* heels—. The latter emendation is highly probable. In another place in this play, we have *their* for *her*. See p. 172. n. 9. *Kinsman*, however, (as an anonymous critic has observed,) might have been used by Shakspeare in his licentious way, for *nearly related*. MALONE.

To make of him a formal man again³ :
 It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
 A charitable duty of my order ;
 Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here ;
 And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
 To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him :
[Exit Abbess]

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go ; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
 And never rise until my tears and prayers
 Have won his grace to come in person hither,
 And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five ;
 Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
 Comes this way to the melancholy vale ;
 The place of death⁴ and sorry execution⁵,
 Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause ?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
 Who put unluckily into this bay
 Against the laws and statutes of this town,
 Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come ; we will behold his
 death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

³ — a formal man again :] i. e. to bring him back to his senses, and the forms of sober behaviour. So, in *Measure for Measure*,—"informal women," for just the contrary. STEVENS.

⁴ The place of death—] The original copy has—*depth*. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

⁵ — sorry execution,] So, in *Macbeth* :

"Of *sorry* fancies your companions making."

Sorry had anciently a stronger meaning than at present. Thus, in Chaucer's *Prologue to The Sompnours Tale*, v. 7283, late edit. :

"This Frere, whan he loked had his fill

"Upon the turments of this *sory* place."

Again, in the *Knights Tale*, where the temple of Mars is described :

"All full of chirking was that *sory* place." STEVENS.

Enter Duke attended; ÆGEON bare-headed; with the Headsmen and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters⁶,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurry'd through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order⁷ for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape⁸,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself⁹,

⁶ *Whom I made lord of me and all I had,*

As your important letters,] Important for importunate. JOHNSON.
So, in one of Shakspeare's Historical plays:

“ ——— great France

“ My mourning and important tears hath pitied.”

Shakspeare, who gives to all nations the customs of his own, seems from this passage to allude to a court of wards in Ephesus. The court of wards was always considered as a grievous oppression. STEEVENS.

See a note on *King Henry IV.* P. I. Act III. sc. v. MALONE.

⁷ — to take order] i. e. to take measures. STEEVENS.

⁸ — by what strong escape,] Though strong is not unintelligible, I suspect we should read—*strange*. The two words are often confounded in the old copies. See p. 155, n. 1. MALONE.

⁹ And, with his mad attendant and himself,] We should read—*mad* himself. WARBURTON.

We might read:

“ And here his mad attendant and himself.” STEEVENS.

I suspect, Shakspeare is himself answerable for this inaccuracy.

MALONE.

Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chafed us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row⁹, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire¹;
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool²:

And,

⁹ — a-row,] i. e. successively, one after another. STEEVENS.

¹ *Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;*] Such a ludicrous circumstance is not unworthy of the farce in which we find it introduced; but is rather out of place in an epic poem, amidst all the horrors and carnage of a battle:

“*Obvius ambustum torrem Corinæus ab ara*

“*Corripit, et venienti Ebuso, glazamque ferenti,*

“*Occupat os flammis: Illi ingens barba reluxit,*

“*Nidoreque ambusta dedit.*” Virg. *Æneis*, lib. xii.

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare was a great reader of Plutarch, where he might have seen this method of shaving, in the life of Dion, p. 167, 4to. See North's Translation, in which *avθραμ* may be translated *brands*. S. W.

² *His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:]* The force of this allusion I am unable to explain. Perhaps it was once the custom to cut the

And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false, 'thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.

He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
'To scorch your face', and to disfigure you: [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with
halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
'That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me
justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
'That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

the hair of ideots or jesters close to their heads. There is a proverbial simile—"Like *crop* the conjurer;" which might have been applied to either of these characters. STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of king Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one opprobriously *shave* a common man like a *fool*. TOLLT.

3 To scorch your face,—] We should read—*scorb*, i. e. hack, cut.
WARBURTON.

To *scorb*, I believe, is right. He would have punished her as he had punished the conjurer before. STEEVENS.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,

While she with harlots ⁴ feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjurd woman! They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advis'd ⁵ what I say;

Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,

Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,

Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:

That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,

Could witness it, for he was with me then;

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,

Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,

Where Balthazar and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,

I went to seek him: in the street I met him;

And in his company, that gentleman.

There did this perjurd goldsmith swear me down,

That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,

Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,

He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey; and sent my peasant home

⁴ —with harlots] By this description he points out *Pinch* and his followers. *Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men, as well as to wantons among women. Thus, in the *Fox*, Corbaccio lays to Volpone,—“Out, harlot!”

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“——— for the harlot king

“Is quite beyond thine arm.”

The learned editor of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, 4 vols. 8vo. 1775, observes, that in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 6068, *King of Harlots* is Chaucer's Translation of *Roy des ribaulx*. STEEVENS.

⁵ —I am advis'd—] i. e. I am not going to speak precipitately or rashly, but on reflexion and consideration. STEEVENS.

For

For certain ducats : he with none return'd.
 Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
 To go in person with me to my house.
 By the way we met
 My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
 Of vile confederates ; along with them
 They brought one Pinch ; a hungry lean-faced villain,
 A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller ;
 A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead man : this pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer ;
 And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as it were, out-facing me,
 Cries out, I was possess'd : then altogether
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence ;
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together ;
 Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your grace ; whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him ;
 That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no ?

Ang. He had, my lord : and when he ran in here,
 These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
 Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,
 After you first forswore it on the mart,
 And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you ;
 And then you fled into this abbey here,
 From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls,
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me :
 I never saw the chain, so help me heaven !
 And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this !
 I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.

If here you hous'd him, here he would have been ;
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly :—
 You say, he dined at home ; the goldsmith here
 Denies that saying :—Sirrah, what say you ?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did ; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here ?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange :—Go call the abbess hither ;
 I think you are all mated⁶, or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word ;
 Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
 And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus ?
 And is not that your bondman Dromio ?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bond-man, sir,
 But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords ;
 Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you ;
 For lately we were bound, as you are now.
 You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir ?

Æge. Why look you strange on me ? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh ! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last ;
 And careful hours, with Time's deformed⁷ hand
 Have written strange defeatures⁸ in my face :
 But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice ?

Ant. E. Neither.

⁶ — mated,] See p. 166. n. 5. MALONE.

⁷ — deformed] for *deforming*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — strange defeatures] *Defeature* is the privative of *feature*. The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features. JOHNSON.

Defeature is, I think, *alteration of feature, marks of deformity*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ —to cross the curious workmanship of nature,

“ To mingle beauty with infirmities,

“ And pure perfection with impure *defeature*.” MALONE.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure, thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him*.

Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!

Halt thou so crack'd and splitt'd my poor tongue,

In seven short years, that here my only son

Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?

Though now this grained face⁹ of mine be hid

In sap-consuming winter's drizled snow,

And all the conduits of my blood froze up;

Yet hath my night of life some memory,

My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,

My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:

All these old witnesses¹ (I cannot err)

Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,

Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,

Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;

I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years

Have I been patron to Antipholus,

During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:

I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan and DROMIO Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

[*All gather to see him.*]

* — you are now bound to believe him.] Dromio is still quibbling on his favourite topick. See p. 198. MALONE.

⁹ — this grained face] i. e. furrow'd, like the grain of wood. So, in *Coriolanus*: "—my grained ash." STEEVENS.

¹ All these old witnesses—] By old witnesses, I believe, he means experienced, accusom'd ones, which are therefore less likely to err. So, in the *Tempest*:

"If these be true spies that I wear in my head"— STEEVENS.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other ;
And so of these : Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit ? Who deciphers them ?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio ; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio ; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not ? or else his ghost ?

Dro. S. O, my old master ! who hath bound him here ?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty :—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons :
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia !

Æge. If I dream not ², thou art Æmilia ;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft ?

Abb. By men of Epidamnus, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up ;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnus :
What then became of them, I cannot tell ;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right :
These two Antipholus's, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance ³,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea ⁴,—

These

² *If I dream not,*—] In the old copy this speech of Ægeon, and the subsequent one of the Abbess, follow the speech of the Duke, beginning with the words—"Why, here" &c. The transposition was suggested by Mr. Steevens. It scarcely requires any justification. Ægeon's answer to Æmilia's adjuration would necessarily immediately succeed to it. Besides, as Mr. Steevens has observed, as these speeches stand in the old copy, the Duke comments on Æmilia's words before she has uttered them : The slight change now made renders the whole clear.

MALONE.

³ —*semblance,*] Is here a trisyllable. MALONE.

⁴ —*of her wreck at sea,*—] I suspect that a line following this has been lost ; the import of which was, that *These circumstances all con-
surred*

These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say, nay, to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother:—What I told you then,

I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;

If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think, I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,

By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,

And Dromio my man did bring them me:

I see, we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these Errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

curred to prove—that These were the parents &c. The line which I suppose to have been lost, and the following one, beginning perhaps with the same word, the omission might have been occasioned by the compositor's eye glancing from one to the other. MALONE.

Abb.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes :—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years⁵ have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons ; nor, till this present hour⁶,
My heavy burdens are delivered :—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me ;
After so long grief such nativity⁷ !

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtezan,
Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.*]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board ?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd ?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me ; I am your master, Dromio :
Come, go with us ; we'll look to that anon :
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt ANTIPHOLUS S. and E. ADR. and LUC.*]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner ;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother :
I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.

⁵ Twenty-five years.—] The old copy reads—*thirty-three*. The emendation, which is Mr. Theobald's, is supported by a passage in the first Act—My youngest boy—At *eighteen* years &c. compared with another in the present Act—But *seven* years since &c. MALONE.

⁶ — nor, till this present hour,] The old copy reads—and till—. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Burden*, in the next line, was corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁷ After so long grief such nativity !] We should surely read—*such festivity*. Nativity lying so near, and the termination being the same of both words, the mistake was easy. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. She has just said, that to her, her sons were not born till now. STEEVENS.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:

We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.*

[*Exeunt.*]

* In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can guess in great measure how the denouement will be brought about. Yet the poet seems unwilling to part with his subject, even in this last and unnecessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till their power of affording entertainment is entirely lost. STEEVENS.

The long doggerel verses that Shakspeare has attributed in this play to the two Dromios, are written in that kind of metre which was usually attributed by the dramatick poets before his time, in their comick pieces, to some of their inferior characters; and this circumstance is one of many that authorize us to place the preceding comedy, as well as *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, (where the same kind of versification is likewise found,) among our author's earliest productions; composed probably at a time when he was imperceptibly infected with the prevailing mode, and before he had completely learned "to deviate boldly from the common track." As these early pieces are now not easily met with, I shall subjoin a few extracts from some of them:

LIKE WILL TO LIKE.

1568.

"*Reyft.* If your name to me you will declare and shoue;

" You may in this matter my minde the sooner knowe.

"*Tesj.* Few wordes are best among freends, this is true,

" Wherefore I shall briefly show my name unto you.

" Tom Tospot it is, it need not to be painted,

" Wherefore I with Raife Roister must needs be acquainted." &c.

COMMONS CONDITIONS.

[About 1570:]

"*Shift.* By gogs bloud, my maisters, we were not best longer here to staie,

" I thinke was never such a craftie knave before this daie. [*Ex. Ambo;*
" *Cond.*

- " *Cond.* Are thei all gone? Ha, ha, well fare old Shift at a neede;
 " By his woundes had I not devised this, I had hanged indeed.
 " Tinkers, (qd you) tinke me no tinkes; I'll meddle with them no more;
 " I thinke was never knave so used by a companie of tinkers before.
 " By your leave I'll be so bolde as to looke about me and spie,
 " Least any knaves for my coming down in ambush do lie.
 " By your licence I mainde not to preache longer in this tree,
 " My tinkerly slaves are packed hence, as farre as I maie see." &c.

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

1578.

- " The wind is y^e blows no man's gaine; for cold I neede not care,
 " Here is nine and twentie sutes of apparel for my share;
 " And some, berlady, very good, for so standeth the cate,
 " As neither gentleman nor other Lord Promos sheweth any grace;
 " But I marvel much, poore slaves, that they are hanged so soone,
 " They were wont to staye a day or two, now scarce an afternoone." &c.

THE THREE LADIES OF LONDON.

1584.

- " You think I am going to market to buy rost meate, do ye not?
 " I thought so, but you are deceived, for I wot what I wot:
 " I am neither going to the butchers, to buy veale, mutton, or beefe,
 " But I am going to a bloodsucker, and who is it? faith Usurie, that theefe."

THE COBLER'S PROPHECY.

1594.

- " Quoth Nicenese to Newfangle, thou art such a Jacke,
 " That thou devisest fortie fashions for my ladie's backe.
 " And thou, quoth he, art so possessest with everie frantick toy,
 " That following of my ladie's humour thou doest make her coy;
 " For once a day for fashion-sake my lady must be sicke,
 " No meat but mutton, or at most the pinion of a chicke:
 " To-day her owne haire best becomes, which yellow is as gold,
 " A periwig is better for to-morrow, blacke to behold:
 " To-day in pumps and cheveril gloves to walk she will be bold,
 " To-morrow cusses and countenance, for feare of catching cold:
 " Now is the barefist to be seene, straight on her musler goes;
 " Now is the huff up to the crowne, straight nussed to the nose."

See also *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, *Damon and Pythias*, &c. MALONE,

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Persons Represented.

Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon.

Don John, his Bastard Brother.

Claudio, a young Lord of Florence, Favourite to Don Pedro.

*Benedick, a young Lord of Padua, favoured likewise by
Don Pedro.*

Leonato, Governor of Messina.

Antonio, his Brother.

Balthazar, Servant to Don Pedro.

Borachio, } Followers of Don John.

Conrade, }

Dogberry, } two foolish Officers.

Verges, }

A Sexton.

A Friar.

A Boy.

Hero, Daughter to Leonato.

Beatrice, Niece to Leonato.

Margaret, } Gentlewomen attending on Hero.

Urfula, }

* *Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.*

S C E N E, Messina.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING †.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and Others, with*
a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this ; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action ?

Mess. But few of any sort †, and none of name.

† The story is from Ariosto, *Orl. Fur.* B. v. POPE.

It is true, as Mr. Pope has observed, that somewhat resembling the story of this play is to be found in the fifth book of the *Orlando Furioso*. In Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. ii. c. 4. as remote an original may be traced. A novel, however, of Belleforest, copied from another of Bandello, seems to have furnished Shakspeare with his fable, as it approaches nearer in all its particulars to the play before us, than any other performance known to be extant. I have seen so many versions from this once popular collection, that I entertain no doubt but that a great majority of the tales it comprehends, have made their appearance in an English dress. Of that particular story which I have just mentioned, viz. the 18th history in the third volume, no translation has hitherto been met with.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Aug. 23, 1600. STEEV.

Ariosto is continually quoted for the fable of *Much Ado about Nothing* ; but I suspect our poet to have been satisfied with the *Geneura* of Turberville. "The tale (says Harington) is a pretie comical matter, and hath bin written in *English* verse some few years past, learnedly and with good grace, by M. George Turbervil." *Ariosto*, fol. 1591, p. 39.

FARMER.

I suppose this comedy to have been written in 1600, in which year it was printed. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

† — of any sort,] i. e. of any kind. *Sort*, in our author's age, was often used for *high mark*, (see p. 208.) but it seems from the context to have here the same signification as at present. MALONE.

Leon.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the atchiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, call'd Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remember'd by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness³.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer⁴ than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto return'd⁵ from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any fort⁶.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

³ — joy could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.] This is an idea which Shakspeare seems to have been delighted to introduce. It occurs again in *Macbeth*:

“ — my plenteous joys

“ Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves

“ In drops of sorrow.” STEEVENS.

A badge being the distinguishing mark worn in our author's time by the servants of noblemen, &c. on the sleeve of their liveries, with its usual licence he employs the word to signify a mark or token in general. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood.” MAITONE.

⁴ — no faces truer] That is, none bonester, none more sincere.

JOHNSON.

⁵ — is signior Montanto return'd—] So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: “ — thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — of any fort.] i. e. of any quality above the common. WARBURT.

Mess.

Mess. O, he's return'd; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills⁷ here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight⁸: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid; and challenged him at the bird-bolt⁹.—I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much but he'll be meet with you¹, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd with all honourable virtues².

Beat.

7 *He set up his bills &c.*] Beatrice means, that Benedick published a general challenge, like a prize-fighter. So, in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden* &c. 1596: "—*setting up bills* like a bearward or fencer, what fights we shall have, and what weapons she will meet me at."

STEEVENS.

8 — *challenged Cupid at the flight*:] To challenge at the *flight*, was a challenge to shoot with an arrow. *Flight* means an arrow. STEEV.

The *flight*, which in the Latin of the middle ages was called *flēta*, was a flet arrow with narrow feathers, usually shot at rovers. See Blount's *Ancient Tenures*, p. 64, edit. 1679. MALONE.

9 — *at the bird-bolt*.] A *bolt* seems to have been a general, though not a universal, term for an arrow. See Minshew's *Dict.* in v. The word is still used in the common proverb, "A fool's *bolt* is soon shot." The particular species of arrow which was employed in killing birds, was called a *bird-bolt*. MALONE.

The *bird-bolt* is a short thick arrow without point, and spreading at the extremity so much, as to leave a flat surface, about the breadth of a shilling. Such are to this day in use to kill rooks with, and are shot from a cross-bow. STEEVENS.

1 — *he'll be meet with you*.] This is a very common expression in the midland counties, and signifies *he'll be your match, he'll be even with you*. STEEVENS.

2 — *stuff'd with all honourable virtues*.] *Stuff'd*, in this first instance, has no ridiculous meaning. Mr. Edwards observes, that *Mede*, in his *Discourses on Scripture*, speaking of Adam, says, "—he whom God

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuff'd man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal³.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits⁴ went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference⁵ between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith⁶ but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block⁷.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books⁸.

Beat.

had *stuff'd* with so many excellent qualities." Edwards's MS. Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"—whom you know"

"Of *stuff'd sufficiency*." STEEVENS.

3 — he is no less than a stuff'd man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.] Beatrice starts an idea at the word *stuff'd man*; and prudently checks herself in the pursuit of it. A *stuff'd man* was one of the many cant phrases for a cuckold. FARMER.

4 — four of his five wits—] In our author's time *wit* was the general term for intellectual powers. The *wits* seem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five senses, or the five inlets of ideas.

JOHNSON.

5 — if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference &c.] Such a one has wit enough to keep himself warm, is a proverbial expression. To bear any thing for a difference, is a term in heraldry. So, in *Hamlet*, Ophelia says: "—you may wear yours with a difference," STEEVENS.

6 — he wears his faith—] Not religious profession, but profession of friendship. WARBURTON.

7 — with the next block.] A block is the mould on which a hat is formed. The old writers sometimes use the word block, for the hat itself. STEEVENS.

8 — the gentleman is not in your books:] This is a phrase used, I believe, by more than understand it. To be in one's books is to be in one's acquaintance or will, to be among friends set down for legacies. JOHNSON.

I rather

ABOUT NOTHING. 211

Beat. No: ~~if~~ he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: ~~he~~ he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece. ~~become you a~~

Beat. No, not till a hot January. ~~mad~~

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

I rather think that the *books* alluded to, are memorandum-books, like the visiting-books of the present age. It appears to have been anciently the custom to *chronicle the small beer* of every occurrence, whether literary or domestic, in *Table-books*.

It should seem from the following passage in the *Taming of the Shrew*, that this phrase might have originated from the *Herald's Office*:

"A herald, Kate! oh, put me in thy books!"

After all, the following note in one of the Harleian MSS. No. 547, may be the best illustration:

"W. C. to Henry Fradsham, Gent. the owener of this book:

"~~Some~~ write their fantasies in verse

"*In theire bookes where they friendshippes shewe,*

"Wherein oft tymes they doe rehearse

"The great good will that they do owe, &c." STEEVENS.

To be in a man's books originally meant, to be in the list of his *relations*. Sir John Mandeville tells us, "all the mynistralls that comen before the great Chan ben witholden with him, as of his household, and *red in his bookes*, as for his own men." FAULKE.

A *servant* and a *lover*, in Cupid's Vocabulary, were synonymous. Hence perhaps the phrase—to be in a person's *books*—was applied equally to the lover and the menial attendant. MATTHEW.

—*young squarer*—] A *squarer* I take to be a cholericke, quarrelsome fellow, for in this sense Shakspeare uses the word to *square*. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, it is said of Oberon and Titania, that *they never meet but they square*. So the sense may be, *Is there no hot-blooded youth that will keep him company through all his mad pranks?*

JOHNSON.

*Enter Don PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR and others ;
Don JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.*

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble : the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace. for trouble being gone, comfort should remain ; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge ¹ too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. ~~Were you~~ Were you in doubt, sir, that you ask'd her ?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no ; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick : we may guess by this what you are, being a man. ² Truly, the lady fathers herself ².—Be happy, lady ! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick ; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain ! are you yet living ?

Beat. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick ? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat.—But it is cer tain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted : and I would

¹ — your charge—] That is, your burthen, your incumbrance.

JOHNSON

² Truly, she lady fathers herself:]

Sit suo similis patri
Mansue, et facile inscius
Noscitur ab omnibus,
Et pudicitiam suæ

Matris indicet ore. *Catull.* 57. MASON.

³ ~~such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick ?~~ A kindred thought occurs in *Coriolanus*, Act II. sc. 1 : "Our very priests must become mockers, if they encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are." STEELE

I could

I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none..

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratch'd face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.
—Let me bid you welcome, my lord; being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you⁴: I am not of many words, but
c you.

. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I look'd on her.

⁴ *I thank you:*] The poet has judiciously marked the gloominess of Don John's character, by making him averse to the common forms of civility. Sir J. HAWKINS.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack⁵; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder⁶, and Vulcan a rare

5 — the flouting Jack;] *Jack*, in our author's time, I know not why, was a term of contempt. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. Act III: "—the prince is a *Jack*, a sneak-cup." Again, in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

"——— rascal-fidler,

"And twangling *Jack*, with such vile terms, &c."

See in *Minshew's Dict.* 1617, "A *Jack* saucer, or saucie *Jack*." See also Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, ver. 14816, and the note, edit. Tyr-whitt. MALONE.

6 — to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, &c.] I believe no more is meant by those ludicrous expressions than this.—Do you mean, says Benedick, to amuse us with improbable stories?

An ingenious correspondent, whose signature is R. W. explains the passage in the same sense, but more amply. "Do you mean to tell us that love is not blind, and that fire will not consume what is combustible?"—for both these propositions are implied in making Cupid a good hare-finder, and Vulcan (the God of fire) a good carpenter. In other words, would you convince me, whose opinion on this head is well known, that you can be in love without being blind, and can play with the flame of beauty without being scorched? STEEVENS.

I explain the passage thus: Do you scoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare-finder, which requires a quick eye-sight, and that Vulcan, a blacksmith, is a rare carpenter? TOLLET.

After such attempts at decent illustration, I am afraid that he who wishes to know why Cupid is a good hare-finder, must discover it by the assistance of many quibbling allusions of the same sort, about *hare* and *hare*, in Mercutio's song in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. COLLINS, Carpenter!

carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is return'd to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—marry you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud.

7. — to go in the song?] i. e. to join with you in your song. STEEVE.
8. — wear his cap with suspicion?] That is, subject his head to the dominion of jealousy. JOHNSON.

In the *Palace of Pleasure*, 8vo. 1566, p. 233, we have the following passage: "All they that wear *bornes*, be pardoned to wear their *cappes* upon their heads." HENDERSON.

In our author's time none but the inferior classes wore caps, and such persons were termed in contempt. *flat-caps*. All gentlemen wore *bats*. Perhaps therefore the meaning is, Is there not one man in the world prudent enough to keep out of that state where he must live in apprehension that his *night-cap* will be worn occasionally by another. So, in *Orbello*:

"For I fear Cassio with my *night-cap* too." MALONE.

9. — sigh away Sundays.] A proverbial expression to signify that a man has no rest at all; when Sunday, a day formerly of ease and diversion, was passed so uncomfortably. WARBURTON.

The allusion is most probably to the strict manner in which the Sab-

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered ¹.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I speak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will ².

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead ³, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick ⁴, all women

bath was observed by the *puritans*, who usually spent that day in *figs* and *gruntings*, and other hypocritical marks of devotion. STEEVENS.

¹ *Claud.* *If this were so, so were it uttered.*] Claudio, evading a first confession of his passion, says; If I had really confided such a secret to him, yet he would have blabbed it in this manner. In his speech, he thinks proper to avow his love; and when Benedick *God forbid it should be so*, i. e. God forbid he should even wish to marry her; Claudio replies, God forbid I should not wish it. STEEVENS.

² — *but in the force of his will.*] Alluding to the definition of a heretick in the schools. WARBURTON.

³ — *but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead,*] That is, *I will wear a horn on my forehead which the huntsman may blow.* A *recheat* is the sound by which dogs are called back. Shakspeare had no mercy upon the poor cuckold, his *horn* is an inexhaustible subject of merriment. JOHNSON.

A *recheat* is a particular lesson upon the horn, to call dogs back from the scent: from the old French word *recet*. HANMER.

⁴ — *hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick,*] *Bugle*, i. e. bugle-horn—hunting—

women shall pardon me : Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none ; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord ; not with love : prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument ⁵.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat ⁶, and shoot at me ; and he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the shoulder, and call'd Adam ⁷.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try :

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke ⁸.

Bene. The savage bull may ; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them

hunting-horn. The meaning seems to be—or that I should be compelled to carry any horn that I must wish to remain invisible, and that I should be ashamed to hang openly in my belt or baldrick. It is still said of the mercenary cuckold, that he carries his horns in his pockets. STEEV.

⁵ — *notable argument.*] An eminent subject for satire. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *in a bottle like a cat,*] As to the cat and bottle, I can procure no better information than the following, which does not exactly suit with the text. "In some counties of England, a cat was formerly closed up with spirit in a wooden bottle, (such as that in which shepherds carry their liquor) and was suspended on a line. He who beat out the bottom as he ran under it, and was nimble enough to escape its contents, was regarded as the hero of this inhuman diversion. STEEVENS.

"To shoot at a cat in a wooden bottle, with its head only visible, might have been one of the cruel sports of our ancestors ; for I find another kind of torment was formerly practised on this animal, at fairs, &c. So, in Braithwaite's *Strappado for the Devil*, 8vo. 1615 ; p. 164 :

" — who'd not thither runne,

" As 'twere to whip the cat at Abington ?" MALONE.

⁷ — *and call'd Adam.*] Adam Bell was a noted outlaw, and celebrated for his archery. MALONE.

See *Reliques of Anc. Eng. Poet.* Vol. I. p. 143. STEEVENS.

⁸ *In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.*] This line is taken from the *Spanish Tragedy*, or *Hieronimo*, &c. 1605. See a note on the last edit. of Dodley's *Old Plays*, Vol. XII. p. 387. STEEVENS.

The *Spanish Tragedy* was written and acted before 1593. MALONE.

in my forehead : and let me be vilely painted ; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign,—*Here you may see Benedick the marry'd man*.

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice⁹, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's ; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper ; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy ; and so I commit you——

Claud. To the tuition of God ; from my house, (if I had it,)——

D. Pedro. The sixth of July ; your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not : The body of your discourse is sometimes guarded with fragments¹, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither : ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience² ; and so I leave you.

[Exit BENEDICK.]

Claud.

9 — if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice,] A modern writers agree in representing Venice in the same light as the ancients did Cyprus. And it is this character of the people that is here alluded to. WARBURTON.

1 — guarded with fragments,] Guards were ornamental laces or borders. STEEVENS.

See p. 66, n. 9. MALONE.

2 — ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience ;] Before you endeavour to distinguish yourself any more by antiquated allusions, examine whether you can fairly claim them for your own. This, I think, is the meaning ; or it may be understood in another sense, examine your sarcasms do not touch yourself. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's latter explanation is, I believe, the true one. By *ends* the speaker may mean the conclusion of letters commonly used in Shakespeare's time ; " From my house this sixth of July, &c." So at the conclusion of a letter which our author supposes Lucrece to write :

" So I commend me from our house in grief ;

" My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

See

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach ; teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord ?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir :
Dost thou affect her, Claudio ?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love :
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words :
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it ;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her : Was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story ?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion !
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the
flood ?

The fairest grant is the necessity :

the Rape of Lucrece, p. 547, edit. 1780, and the note there.
The *old ends*, however, may refer to the quotation that D. Pedro had
made from the *Spanish Tragedy*. " Ere you attack me on the subject
of love, with fragments of old plays, examine whether you are yourself
from its power." So, King Richard :

" With odd old ends, stol'n forth of holy writ." MALONE.
arnaby Gooze thus ends his dedication to the first edition of *Palinurus*, 12mo. 1560 : " And thus committ'ng your Ladiship with all
ours to the tuicion of the most merciful God, I ende. From Staple-
he at London, the eighte and twenty of March." REED.

The fairest grant is the necessity : No one can have a better reason
for granting a request than the necessity of its being granted. WARR.

Look,

Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'st⁴;
 And I will fit thee with the remedy.
 I know, we shall have revelling to-night;
 I will assume thy part in some disguise,
 And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
 And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
 And take her hearing prisoner with the force
 And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
 Then, after, to her father will I break;
 And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
 In practice let us put it presently. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E I I.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this musick?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley⁵ in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: The prince discover'd to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal.

⁴ —once, thou lov'st;] Once has here, I believe, the force for all: So, in *Coriolanus*: "Once, if he do require our votes, ought not to deny him." MALONE.

⁵ —a thick-pleached alley] *Thick-pleached* is thickly interwove.

she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true : Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage here.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend ; go you with me, and I will use your skill :—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year⁶, my lord ! why are you thus out of measure sad ?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it ?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am⁷ : I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests ; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure ; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business ; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour⁸.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace ; where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make

⁶ —good-year,] A corruption of *goujeres*, lues venerea. MALONE.

⁷ *I cannot hide what I am :*] This is one of our author's natural touches. An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure, and too sullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty independence. JOHNSON.

⁸ —claw no man in his humour.] To *claw* is to flatter. So the pope's *claw-backs*, in bishop Jewel, are the pope's flatterers. The sense is the same in the proverb, *Mulus mulum scabit.* JOHNSON.

yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace⁹; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchis'd with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

⁹ *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace;* A canker is the canker rose, dog-rose, cynosbatus, or hip. The sense is, I would rather live in obscurity the wild life of nature, than owe dignity or estimation to my brother. He still continues his wish of gloomy independence. But what is the meaning of *a rose in his grace*? JOHNSON.

The latter words are intended as an answer to what Conrade has just said—"he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible that you should take root, &c." In *Macbeth* we have a kindred expression:

"——— Welcome hither:

"I have begun to plant thee, and will labour

"To make thee full of growing."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares." MALONE.

So, in Shakespeare's 54th Sonnet:

"The canker blooms have full as deep a die,

"As the perfum'd tincture of the rose." STEEYENS.

D. John.

D. John. A proper squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference¹: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way: You are both sure², and will assist me.

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdu'd: 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and Others.

Leo. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after³.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

¹ *sad conference:*] *Sad* in this, as in a former instance, signifies *serious*. STEEVENS.

² *—both sure,*] i. e. to be depended on. STEEVENS.

³ *—heart-burn'd an hour after.*] The pain commonly called the *heart-burn*, proceeds from an *acid* humour in the stomach, and is therefore properly enough imputed to *tart* looks. JOHNSON.

Beat:

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, Such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns*; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell.

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; there's no place for you maids*: so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shews me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant.

Ant. Well, niece, [*to Hero.*] I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curt'sy, and say, *Father, as it please you*:—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curt'sy, and say, *Father, as it please me*.

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marle? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren, and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the musick, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important⁴, tell him, there is measure in every thing⁵, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; Don JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, mask'd.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend*?

⁴ — *if the prince be too important,*] *Important* here, and in many other places, is *important*. See p. 193, n. 6. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *there is measure in every thing,*] A *measure* in old language, beside its ordinary meaning, signified also a *dance*. MALONE.

* — *your friend?*] *Friend*, in our author's time, was the common term for a *lover*. So also in French and Italian. MALONE.

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk ; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company ?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so ?

Hero. When I like your favour ; for God defend, the lute should be like the case ⁶ !

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof ; within the house is Jove ⁷.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love. [*takes her aside.*]

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake ; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one ?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better ; the hearers may cry amen ⁸.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer !

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done !—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words ; the clerk is answer'd.

Urf. I know you well enough ; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

⁶ — *the lute should be like the case !*] i. e. that your face should be as homely and coarse as your mask. THEOBALD.

⁷ *My visor is Philemon's roof ; within the house is Jove.*] The poet alludes to the story of Baucis and Philemon, who, as Ovid describes it, lived in a thatched cottage, (*stipulis et canna tecta palastri*), which received two gods (Jupiter and Mercury) under its roof. Don Pedro insinuates to Hero, that though his visor is but ordinary, he has something godlike within ; alluding either to his dignity, or the qualities of his mind and person. THEOBALD.

The line of Ovid above quoted is thus translated by Golding, 1587 :

" The *roofs* thereof was *thatched* all with straw and fennish reede."

MALONE.

⁸ — *amen.*] When Benedick says, *the bearers may cry, amen*, we must suppose that he leaves Margaret, and goes in search of some other sport. Margaret utters a wish for a good partner. Balthazar, who is represented as a man of the fewest words, repeats Benedick's *Amen*, and sends her off, desiring, as he says in the following short speech, to put himself to no greater expence of breath. STEEVENS.

Urf.

Urf. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urf. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand⁹ up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. 'Come, come; do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will not you tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*¹;—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders²: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not

⁹ — *his dry hand*] A dry hand was anciently regarded as the sign of a cold constitution. To this Maria, in *Twelfth Night*, alludes; Act I. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

¹ — *Hundred Merry Tales*;] The book, to which Shakspeare alludes, was an old translation of *Les cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. The original was published at Paris, in the black letter, before the year 1500, and is said to have been written by some of the royal family of France. Ames mentions a translation of it prior to the time of Shakspeare. Of this collection there are frequent entries in the register of the Stationers' Company. The first I met with was in Jan. 1581. STEEVENS.

This book was certainly printed before the year 1575, and in much repute, as appears from the mention of it in Laneham's Letter [concerning the entertainment at Kenelworth Castle]. It has been suggested to me, that there is no other reason than the word *bundled* to suppose this book a translation of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. REED.

² — *his gift is in devising impossible slanders*;] *Impossible slanders* are, I suppose, such slanders as, from their absurdity and impossibility, bring their own confutation with them. JOHNSON.

in his wit, but in his villainy³; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparifon 'or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no fupper that night. [*Mufick within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Dance. Then exeunt all but Don JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.*]

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one vifor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing⁴.

D. John. Are you not fignior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you, diffuade him from her, fhe is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honeft man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him fwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he fwore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don JOHN and BORACHIO.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
'Tis certain fo:—the prince wooes for himfelf.
But hear thefe ill news with the ears of Claudio.—

³ — his villainy;] By which fhe means his malice and impiety. By his impious jefts, fhe infinuates, he *pleased* libertines; and by his *de-vifing* flanders of them, he angered them. WARBURTON.

⁴ — his bearing.] i. e. his carriage, his demeanour. So, in *Meafure for Meafure*:

“How I may formally in perfon bear me,

“Like a true friar.” STEEVENS.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
 Save in the office and affairs of love :
 Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues⁵ ;
 Let every eye negotiate for itself,
 And trust no agent : for beauty is a witch,
 Against whose charms faith melteth into blood⁶.
 This is an accident of hourly proof,
 Which I mistrusted not : Farewell therefore, Hero !

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio ?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me ?

Claud. Whither ?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of ? About your neck, like an usurer's chain⁷ ? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf ? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

* *Claud.* I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover ; so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus ?

Claud. I pray you, leave me,

⁵ *Therefore, all hearts in love &c.]* *Let*, which is found in the next line, is understood here. MALONE.

⁶ ——— *beauty is a witch,*

Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.] i. e. as wax when opposed to the fire kindled by a witch, no longer preserves the figure of the person whom it was designed to represent, but flows into a shapeless lump ; so fidelity, when confronted with beauty, dissolves into our ruling passion, and is lost there like a drop of water in the sea. STEEV.

Blood, I think, means here *amorous desire*. See p. 48, n. 7. So also in *the Merchant of Venice*, p. 12 : " The brain may devise laws for the blood, &c. MALONE.

⁷ — *usurer's chain ?]* Chains of gold, of considerable value, were in our author's time usually worn by wealthy citizens, and others, in the same manner as they are now by the aldermen of London. See *the Puritan*, Act III. sc. iii ; *Albumazar*, Act I. sc. iii. and other pieces. REED.

Usury seems about this time to have been a common topick of invective. I have three or four dialogues, pasquils, and discourses on the subject, printed before the year 1600. From every one of these it appears, that the merchants were the chief usurers of the age. STEEVENS.

Bene. Ho ! now you strike like the blind man ; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exit.]

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl ! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me ! The prince's fool !—Ha ? it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea ; but so⁸ ; I am apt to do myself wrong : I am not so reputed : it is the base, though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person⁹, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO, HERO, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count ? Did you see him ?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren¹ ; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady² ;

⁸ —Yea, but so ;] But hold ; softly ;—not so fast. MALONE.

⁹ —it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice, who puts the world into her person,] That is, It is the disposition of Beatrice, who takes upon her to personate the world, and therefore represents the world as saying what she only says herself.

Base, though bitter. I do not understand how base and bitter are inconsistent, or why what is bitter should not be base. I believe, we may safely read, It is the base, the bitter disposition. JOHNSON.

The base though bitter, may mean, the ill-natured, though witty.

STEEVENS.

¹ — as melancholy as a lodge in a warren ;] A parallel thought occurs in the first chapter of Isaiah, where the prophet, describing the desolation of Judah, says : “ The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, &c.” I am informed, that near Aleppo, these lonely buildings are still made use of, it being necessary, that the fields where water-melons, cucumbers, &c. are raised, should be regularly watched. I learn from Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, that “ so soone as the cucumbers, &c. be gathered, these lodges are abandoned of the watchmen and keepers, and no more frequented.” From these forsaken buildings, it should seem, the prophet takes his comparison. STEEVENS.

² — of this young lady ;] Benedick speaks of Hero as if she were on the stage. Perhaps, both she and Leonato, were meant to make their entrance with Don Pedro. When Beatrice enters, she is spoken of as coming in with only Claudio. STEEVENS.

I have regulated the entries accordingly. MALONE.

and

and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

D. Pedro. To be whipt! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion,* and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her, she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance³, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left

3 — *such impossible conveyance,*] I believe the meaning is—*with a rapidity equal to that of jugglers, who appear to perform impossibilities.* We have the same epithet again in *Twelfth Night*:—"there is no christian can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness." So Ford says in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, "I will examine impossible places." *Conveyance* was the common term in our author's time for *height of band.* MALONE.

Impossible may be licentiously used for *unaccountable.* Beatrice has already said, that Benedick invents *impossible* slanders. STREYENS.

him before he transgress'd : she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit ; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her ; you shall find her the infernal Até⁴ in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her : for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary ; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither : so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter CLAUDIO and BEATRICE.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end ? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on ; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia ; bring you the length of Prester John's foot ; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard⁵ ; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy : You have no employment for me ?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not ; I cannot endure my lady Tongue.

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come ; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while ; and I gave him use for it⁶, a double heart for a single one : marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

4 — the infernal Até—The goddess of revenge. STEEVENS.

5 — bring you the length of Prester John's foot ; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard ;] i. e. I will undertake the hardest task, rather than have any conversation with lady Beatrice. Alluding to the difficulty of access to either of those monarchs, but more particularly to the former. STEEVENS.

6 — I gave him use for it,] Use, in our author's time, meant interest of money. MALONE.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange⁷, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool*, it keeps on the windy side of care: my cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance*!—Thus goes every one

⁷ — *civil as an orange,*] This conceit likewise occurs in Nashe's *Four Letters confuted*, 1593:—"for the order of my life, it is as *civil as an orange*." STEEVENS.

* — *poor fool,*] This was formerly an expression of tenderness. See *King Lear*, last scene. "And my *poor fool* is hang'd." MALONE.

⁸ *Good lords, for alliance!*] Claudio has just called Beatrice *cousin*. I suppose, therefore, the meaning is,—Good Lord, here have I got a new *in-law* marriage. MALONE.

to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd⁹; I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days; your grace is too costly to wear every day:—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.— Cousins, God give you joy.

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon.

[Exit BEATRICE.]

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her¹, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream'd of unhappiness², and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon.

⁹ *Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd;*] What is it, to go to the world? perhaps, to enter by marriage into a settled state. Shakspeare in *All's Well that ends Well*, uses the phrase *to go to the world* for marriage. But why is the unmarried lady *sun-burnt*? JOHNS.

I am *sun-burnt* may mean, I have lost my beauty, and am consequently no longer such an object as can tempt a man to marry.

STEEVENS.

¹ *There's little of the melancholy element in her,*] “Does not our life consist of the four elements?” says Sir Toby, in *Twelfth Night*. So also in *King Henry V*: “He is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him.” MALONE.

² —*she hath often dream'd of unhappiness,*] *Unhappiness* signifies a wild, wanton, unlucky trick. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in their comedy of the *Maid of the Mill*:

Leon. O, by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church? *

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us: I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick, and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection³, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain⁴, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall

"My dreams are like my thoughts, honest and innocent:

"Yours are unhappy." WARBURTON.

³ —into a mountain of affection,] By a mountain of affection, I believe, is meant a great deal of affection. Thus, in *K. Henry VIII.* "a sea of glory;" in *Hamlet*, "a sea of troubles." Again, in Howel's *Hist. of Venice*: "—though they see mountains of miseries heaped on one's back." Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*: "—the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me." STEEVENS.

⁴ Shakspeare has many phrases equally harsh. He who would hazard such expressions as a storm of fortunes, a vale of years, and a tempest of provocation, would not scruple to write a mountain of affection." MALONE.

—of a noble strain,] i. e. descent, lineage. REED.

fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II:

Another room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord: but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal * both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio †; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*]

* — intend a kind of zeal—] To *intend* is often used by our author for to *pretend*. So, in *K. Rich. III.*:—"Intend some fear." MALONE.

† — term me Claudio;] Mr. Theobald proposes to read *Borachio*, instead of *Claudio*. How, he asks, could it displease Claudio to hear his mistress making use of his name tenderly? Or how could her naming *Claudio* make the prince and Claudio believe that she loved *Borachio*? MALONE.

I am not convinced that this exchange is necessary. *Claudio* would naturally resent the circumstance of hearing another called by his own name; because, in that case, baseness of treachery would appear to be aggravated by wantonness of insult: and, at the same time he would imagine the person so distinguish'd to be *Borachio*, because *Don John* was previously to have informed both him and *Don Pedro*, that *Borachio* was the favoured lover. STEEVENS.

Claudio would naturally be enraged to find his mistress, Hero, (for such he would imagine Margaret to be) address *Borachio*, or any other man, by his name, as he might suppose that she called him by the name of Claudio in consequence of a secret agreement between them, as a cover, in case she were overheard; and *he* would know, without a possibility of error, that it was not Claudio, with whom in fact she con-

ferred. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Leonato's Garden.

*Enter BENEDICK and a Boy.**Bene.* Boy,—*Boy.* Signior.*Bene.* In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard⁶.*Boy.* I am here already, sir.*Bene.* I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet⁷. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer⁸; his words are a very⁶ — *in the orchard.*] *Orchard* in our author's time signified a garden. MALONE.⁷ — *carving the fashion of a new doublet.*] This folly, so conspicuous in the gallants of former ages, is laughed at by all our comick writers. So in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617:—"We are almost as fantastick as the English gentleman that is painted naked, with a pair of sheers in his hand, as not being resolved after what fashion to have his coat cut."

STEEVENS.

The English gentleman in the above extract alludes to a plate in *Bordes Introduction of knowledge*. REED.

He is represented naked, with a pair of tailor's sheers in one hand, and a piece of cloth on his arm, with the following verses:

"I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,

"Musing in my mynde what rayment I shall were,

"For now I will ware this, and now I will were that,

"Now I will were I cannot tell what." &c.

See Camden's *Remaines*, 1614, p. 17. MALONE.⁸ — *orthographer.*] The old copies read—*orthography*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wife; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wife, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God⁹. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [withdraws.]

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, CLAUDIO, and BALTHAZAR.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this musick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is, As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D: Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the musick ended, We'll fit the kid-fox¹ with a penny-worth.

Don

9 — and her hair shall be of what colour it please &c.] Perhaps Benedick alludes to a fashion, very common in the time of Shakspeare, that of *dying the hair*. Stubbs in his anatomy of Abuses, 1595, speaking of the attires of women's heads, says, "If any have haire of her owne, naturall growing, which is not faire enough, then will they die it in divers colours." STEEVENS.

Or he may allude to the fashion of wearing *false hair*, "of whatever colour it pleased God." So, in a subsequent scene: "I like the new tye within, if the hair were a thought browner." Fines Moryson, describing the dress of the ladies of Shakspeare's time, says, "Gentlewomen virgins weare gownes close to the body, and aprons of fine linnen, and go bareheaded, with their hair curiously knotted, and raised at the forehead, but many (against the cold, as they say,) weare caps of hair that is not their own." See the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, p. 176. MALONE.

¹ — we'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.] i. e. we will be even with the fox now discovered. So the word *kid* or *kidde* signifies in Chaucer. *Romaunt of the Rose*, 2172. GREY.

It is not impossible but that Shakspeare chose on this occasion to employ

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander musick any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection :— I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing : Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy ; yet he woos ; Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come : Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes, 'T'here's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks ; Note, notes, forsooth, and noting ² ! [Musick.

Bene. Now, *Divine air* ! now is his soul ravish'd !— Is it not strange, that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

Balth. sings. *Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore ;
To one thing constant never :
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blith and bonny ;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.*

employ an antiquated word ; and yet if any future editor should chuse to read—*bid* fox, he may observe that Hamlet has said—“ *Hide sqx,* and all after.” STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton reads, as *Mr. Steevens* proposes. MALONE.

² — and noting ! } The old copies read—*nothing*. The correction was made by *Mr. Theobald*, MALONE.

Sing

II.

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*aside.*] An he had been a dog, that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [*to Claudio*].—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. [*Exit BALTHAZAR.*]

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. Come hither, Leonato; What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay;—Stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits³. [*aside to Don Pedro.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

³ — *Stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits.*] This is an allusion to the *stalking horse*; a horse either real or fictitious, by which the fowler anciently shelter'd himself from the sight of the game. STEEVENS.

So in *New Breeds of the old Swan*, by John Gee, 4to. p. 23: "—Me thinks I behold the cunning fowler, such as I have knowne in the fenne countries and else-where, that doo shoot at woodcockes, snipes, and wilde fowle, by sneaking behind a painted cloth, which they carry before them, having pictured in it the shape of a horse; which while the silly fowle gazeth on is knockt downe with hale shot, and so put in the fowler's budget." REED.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*aside.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought⁴.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shews she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. [*aside.*

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*aside.*

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: Shall I, says she, *that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?*

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night; and

⁴ — but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.] The plain sense is, *I know not what to think otherwise, but that she loves him with an enraged affection*: It (this affection) is past the infinite of thought. *Infinite* is used by more careful writers for *indefinite*: and the speaker only means, that *thought*, though in itself *unbounded*, cannot reach or estimate the degree of her passion. *JOHNS.*

The meaning, I think, is, *but with what an enraged affection she loves him, it is beyond the power of thought to conceive.* *MALONE.*

there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper⁵ :—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O,—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence⁶; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: *I measure him*, says she, *by my own spirit; for, I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—*O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstacy^{*} hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do desperate outrage to herself; it is very true.

⁵ *This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:]* Shakspeare has more than once availed himself of such incidents as occurred to him from history, &c. to compliment the princes before whom his pieces were performed. A striking instance of flattery to James occurs in *Macbeth*; perhaps the passage here quoted was not less grateful to Elizabeth, as it apparently alludes to an extraordinary trait in one of the letters pretended to have been written by the hated Mary to Bothwell.

“I am naked, and ganging to sleep, and zit I cease not to scribble all this paper, in so meikle as rest is thair of.” *That is*, I am naked, and going to sleep, and yet I cease not to scribble to the end of my paper, much as there remains of it unwritten on. HENLEY.

⁶ *O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence;]* i. e. into a thousand pieces of the same bigness. So, in *As you like it*:—“they were all like one another, as halfpence are.” THEOBALD.

A *farthing*, and perhaps a *halfpenny*, was used to signify any small particle or division. So, in the character of the *Priores* in *Cbaucer*:

“That in hire cuppe was no *ferthing* tene

“Of grese, whan she drunken hadde hire draught.”

Prol. to the Cant. Tales, late edit. v. 135. STEEVENS.

—and the ecstacy] *Ecstasy* formerly signified a violent *perturbation of mind*. So, in *Macbeth*: “—in restless ecstacy”. MALONE.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood⁷ combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would, she had bestow'd this dotage on me; I would have daff'd⁸ all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustom'd crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible, he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit⁹.

Claud. He is a very proper man*.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

⁷ — *wisdom and blood*—] *Blood* is here as in many other places used by our author in the sense of *passion*, or rather *temperament of body*.

MALONE.

⁸ — *have daff'd*—] To *daff* is the same as to *doff*, to *do off*, to put aside. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *contemptible spirit*.] That is, a temper inclined to scorn and contempt. It has been before remarked, that our author uses his verbal adjectives with great licence. There is therefore no need of changing the word with Sir T. Hamner to *contemptuous*. JOHNSON.

In the argument to *Darius*, a tragedy, by Lord Sterline, 1603, it is said, that *Darius* wrote to *Alexander* "in a proud and contemptible manner." In this place *contemptible* certainly means *contemptuous*. STEEVENS.

* — *a very proper man*.] i. e. a very handsome man. See Vol. I. p. 160. MALONE.

Claud.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are like wit.

Claud. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you : and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise ; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace ; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do ; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece : Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love ?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord ; let her wear it out, with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible ; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter ; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well ; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk ? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

[*aside.*]

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter ; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him to dinner.

[*aside.*]

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.*]

Bene. [*advancing.*] This can be no trick : The conference was sadly borne*.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady ; it seems, her affections have the full bent*. Love me ! why, it must be

* — was sadly borne.] i. e. was seriously carried on. STEEVENS.

* — have the full bent.] A metaphor from archery. So, in *Hamlet* :

"They fool me to the top of my bent." MALONE.

requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me;—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were marry'd.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. *[Exit.]*

Bene. Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. *[Exit.]*

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Leonato's Garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour ;
 There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
 Proposing with the prince and Claudio¹ :
 Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
 Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
 Is all of her ; say, that thou overheard'st us ;
 And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
 Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
 Forbid the sun to enter ;—like favourites,
 Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
 Against that power that bred it :—there will she hide her,
 To listen our propose² : This is thy office ;
 Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

[*Exit.*]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
 As we do trace this alley up and down,
 Our talk must only be of Benedick :
 When I do name him, let it be thy part
 To praise him more than ever man did merit :
 My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
 Is sick in love with Beatrice : Of this matter
 Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
 That only wounds by hear-say. Now begin ;

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
 Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urf. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
 Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
 And greedily devour the treacherous bait ;

[*Proposing with the prince and Claudio :*] *Proposing* is conversing,
 as the French word—*propos*, discourse, talk. STEEVENS.

² — *our propose :*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*our purpose*.
Propose is right. See the preceding note. STEEVENS.

So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture :
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[*They advance to the bow-er.*]

No, truly, Urfula, she is too disdainful :
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards³ of the rock.

Urf. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urf. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it :
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urf. Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed⁴,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon ?

Hero. O God of love ! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man :
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice :
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising⁵ what they look on ; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak : she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self endeared.

Urf. Sure, I think so ;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth : I never yet saw man,

³ — as haggards—] The wildest of the hawk species. MALONE.

⁴ — as full, as fortunate a bed,] Full is used by our author and his contemporaries for absolute, complete, perfect. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, “the fullest man and worthiest ;” and in *Othello*, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) “What a full fortune doth the thick-lips owe ?” MALONE.

⁵ Misprising—] Despising, contemning. JOHNSON.

To misprize is to undervalue, or take in a wrong light. STEEVENS.

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
 But she would spell him backward⁶: if fair-faced,
 She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;
 If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
 Made a foul blot⁷: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
 If low, an agate very vilely cut⁸:

If

⁶ — *spell him backward*:] Alluding to the practice of witches in uttering prayers.

The following passage, containing a similar train of thought, is from Lilly's *Anatomy of Wit*, 1581, p. 44. b: — "if he be cleanly, they [women] term him proude; if meene in apparel, a sloven; if tall, a lungis; if shorte, a dwarfe; if bold, blunte; if shamefast, a coward; &c. P. 55. If she be well set, then call her a bosse; if slender, a hasil twig; if she be pleafant, then is she wanton; if sullen, a clowne; if honest, then is she coye." STEEVENS.

⁷ *If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,*

Made a foul blot:] The antick was a buffoon character in the old English farces, with a *blacked face*, and a *patch-work habit*. What I would observe from hence is, that the name of *antick* or *antique*, given to this character, shews that the people had some traditional ideas of its being borrowed from the *ancient mimes*, who are thus described by Apuleius, "*mimi centunculo, fuligine faciem obduti*." WARB.

I believe what is here said of the old English farces, is said at random. Dr. Warburton was thinking, I imagine, of the modern Harlequin. I have met with no proof that the face of the antick or Vice of the old English comedy was blackened. By the word *black* in the text, is only meant, as I conceive, swarthy, or dark brown. MALONE.

⁸ *If low, an agate very vilely cut*:] Dr. Warburton reads *aglet*, which was adopted, I think, too hastily, by the subsequent editors. I see no reason for departing from the old copy. Shakspeare's comparisons scarcely ever answer completely on both sides. Dr. Warburton asks, "What likeness is there between a little man and an *agate*?" No other than that both are *small*. Our author has himself in another place compared a *very little* man to an *agate*. "Thou whorison mandrake, (says Falstaff to his page,) thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never so *man'd* with an *agate* till now." — Hero means no more than this: "If a man be low, Beatrice will say that he is as diminutive and unhappily formed as an ill-cut agate."

It appears both from the passage just quoted, and from one of Sir John arrington's epigrams, 4to. 1618, that agates were commonly worn in akspeare's time:

"THE AUTHOR TO A DAUGHTER NINE YEARS OLD.

"Though pride in damfels is a hateful vice,

"Yet could I like a noble-minded girl,

"That would demand me things of costly price,

"Rich velvet gowns, pendants, and chains of pearle,

"Cark'nets of *agats*, cut with rare device," &c.

These

If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds¹;
 If silent, why, a block moved with none.
 So turns she every man the wrong side out;
 And never gives to truth and virtue, that
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urf. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No: not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
 As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
 But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
 She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
 Out of myself, press me to death² with wit.
 Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
 Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
 It were a better death than die with mocks³;
 Which is as bad as die with tickling³.

Urf. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
 And counsel him to fight against his passion:
 And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders

These lines, at the same time that they add support to the old reading, shew, I think, that the words "*vilely cut*," are to be understood in their usual sense, when applied to precious stones, viz. *awkwardly wrought by a tool*, and not, as Mr. Steevens supposed, *grotesquely ruined by nature*. MALONE.

9 — *a vane blown with all winds*;] This comparison might have been borrowed from an ancient bl. let. ballad, entitled *A comparison of the life of man*:

"I may compare a man againe

"Even like unto a *twining waine*,

"That changeth even as doth the wind;

"Indeed so is man's feeble mind." STEEVENS.

1 — *press me to death*—] The allusion is to an ancient punishment of our law, called *peine fort et dure*, which was formerly inflicted on those persons, who, being indicted, refused to plead. In consequence of their silence, they were pressed to death by an heavy weight laid upon their stomach. This punishment the good sense and humanity of the legislature have within these few years abolished. MALONE.

2 *It were a better death than die with mocks*;] Thus the quarto. So before: "To wish him *wrestle* with affection." The folio reads—*better death to die with mocks*. MALONE.

3 — *with tickling*.] The author meant that *tickling* should be pronounced as a trisyllable; *tickeling*. So, in Spenser's F. Q. b. ii. c.

"— a strange kind of harmony;

"Which Gayon's senses softly tickled, &c. MALONE.

To stain my cousin with : One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urf. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urf. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy ; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument ⁴, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urf. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you marry'd, madam ?

Hero. Why, every day ;—to-morrow : Come, go in,
I'll shew thee some attires ; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urf. She's limed ⁵, I warrant you ; we have caught
her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps :
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Excunt HERO and URSULA. BEATRICE advances.*

Beat. What fire is in mine ears ⁶ ? Can this be true ?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much ?
Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !
No glory lives behind the back of such.

⁴ — *argument,*] This word seems here to signify *discourse*, or, the powers of reasoning. JOHNSON.

⁵ *She's limed,*] She is ensnared and entangled, as a sparrow with *bird-lime*. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*She's ta'en*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *What fire is in mine ears ?*] Alluding to a proverbial saying of the common people, that their ears burn, when others are talking of them.

WARBURTON.

The opinion from whence this proverbial saying is derived, is of great antiquity, being thus mentioned by Pliny : “ Moreover is not this an opinion generally received, that when our ears do glow and tingle, some are to be that in our absence doo talke of us”. P. Holland's *Translation*. xxviii. p. 297. See also Brown's *Vulgar Errors*. REED.

And Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
 Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
 If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
 To bind our loves up in a holy band:
 For others say, thou dost deserve: and I
 Believe it better than reportingly.

S C E N E I I.

A Room in Leonato's House.

*Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and
 LEONATO.*

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a foil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it⁸. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him⁹: he hath a heart as

⁷ *Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;*] This image is taken from falconry. She had been charged with being as wild as *baggards of the rock*; she therefore says, that *wild as her heart is, she will tame it to the band.* JOHNSON.

⁸ — *as to shew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“As is the night before some festival,

“To an impatient child, that hath new robes,

“And may not wear them.” STEEVENS.

⁹ — *the little hangman dare not shoot at him:*] This character of Cupid came from the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney:

“Millions of yeares this old drivel Cupid lives;

“While still more wretch, more wicked he doth prove:

“Till now at length that Jove him office gives,

“(At Juno's suite, who much did Argus love,)”

“In this our world a *hangman* for to be

“Of all those fooles that will have all they see.”

B. ii. ch. 14. FARMER
 found

found as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper ; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks ¹.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I ; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant ; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love : if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it !

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What ? sigh for the tooth-ach ?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm ?

Bene. Well, Every one can master a grief² but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Ped. There is no appearance of fancy³ in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises ; as to be a Dutchman to-day ; a Frenchman to-morrow ; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops⁴ ; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet^{*} : Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs : he brushes his hat o'mornings ; What should that bode ?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's ?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with

¹ — as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper ; &c.] A covert allusion to the old proverb :

“ As the fool thinketh,

“ So the bell clinketh.” STEEVENS.

² — can master a grief—] The old copies read corruptly—cannot, the correction was made by M. Pope. MALONE.

³ There is no appearance of fancy &c.] Here is a play upon the word *fancy*, which Shakspeare uses for *love* as well as for *humour*, *caprice*, or *affection*. JOHNSON.

⁴ — all slops ;] *Slops* are loose breeches. STEEVENS.

— no doublet:] Or, in other words, all cloak. MALONE.

him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls⁵.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string⁶, and now govern'd by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions⁷; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards⁸.

Bene.

⁵ — and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.] So, in *A Wonderful—Prognostication for this Year of our Lord 1591*; written by Nashe, in ridicule of Richard Harvey:—"they may sell their haire by the pound to *stufte tennice balls*." STEEVENS.

⁶ — crept into a lute string—] Love-songs in our author's time were generally sung to the musick of the lute. So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.* "—as melancholy as an old lion, or a *lover's lute*." MALONE.

⁷ — his ill conditions:] i. e. qualities. MALONE.

⁸ She shall be buried with her face upwards.] Mr. Theobald's emendation [with her *heels* upwards] appears to be very specious. The meaning seems to be, that she who acted upon principles contrary to others, should be buried with the same contrariety. JOHNSON.

Theobald's conjecture may be supported by a passage in *The Wild Goose Chase* of B. and Fletcher:

"—if I die o' th' first fit, I am unhappy,

"And worthy to be buried with my *heels* upwards."

The passage, indeed, may mean only—*She shall be buried in her lover's arms*. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"*Flo.* What? like a corse?

"*Per.* No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;

"Not like a corse:—or if,—not to be buried,

"But quick, and in mine arms. STEEVENS.

This last is, I believe, the true interpretation. Our author often quotes Lilly's Grammar; (see p. 268.) and here perhaps he remembered

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt BENE. and LEONATO.*]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you;—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be marry'd to-morrow?

[*To Claudio.*]

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

D. John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearth of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestow'd!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you, and, circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

bere a phrase that occurs in that book, p. 59. and is thus interpreted: *Tu cubas supinus, thou liest in bed with thy face upwards.*—*Heels* 'ace never could have been confounded by either the eye or the ear.

MALONE.

Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.] Dryden has transplanted this sarcasm into his *All for Love*: "Your Cleopatra; Dola-bella's Cleopatra, every man's Cleopatra." STEVENS.

Claud.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will shew you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her; to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue shew itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented!
So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Ver. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Ver. Well give them their charge¹, neighbour Dogberry.

¹ — *give them their charge,*] It appears from several of our old comedies, that to *charge* his fellows, was a regular part of the duty of the constable of the Watch. MALONE.

Dog.

Dog. First, who think you the most defartless man to be constable ?

1. *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, fir, or George Seacoal ; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal : God hath blessed you with a good name : to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune ; but to write and read comes by nature,

2. *Watch.* Both which, master constable, —

Dog. You have ; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, fir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it ; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch ; therefore bear you the lanthorn : This is your charge ; you shall comprehend all vagrom men ; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2. *Watch.* How if he will not stand ?

Dog. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go ; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Ver. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects :—You shall also make no noise in the streets ; for, for the watch to babble and to talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2. *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk ; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman ; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend : only, have a care that your bills be not stolen² :—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2. *Watch.* How if they will not ?

Dog.

² — bills be not stolen : } A bill is still carried by the watchmen at Litchfield. It was the old weapon of the English infantry, which, says Temple, gave the most ghastly and deplorable wounds. It may be called *securis falcata*. JOHNSON.

Dog. Why then, let them alone till they are sober ; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

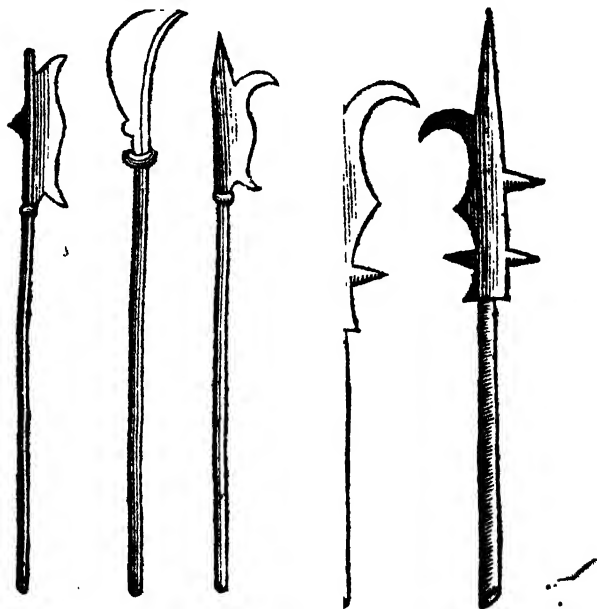
2. *Watch.* Well, sir,

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man : and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2. *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him ?

Dog. Truly, by your office you may ; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled ; the most peaceable

The following are examples of ancient *bills*.



STEEVENS
way

way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Ver. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Ver. If you hear a child cry in the night³, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2. *Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dog. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Ver. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may slay him.

Ver. Nay, by'r-lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may slay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to

3 *If you hear a child cry &c.*] It is not impossible but that part of this scene was intended as a burlesque on *The Statutes of the Streets*, imprinted by Wolfe, in 1595. Among these I find the following:

22. "No man shall blowe any hoine in the night, within this cittie, or whistle after the houre of nyne of the clock in the night, under paine of imprisonment.

23. "No man shall use to goe with visoures, or disguised by night, under like paine of imprisonment.

24. "Made that night-walkers, and evildroppers, like punishment.

25. "No hammar-man, as a smith, a pewterer, a founder, and all artincers making great sound, shall not worke after the houre of nyne at the night, &c."

30. "No man shall, after the houre of nyne at night, keepe any rule, whereby any such suddaine out-cry be made in the still of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wyfe, or servant, or singing, or revyl-ling in his houle, to the disturbaunce of his neighbours, under payne of iii s. iii d. &c. &c."

Ben Jonson, appears to have ridiculed this scene in the Induction to his *Bartholomew-Faire*: "And then a substantial *watch* to have stole in upon 'em, and taken them away with *mistaking words*, as the fashion is in the stage practice." STEEVENS.

offend no man ; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Ver. By'r-lady, I think, it be so.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha ! Well, masters, good night ; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me : keep your fellows' counsels and your own *, and good night.—Come, neighbour,

2. *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge : let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours : I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door ; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night : Adieu ; be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What ! Conrade,—

2. *Watch.* Peace, stir not.

[*Aside.*]

Bora. Conrade, I say !

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mafs, and my elbow itch'd ; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that ; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain ; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

2. *Watch.* [*aside.*] Some treason, masters ; yet stand close.

Bora. 'Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear ?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich ; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

* — keep your fellows' counsels and your own,] This is part of the oath of a grand juryman ; and is one of many proofs of Shakspeare's having been very conversant, at some period of his life, with legal proceedings and courts of justice. MALONE.

Bora.

Bora. That shews, thou art unconfirm'd⁴: Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not, what a deformed thief this fashion is?

1. *Watch.* I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this seven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear some body?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's foldiers in the reechy painting⁵; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church-window: sometime, like the shaven Hercules⁶ in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince,

4 — *unconfirm'd*:] i. e. unpractised in the ways of the world. WARB.

5 — *reechy painting*;] is painting stain'd by smoke; from *Recan*, Anglo-Saxon, to *reek*, *fumare*. STEEVENS.

6 — *sometime, like the shaven Hercules &c.*] I believe that Shakspeare by the *shaven Hercules* meant only *Hercules when shaven to make him look like a woman*, while he remained in the service of Omphale, his Lydian mistress. Had the *shaven Hercules* been meant to represent Samson, [as Dr. Warburton supposed,] he would probably have been equipped with a *jaw-bone* instead of a *club*. STEEVENS.

1 — *smirch'd*] *Smirch'd* is soiled, obscured. So, in *As you Like it*:

“And with a kind of umber *smirch* my face.” STEEVENS.

Claudio, and my master, planted and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero ?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio ; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret ; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged ; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

1. *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2. *Watch.* Call up the right master constable : We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1. *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them ; I know him, he wears a lock^b.

Con. Masters, masters,—

2. *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1. *Watch.* Never speak ; we charge you ; let us obey you to go with us^c.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these mens bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.

^b — wears a lock.] See Dr. Watburton's Note, Act V. sc. i.

STEEVENS.

^c *Never speak ; &c.*] These words in the old copies are by the mistake of the transcriber or printer given to Comrade. The present regulation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

SCENE IV.

*A Room in Leonato's House.**Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.*

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[*Exit URSULA.*]

Mar. 'Troth, I think, your other rabato¹ were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Mar. By my troth, it's not so good: and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner²: and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the dutchels of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Mar. By my troth it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Mar. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Mar. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence, — *a husband*: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body: Is there

¹ -- *rabato*] An ornament for the neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff.
Fr. Rabat. Menage saith it comes from *rabattre*, to put back, because it was at first nothing but the collar of the shirt or shift turned back towards the shoulders. T. HAWKINS.

² — *if the hair were a thought browner:*] See p. 239, note 9. MALONE.

any harm in—the *beavvier* for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise, 'tis light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Mar. Clap us into *Light o'love*²; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o'love*, with your heels!—then if your husband have itables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns³.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill;—hey ho!

Mar. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband⁴?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H⁵.

Mar. Well, an you be not turn'd Turk⁶, there's no more failing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Mar. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

² *Light o'love*;] This is the name of an old dance tune which has occurred already in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. SIR J. HAWKINS.

³ — no barns.] A quibble between *barns*, repositories of corn, and *bairns*, the old word for children. JOHNSON.

⁴ — hey ho!

Mar. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?] "*Heigh ho for a husband*, or the willing maid's wants made known," is the title of an old ballad in the Pepysian Collection, in Magdalen College, Cambridge.

MALONE.

⁵ For the letter that begins them all, H.] This is a poor jest, somewhat obscured, and not worth the trouble of elucidation. Margaret asks Beatrice for what she cries, *hey ho*; Beatrice answers, for an H, that is, for an ache or pain. JOHNSON.

⁶ — turn'd Turk.] Hamlet uses the same expression, and talks of his fortune's turning Turk. To turn Turk was a common phrase for a change of condition or opinion. STEEVENS.

Beat. I am stuff'd, cousin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid, and stuff'd! there's goodly catching of cold!

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Mar. Ever since you left it: Doth not my wit become fine rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral? in this Benedictus.

Mar. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r-lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out o'thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging^s: and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Mar. Not a false gallop.

7. — *some moral*—] That is, some secret meaning, like the *moral* of a fable. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is certainly the true one, though it has been doubted. In *the Rape of Lucrece* our author uses the verb to *moralize* in the same sense:

“Nor could she *moralize* his wanton sight.”

i. e. investigate the *latent meaning* of his looks. MALONE.

8. — *he eats his meat without grudging*:] Perhaps, to eat meat without grudging, was the same as, to do as others do, and the meaning is, *he is content to live by eating like other mortals, and will be content, notwithstanding his boasts, like other mortals, to have a wife.* JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, is, “and yet now, in spite of his resolution to the contrary, he feeds on love, and likes his food.” MALONE.

Re-enter

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*Another Room in Leonato's House.**Enter* LEONATO, DOGBERRY, and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that concerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little of the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were! but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows⁹.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honefter than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*¹, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dog. Yea, an 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

⁹ — *honest as the skin between his brows.*] This is a proverbial expression. STEVENS.

¹ — *palabras.*] So, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, the Tinker says, *pocas palabras*. i. e. few words. A scrap of Spanish, which might once have been current among the vulgar. STEVENS.

Verg.

Ver. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Ver. Marry, fir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's prefence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, fir; he will be talking; as they fay, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to fee²!—Well faid, i'faith, neighbour Ver- ges:—well, God's a good man³; An two men ride of a horfe, one muft ride behind⁴:—An honeft foul, i'faith, fir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worfhipp'd; All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too fhort of you.

Dog. Gitts, that God gives.

Leon. I muft leave you.

Dog. One word, fir: our watch, fir, have, indeed, comprehended two affpicious perfons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourfelf, and bring it me; I am now in great hafte, as may appear unto you.

Dog. It fhall be fuffigance.

Leon. Drink fome wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Meflenger.

Meff. My lord, they ftay for you to give your daughter to her hulband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exit* LEONATO and Meflenger.]

² *It is a world to fee!* | i. e. it is wonderful to fee. The fame phrafe often occurs with the fame meaning in Holinshed. STEEVENS.

³ *Well, God's a good man;* | This expreffion (as Mr. Steevens has fhewn) frequently occurs in the old *Moralities*. MALONE.

⁴ *An two men ride &c.* | This is not out of place, or without meaning. Dogberry, in his variety of fuperior parts, apologizing for his neighbour, obferves, that *of two men on an horfe, one muft ride behind*. The firft place of rank or underftanding can belong but to one, and that happy one ought not to defpife his inferiour. JOHNSON.

Shakfpeare might have caught this idea from the common feal of the Knights Templars; the device of which was *two riding upon one horfe*. An engraving of the feal is preferved at the end of Matt. Paris Hift. Ang. 1640. STEEVENS.

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examination these men.

Ver. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [*touching his forehead.*] shall drive some of them to a *non-com*⁵: only get the learned writer to set down our communication, and meet me at the jail. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, and BEATRICE.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do.

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing¹, as, ha! ha! he!

⁵ — to a *non-com*:] i. e. to a *non compos mentis*; put them out of their wits:—or perhaps he confounds the term with *non-plus*. MALONE.

¹ — some be of laughing,] This is a quotation from the *Accidence*.

JOHNSON.

Claud.

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave;
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thank-
fulness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:—
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:

O, what authority and shew of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shews? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you in your own proof³
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say; If I have known
her,
You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No! Leonato,

— *luxurious bed*:] That is, *lascivious*. *Luxury* is the confessor's
man for unlawful pleasures of the sex. JOHNSON.

in *K. Lear*:

“To't, *luxury*, pell-mell, for I lack foldiers.” STEEVENS.

³ *Dear my lord, if you in your own proof*] In *your own proof* may
signify in *your own trial* of her. TYRWHITT.

Dear, like *door*, *fire*, *hour*, and many similar words, is here used as
a dissyllable. MALONE.

I never tempted her with word too large⁴ :
 But, as a brother to his sister, shew'd
 Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming⁵ ! I will write against it⁶ :
 You seem to me as Dian in her orb ;
 As chaste as is the bud ' ere it be blown ;
 But you are more intemperate in your blood
 Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
 That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
 To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True ! O God !

Claud. Leonato, stand I here ?

Is this the prince ? Is this the prince's brother ?

Is this face Hero's ? Are our eyes our own ?

Leon. All this is so ; But what of this my lord ?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter ;
 And, by that fatherly and kindly power⁷
 That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me ! how am I beset !—
 What kind of catechizing call you this ?

4 — word too large ;] So he uses large jests in this play, for licentious, not restrained within due bounds. JOHNSON.

5 — thy seeming.] The old copies have *thee*. The emendation is Mr. Pope's. In the next line Shakspeare probably wrote—*seem'd*.

MALONE.

6 I will write against it :] So in *Cymbeline* Posthumus, speaking of women, says,

" ——— I'll write against them,

" Detest them, curse them." STEEVENS.

7 — chaste as is the bud] Before the air has tasted its sweetness.

JOHNSON.

8 — kindly power] That is, natural power. Kind is nature. JOHNS.

Claud.

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Hero. If you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear; Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this griev'd count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been¹
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell!
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang²,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious³.

9 — liberal villain,] *Liberal* here, as in many places of these plays, means, *frank beyond honesty or decency. Free of tongue.* JOHNSON.

What a Hero badst thou been] I am afraid here is intended a poor conceit upon the word *Hero.* JOHNSON.

2 — shall conjecture hang,] *Conjecture* is here used for *suspicion.*

MAIONE.

3 And never shall it more be gracious.] i. e. lovely, attractive.

MAIONE.

Leon.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me ⁴?

[*Hero swoons.*]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin, wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, and CLAUDIO.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—Help, uncle;—

Hero! why, *Hero!*—Uncle!—signior Benedick!—*Friar!*—

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!

Death is the fairest cover for her shame,

That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin *Hero*?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood⁵?—

Do not live, *Hero*; do not ope thine eyes:

For did I think, thou would'st not quickly die,

Thought I, thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,

Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?

Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame⁶?

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

Why had I not, with charitable hand,

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;

Who smeared thus, and mired with infamy,

⁴ *Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?*]

“A thousand daggers, all in honest hands!

“And have not I a friend to stick one here?”

Venice Preserv'd. STEEVENS.

⁵ *The story that is printed in her blood?* That is, the story which her blushes discover to be true. JOHNSON.

⁶ *—frugal nature's frame?* Frame is contrivance, order, disposition of things. So afterwards: “—in frame of villanies.” STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is,—Grieved I at Nature's being so frugal as to have framed for me only one child? MALONE.

I might

I might have said, *No part of it is mine,
This shame derives itself from unknown loins ?*
But mine, and mine I lov'd⁷, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on ; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her ; why, she,—O, she, is fallen
A pit of ink ! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again ;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh !

Bene. Sir, fir, be patient :
For my part I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is bely'd !

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night ?

Beat. No, truly, not ; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd ! O, that is stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron !
Would the two princes lie ? and Claudio lie ?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears ? Hence from her ; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little ;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady : I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face ; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes ;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth :—Call me a fool ;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal do warrant
The tenour of my book⁸ ; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

⁷ — and mine I lov'd,] i. e. mine *that* I loved. JOHNSON.

⁸ — of my book ;] i. e. of what I have read, MALONE.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;⁹
And if their wisdoms be mislaid in this,
'The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not; If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead¹;

⁹ — bent of honour;] *Bent* is used by our authour for the utmost degree of any passion, or mental quality. In this play before, Benedick says of Beatrice, *her affection has its full bent*. The expression is derived from archery; the bow has its *bent*, when it is drawn as far as it can be. JOHNSON.

¹ Your daughter here the princes left for dead;] The old copies have *princefs*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
 And publish it, that she is dead indeed :
 Maintain a mourning ostentation² ;
 And on your family's old monument
 Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
 That appertain unto a burial.

John. What shall become of this ? What will this do ?

Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, shall on her behalf
 Change slander to remorse ; that is some good :
 But not for that dream I on this strange course,
 But on this travail look for greater birth.
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
 Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
 Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
 Of every hearer : for it so falls out,
 That what we have we prize not to the worth,
 Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why, then we rack the value³ ; then we find
 The virtue that possession would not shew us
 Whiles it was ours :—So will it fare with Claudio :
 When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,
 The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination ;
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
 More moving-delicate, and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she liv'd indeed :—then shall he mourn,
 (If ever love had interest in his liver,)
 And wish he had not so accused her ;
 No, though he thought his accusation true.
 Let this be so, and doubt not but success
 Will fashion the event in better shape
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood.

² — ostentation ;] Show ; appearance. JOHNSON.

³ — we rack the value ;] We exaggerate the value. The allusion is to rack-rents. The same kind of thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ What our contempts do often hurl from us,

“ We wish it ours again,” STEEVENS.

But if all aim but this be leuell'd false,
 The supposition of the lady's death
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy :
 And, if it fort not well, you may conceal her
 (As best befits her wounded reputation,)
 In some reclusive and religious life,
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you :
 And though, you know, my inwardness and love
 Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
 Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
 As secretly, and justly, as your soul
 Should with your body.

Leon. Being that
 I flow in grief, the smallest twine may lead me⁴.

Friar. 'Tis well consented ; presently away ;
 For to strange fores strangely they strain the cure.—
 Come, lady, die to live : this wedding day,
 Perhaps, is but prolong'd ; have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt* Friar, HERO, and LEONATO⁵.]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while ?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

4 — *the smallest twine may lead me.*] This is one of our authour's observations upon life. Men overpowered with distress, eagerly listen to the first offers of relief, close with every scheme, and believe every promise. He that has no longer any confidence in himself, is glad to repose his trust in any other that will undertake to guide him. JOHNSON.

5 *Exeunt &c.*] The poet, in my opinion, has shewn a great deal of address in this scene. Beatrice here engages her lover to revenge the injury done her cousin Hero : and without this very natural incident, considering the character of Beatrice, and that the story of her passion for Benedick was all a fable, she could never have been easily or naturally brought to confess she loved him, notwithstanding all the foregoing preparation. And yet, on this confession, in this very place, depended the whole success of the plot upon her and Benedick. For had she not owned her love here, they must have soon found out the trick, and then the design of bringing them together had been defeated ; and she would never have owned a passion she had been only tricked into, had not her desire of revenging her cousin's wrong made her drop her capricious humour at once. WARBURTON.

Bene.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour; I was about to protest, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here⁶;—There is no love in you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

⁶ *I am gone, though I am here:*] i. e. I am out of your mind already, though I remain here in person before you. STEEVENS.

Or, perhaps, my affection is withdrawn from you, though I am yet here. MALONE.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain⁷, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with publick accusations uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero! she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties⁸! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfest⁹; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too¹: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it:—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving,

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul, the count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

7 — in the height a villain,] So, in *King Henry VIII.*

“ He’s traitor to the height.”

In præcipiti vitium stetit. STEEVENS.

8 — and counties!] County was the ancient general term for a nobleman. See a note on the County Paris in *Romeo and Juliet.* STEEV.

9 — a goodly count-comfest;] i. e. a specious nobleman made out of sugar. STEEVENS.

1 — and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too;] Mr. Heath would read *tongues*, but he mistakes the construction of the sentence, which is—not only men, but trim ones, are turned into tongue, i. e. not only common but clever men, &c. STEEVENS.

Bene.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him ; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you : By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account : As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin : I must say, she is dead ; and so farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns² ; BORACHIO, CONRADE, and the Watch.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appear'd ?

Ver. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton !

Sex. Which be the malefactors ?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Ver. Nay, that's certain ; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined ; let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name friend ?

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray write down—Borachio.—Yours, firrah ?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God ?

Con. Bora. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dog. Write down—that they hope they serve God :—

² — in gowns ;] It appears from *The Black Book*, 4to, 1604, that this was the dress of a constable in our author's time : “—when they mist their constable, and sawe the black gowne of his office lyc full in a puddle—.”

The sexton (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observed) is styled in this stage-direction, in the old copies, *the Town-clerk*, “probably from his doing the duty of such an officer.” But this error has only happened here ; for throughout the scene itself he is described by his proper title. By mistake also in the quarto, and the folio, which appears to have been printed from it, the name of Kempe (an actor in our author's theatre) throughout this scene is prefixed to the speeches of Dogberry, and that of Cowley to those of Verges, except in two or three instances, where either *Constable* or *Andres* are substituted for Kempe. MALONE.

and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains³!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly; How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, firrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale:—Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sex. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the esteft way⁴:—Let the watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you in the prince's name accuse these men.

1. *Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down—prince John a villain:—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace! I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else?

2. *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Ver. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow?

1. *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his

³ *Write down &c.*] This passage which was omitted in the folio, was restored by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

The omission of this passage since the edition of 1600, may be accounted for from the stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. the sacred name being jestingly used four times in one line. BLACKSTONE.

⁴ — *the esteft way*:] Dogberry means *deftest*; i. e. the most fit and commodious way. MALONE.

words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Scx. What else?

2. Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and shew him their examination. [Exit.

Dog. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Ver. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an afs, you are an afs.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an afs!—but, masters, remember, that I am an afs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an afs:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as

5 *Off, coxcomb!*] The old copies read—*of*, and these words make a part of the last speech, “Let them be in the hands of *coxcomb*.” The present regulation was made by Dr. Warburton, and has been adopted by the subsequent editors. *Off* was formerly spelt *of*. See p. 287, n. 1. In the early editions of these plays a broken sentence (like that before us, “Let them be in the hands”) is almost always corrupted by being tacked, through the ignorance of the transcriber or printer, to the subsequent words. So in *Coriolanus*, instead of

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er!

we have in the folio, 1623, and the subsequent copies,

You shames of Rome, you! Herd of boils and plagues &c:

See also *Measure for Measure*, p. 21. n. 5.

Perhaps however we should read and regulate the passage thus:

Ver. Let them be in the hands of—[*the law*, he might have intended to say.]

Con. Coxcomb! MALONE.

shall

shall be proved upon thee by good witnesses: I am a wife fellow, and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an ass! [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lincament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
In sorrow wag; cry hem, when he should groan¹;

Patch

¹ In sorrow wag; cry hem, when he should groan;] This is one of those passages from which an editor can hardly escape without censure. The old copies read:

And sorrow, wag, cry hem, when he should groan.

To print absolute nonsense is surely no part of his duty. To substitute any word in the room of those furnished by ancient copies (though sanctioned in some measure by the numerous emendations which at various times have been happily made,) is certainly undesirable: yet at all

Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-waiters²; bring him yet to me,

And

all hazards one would wish for some glimmering of meaning. To obtain this, Dr. Johnson printed this line thus (in which he has been followed in the late editions):

And, sorrow, wag, cry; hem when he should groan;—
but this punctuation (to say nothing of the *unexampled* harshness of such a phraseology) is certainly inadmissible; it appearing from a passage in *K. Henry I.* and from other examples, that to “cry hem” was in our author’s time a cant term of festivity. See Mr. Tyrwhitt’s note below. Again, in *As you like it*:—“If I could cry hem, and have him.” On the other hand, to cry *woe* is used in the *Winter’s Tale* to denote grief. So also, in *K. Richard III.*:

“You live, that shall cry *woe* for this hereafter.”

For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable. *And* and *In*, hastily or indistinctly pronounced, might have been easily confounded, supposing (what there is great reason to believe) that these plays were copied for the press by the ear; and by this slight change a clear sense is given, the latter part of the line being a paraphrase on the foregoing. So afterwards: “Charm ach with air, and agony &c.”

This emendation may derive some support from *K. Henry V.* edit. 1623, where we find

So many a thousand actions once a foot

And in one purpose—

instead of—*End* in one purpose; the transcriber’s ear having deceived him, as I suppose it did in the present instance.

With respect to the word *wag*, the using it as a verb, in the sense of *to play the wag*, is entirely in Shakespeare’s manner. There is scarcely one of his plays in which we do not find substantives used as verbs. Thus we have—to testimony, to boy, to couch, to grave, to bench, to voice, to paper, to page, to dram, to stage, to fever, to fool, to palate, to mountebank, to god, to virgin, to passion, to monster, to history, to fable, to wall, to period, to spaniel, to stranger, &c. &c.

I shall subjoin the conjectures of Mr. Tyrwhitt and Mr. Steevens on this difficult passage, as the emendations suggested by them depart very little from the old copies. The reading proposed by the latter gentleman (*And, sorry wag, &c.*) appears so probable, that I know not whether it has not as good a title to a place in the text as that which I have adopted. Let me however observe, that, though the punctuation of the old copies is of no great authority, yet in so doubtful a matter as the present it may be worth attending to. In both the quarto and folio there is a comma after *sorrow*, which, though unnecessary, is not inconsistent with the emendation now made, but entirely adverse to the supposition that that word was a misprint for any epithet applied to *wag*.

For the latter word Mr. Theobald reads *wage*, and Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton *waive*. MALONE.

I think we might read—

And sorrow gage; cry hem, when he should groan;—

but

And I of him will gather patience.
 But there is no such man: For, brother, men
 Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
 Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before
 Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
 Fetter strong madmen in a silken thread,

but leaving this conjecture to shift for itself, I will say a few words on the phrase, *cry hem*. It is used again by our author in the *First Part of Henry IV.* Act II. sc. vii. "They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they *cry hem*, and bid you play it off."—In both places to *cry hem*, seems to signify the same as to *cry courage*; in which sense the interjection *hem* was sometimes also used by the Latins. TYRWHITT.

What will be said of the conceit I shall now offer, I know not; let it, however, take its chance. We might read:

If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,

And, *sorry wag!* *cry hem*, when he should groan,—

i. e. *unfeeling buccinist!* to employ a note of festivity, when his sighs ought to express concern. Both the words I would introduce, are used by Shakspeare. Falstaff calls the prince, *sweet wag!* and the epithet *sorry* is applied, even at this time, to denote any moderate deviation from propriety or morality; as, for instance, a *sorry fellow*. Othello, speaks of a *salt and sorry* theme. STEEVENS.

2 ——— *make misfortune drunk*

With candle-wasters;] This may mean, either wash away his sorrow among those who sit up all night to drink, and in that sense may be styled *wasters of candles*; or overpower his misfortunes by swallowing flap dragons in his glass, which are described by Falstaff as made of *candles' ends*. STEEVENS.

This is a very difficult passage, and hath not, I think, been satisfactorily explained. The explanation I shall offer, will give, I believe, as little satisfaction, but I will, however, venture it. *Candle-wasters* is a term of contempt for scholars; thus Jonson in *Cynthia's Revels*, Act III. sc. ii.—"spoiled by a whorson book-worm, a *candle-waster*." In the *Antiquary*, Act III. is a like term of ridicule: "He should more catch your delicate court-ear, than all your head-scratchers, thumb-biters, *lamp-wasters* of them all." The sense then, which I would assign to Shakspeare, is this: "If such a one will patch grief with proverbs,—*case or cover the wounds of his grief with proverbial sayings*;—*make misfortune drunk with candle-wasters*,—*stupify misfortune*, or render himself insensible to the strokes of it, by the conversation or lucubrations of scholars; the production of the lamp, but not fitted to human nature. Patch, in the sense of mending a defect or breach, occurs in *Hamlet*, Act V. sc. i:

O that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
 Should patch a wall, to expel the winter's flaw. WHALLEY.
 Charm

Charm ach with air, and agony with words :
No, no ; 'ts all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow ;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel.
My griefs cry louder than advertisement³.

Ant. Therein do men from children not.

Leon. I pray thee peace ; I will be flesh !
For there was never yet philosopher,
'That could endure the tooth-ach patiently ;
However they have writ the style of gods⁴,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance⁵.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself ;
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason : nay, I will do so :
My soul doth tell me, Hero is bely'd ;
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord?—well, fare you well, my lord :—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

3 — *than advertisement.*] That is, *than admonition*, *than moral instruction.* JOHNSON.

4 *However they have writ the style of gods,*] This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wise men. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare might have used this expression, without any acquaintance with the hyperboles of stoicism. By the *style of gods*, he meant an exalted language ; such as we may suppose would be written by beings superior to human calamities, and therefore regarding them with neglect and coldness. STEEVENS.

5 *And make a pish at chance and sufferance.*] Alludes to their famous apathy. WARBURTON.

Old Copies—*pish*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Ant.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarreling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry,
Thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:—
Nay, ~~thou~~ lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it ~~be~~ ^{be} your age such cause of fear:
In ~~fact~~ ^{fact} my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;

As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child, and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man.
I say, thou hast bely'd mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies bury'd with her ancestors:
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy!

Claud. My villainy?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine I say.

P. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord;
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despight his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daffe me⁶?—Thou hast kill'd my
child;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed⁷:

But

⁶ *Canst thou so daffe me?* To daffe and daffe are synonymous terms,
that mean, to put off. THEOBALD.

⁷ *Ant. He shall kill two of us, &c.* This brother Anthony is the
truest picture imaginable of human nature. He had assumed the cha-
racter

But that's no matter ; let him kill one first ;—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me :—
Come, follow me, boy ; come, sir boy, come, follow me :
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence ;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself : God knows, I lov'd my niece ;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains ;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed, As I dare take a serpent by the tongue :
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks^s, milkops !—

Leon. Brother Anthony,—

Ant. Hold you content ; What, man ! I know them,
yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple :
Scambling⁹, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off¹ half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Anthony,—

Ant. Come 'tis no matter ;

racter of a sage to comfort his brother, o'erwhelmed with grief for his only daughter's affront and dishonour ; and had severely reprov'd him for not commanding his passion better on so trying an occasion. Yet, immediately after this, no sooner does he begin to suspect that his *age* and *valour* are slighted, but he falls into the most intemperate fit of rage himself : and all he can do or say is not of power to pacify him. This is copying nature with a penetration and exactness of judgment peculiar to Shakspeare. As to the expression, too, of his passion, nothing can be more highly painted. WARBURTON.

^s — braggarts, Jacks,] See note 4, p. 262. MALONE.

⁹ Scambling,]—i. e. scrambling. The word is more than once used by Shakspeare. See Dr. Percy's note on the first speech of the play of *K. Henry V.* and likewise the Scots proverb "It is well ken'd your father's son was never a scambler." A scambler in its literal sense, is one who goes about among his friends to get a dinner, by the Irish call'd a *gosherer*. STEEVENS.

¹ And speak off—] The old copies have—*of*. Mr. Theobald made the correction. In the books of our author's age, *of* is very frequently printed instead of *off*. MALONE.

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience².

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No ?

Come, brother, away :—I will be heard ;—

Ant. And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, fee,
Here comes the man we went to seek.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Claud. Now, signior !
What news ?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome signior :

You are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapt off
with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother : What think'st
thou ? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too
young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee ; for we
are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten
away : Wilt thou use thy wit ?

Bene. It is in my scabbard ; Shall I draw it ?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side ?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been

² — *we will not wake your patience.*] The old men have been both
very angry and outrageous ; the prince tells them that he and Claudio
will not wake their patience ; will not any longer force them to endure the
presence of those whom, though they look on them as enemies, they
cannot resist. JOHNSON.

beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the ministers; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me:—I pray you choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross³.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle⁴.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God blefs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I faith, I thank him; he hath bid⁵ me to a

³ *Nay, then give him another staff; &c.*] An allusion to tilting. See note, *As you like it*, Act. III. sc. IV. WARBURTON.

⁴ — *to turn his girdle.*] We have a proverbial speech, *If he be angry, let him turn the buckle of his girdle.* But I do not know its original or meaning. JOHNSON.

A corresponding expression is used to this day in Ireland.—*If he be angry, let him tie up his brogues.* Neither proverb, I believe, has any other meaning than this: If he is in a bad humour, let him employ himself till he is in a better. STEVENS.

I believe the meaning is,—If he be angry, he knows how to prepare himself for combat, and to obtain redress. Wrestlers (as is observed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1783,) formerly, before they engaged, probably turned the buckle of their girdle behind.—In a letter from Sir Ralph Winwood to Secretary Cecil, dated Dec. 17, 1602, we meet with the expression mentioned by Dr. Johnson: "I said, what I spake was not to make him angry. He replied, *If I were angry, I might turn the buckle of my girdle behind me.*" MALONE.

⁵ — *bid*—] i. e. invited. REED.

calf's-head and a eapon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too⁶?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; *True*, says she, *a fine little one*: No, said I, *a great wit*; *Right*, said she, *a great gross one*; Nay, said I, *a good wit*; *Just*, said she, *it hurts no body*: Nay, said I, *the gentleman is wise*; *Certain*, said she, *a wise gentleman*⁷; Nay, said I, *he hath the tongues*; *That I believe*, said she, *for he swore a thing to me on monday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning*; *there's a double tongue, there's two tongues*. Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden*.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man*?

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina; you have, among you,

⁶ *Shall I not find a woodcock too?*] A woodcock, being supposed to have no brains, was a proverbial term for a foolish fellow. See the *London Prodigal*, 1605, and other comedies. MALONE.

⁷ — *a wise gentleman*;] This jest depending on the colloquial use of words is now obscure; perhaps we should read *a wise gentleman*, or *a man wise enough to be a coward*. Perhaps *wise gentleman* was in that age used ironically, and always stood for *filly fellow*. JOHNSON.

kill'd a sweet and innocent lady : For my lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet ; and till then, peace be with him !
[*Exit* BENEDICK.]

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest ; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee ?

Claud. Most sincerely,

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit⁸ !

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape : but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let be⁹ ; pluck up my heart, and be sad : Did he not say, my brother was fled ?

Dog.

⁸ *What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit !* It was esteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, to go in the doublet and hose, and leave off the cloak ; to which this well-turned expression alludes. The thought is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and exposes him as naked as being in the doublet and hose without a cloak. WARBURTON.

I doubt much concerning this interpretation, yet am by no means confident that my own is right. I believe, however, these words refer to what Don Pedro had said just before — “ And hath challenged thee ? ” — and that the meaning is, What a pretty thing a man is, when he is silly enough to throw off his cloak, and go in his doublet and hose, to fight for a woman ? In the *Merry Wives of Windsor* when Sir Hugh is going to engage with Dr. Caius, he walks about in his doublet and hose. “ Page. And youthful still in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatick day ! ” — “ There is reasons and causes for it,” says Sir Hugh, alluding to the duel he was going to fight. — I am aware that there was a particular species of single combat called *Rapier and cloak* ; but I suppose, nevertheless, that when the small sword came into common use, the cloak was generally laid aside in duels, as tending to embarrass the combatants. MALONE.

⁹ *But, soft you, let be ;*] The quarto and first folio read corruptly — let me be, which the editor of the second folio, in order to obtain some sense, converted to — let me see. I was once idle enough to suppose that copy was of some authority ; but a minute examination of it has shewn me that all the alterations made in it were merely arbitrary, and generally very injudicious. *Let be* were without doubt the author's words. The same expression occurs again, in *K. Henry VIII.*

Dog. Come, you, fir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog. Marry, fir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanderers; sixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verily'd unjust things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited¹.

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incens'd me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my

" — and they were ratified,

" As he cried, thus *let be*."

Again, in *Ant. ry and Cleopatra*, Act. IV. sc. iv.

What's this for? Ah, *let be, let be*." MALONE.

Again, in *ib. Winter's Tale* Leonato says, "*let be, let be*." REED.

Let be is the reading. It means, *let things remain as they are*. I have heard the phrase used by Dr. Johnson himself. STEEVENS.

¹ — *one meaning well suited*.] That is, *one meaning is put into many different dresses*; the prince having asked the same question in four modes of speech. JOHNSON.

death,

death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time
our Sexton hath reform'd signior Leonato of the matter:
And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and
place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and
the Sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO, and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes:
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast
kill'd

Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so villain; thou bely'st thyself;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death!
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance² your invention

Can

² Impose me to what penance—] i. e. command me to undergo whatever penance, &c. A task or exercise prescribed by way of punishment

Can lay upon my sin: yet finn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible; but, I pray you both, Possess
The people in Messina here
How innocent she dy'd: and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us³;
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong⁴,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

ment for a fault committed at the universities, is yet called (as Mr. Steevens has observed in a former note) an *imposition*. MALONE.

³ And she alone is heir to both of us;] Shakspeare seems to have forgotten what he had made Leonato say in the fifth scene of the first act to Antonio, "How now, brother; where is my cousin your son? hath he provided the music?" ANONYMOUS.

⁴ — pack'd in all this wrong,] i. e. combined; an accomplice.

MALONE.

Dog.

Dog. Moreover, fir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me as: I beseech you, let it be remember'd in his punishment: And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now ~~man~~ grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth: and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an errant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your wor-

⁵ — he wears a key in his ear, and hath a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name;] The allusion is to a fantastical fashion of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favourite lock of hair which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, and called a *love-lock*. Against this fashion William Prynne wrote his treatise, called, *The Unlawfulness of Love-locks*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton, I believe, has here (as he frequently does,) refined a little too much. There is no allusion, I conceive, to the fashion of wearing rings in the ears (a fashion which our author himself followed). The pleasantry seems to consist in Dogberry's supposing that the *lock* which DEFORMED wore, must have a key to it.

Fynes Moryson in a very particular account that he has given of the dress of Lord Montjoy, (the rival, and afterwards the friend of Robert Earl of Essex,) says, that his hair was "thinne on the head, where he wore it short, except a *lock* under his left ear, which he nourished the time of this warre, [the Irish War in 1599,] and being woven up, hid it in his neck under his ruffe." ITENARARY, P. II. p. 45. When he was not on service, he probably wore it in a different fashion.—The portrait of Sir Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorset, painted by Vandyck, (now at Knowle) exhibits this lock with a large knotted ribband at the end of it. It hangs under the ear on the left side, and reaches as low as where the star is now worn by the knights of the garter.

The same fashion is alluded to in an epigram quoted in Vol. I. p. 225:

"O! what he doth with such a horse-tail-*lock*," &c. MALONE.

ship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be with'd, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Watch.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt D. PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*]

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter BENEDICK, and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Mar. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deserveest it.

Mar. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs⁶?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

⁶ *To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?* Theobald with some probability reads—*above* stairs; yet *below* and *above* were not likely to be confounded either by the transcriber or compositor. MALONE.

I suppose every reader will find the meaning. JOHNSON.

Left he should not, the following instance from Sir Aston Cockayne's *Poems* is at his service:

“But to prove rather he was not beguil'd,

“Her he *er-came*, for he got her with child.”

And another, more apposite, from Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:

“Alas! when we are once o'the falling hand,

“A man may easily come over us.” COLLINS.”

Mar.

Mar. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers⁷.

Mar. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [Exit MARGARET.

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love,

[singing.

That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,

How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over, as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot shew it in rhyme; I have try'd; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn*, *born*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhiming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I call'd thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. *Then* is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for⁸, which is, with

⁷ *I give thee the bucklers.*] I suppose that *to give the bucklers* is, *to yield*, or *to lay by all thoughts of defence*; so *clypeum abjicere*. The rest deserves no comment. JOHNSON.

The expression (as Mr. Steevens has shewn) occurs very frequently in our old comedies. MALONE.

⁸ — *with that I came for,*] *For*, which is wanting in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

knowing

knowing what hath pass'd between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkiss'd.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I ~~must~~ shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd so politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. *Suffer love*; a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty, that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours⁹: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question¹⁰? Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is most expedient for the wife, (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I

⁹ — *in the time of good neighbours:*] i. e. When men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. WARBURTON.

¹⁰ Question? *why, an hour, &c.*] i. e. What a question's there?

myself will bear witness, is praise worthy,)—and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants with musick and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*reads from a scroll.*]

Done to death² by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies:

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies:

So the life, that dy'd with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [*affixing it.*]
Praising her when I am dumb.—

² *Done to death*] This obsolete phrase occurs frequently in our ancient dramas. Thus, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*:

“His mother's hand shall stop thy breath,

“Thinking her own son is *done to death.*” MALONE.

Now, musick, sound, and sing your solemn hymn:

S O N G.

*Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight³;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.*

Claud. Now⁴, unto thy bones good night !
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters ; put your torches out :
The wolves have prey'd ; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowzy east with spots of grey :
Thanks to you all, and leave us ; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters ; each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds ;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

³ *Those that slew thy virgin knight ;*] *Knight*, in its original signification, means *follower* or *pupil*, and in this sense may be feminine. Helena, in *All's Well that Ends well*, uses knight in the same signification. JOHNSON.

Virgin knight is virgin hero. In the times of chivalry, a *virgin knight* was one who had as yet achieved no adventure. Hero had as yet achieved no matrimonial one. It may be added, that a *virgin knight* wore no device on his shield, having no right to any till he had deserved it.—On the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1594, is entered, “ — Phœander the *mayden knight*.”

It appears, however, from several passages in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, B. i. c. 7. that an *ideal order*, of this name was supposed, as a compliment to queen Elizabeth's virginity :

“ Of doughtie knights whom faeryland did raise

“ That noble order hight of *maidenbed*.”

Again, B. ii. c. 2. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Claud.* Now, &c.] In the old copy these lines, by a mistake of the transcriber or compositor, are given to an attendant, Mr. Rowe made the correction now adopted. MALONE.

Claud.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's⁵,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE,
MARGARET, URSULA, Friar and HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me:—You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'Tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince; But what's your will?

⁵ — *speed's*,] i.e. speed us! The old copy reads—*speeds*. Corrected and explained by Dr. Thirlby. Claudio, as he observes, could not know that the proposed match would have any luckier event than that designed with Hero. Yet I confess, the contraction introduced is extremely harsh, that I doubt whether it was intended by the author. However I have followed former editors in adopting it. MALONE.

Bene. Your answer, fir, is enigmatical:
 But, for my will, my will is, your good will
 May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
 In the estate of honourable marriage;—
 In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio;
 We here attend you; Are you yet determin'd
 To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.

[*Exit ANTONIO.*]

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what's the
 matter,

That you have such a February face,
 So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull*:—
 Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
 And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;
 As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
 When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, fir, had an amiable low;
 And some such strange bull leapt your father's cow,
 And got a calf in that same noble feat,
 Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO; with the ladies mask'd.

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reck'nings—
 Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her⁶.

Claud. Why, then she's mine: Sweet, let me see your face.

* — upon the savage bull:] See p. 217, n. 8. MALONE.

⁶ *Ant.* *This same &c.*] This speech is in the old copies given to Leonato. Mr. Theobald first assigned it to the right owner. Leonato has in a former part of this scene told Antonio,—that he “must be father to his brother's daughter, and give her to young Claudio.” MALONE.

Leon.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:

[*unmasking.*]

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer:

One Hero dy'd defil'd; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:

Mean time let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar:—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name; [*unmasking.*] what is
your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and
Claudio,

Have been deceived; for they swore you did?

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter:—Then, you do not love me:

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentle-
man.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her;

7 — for they swore you did.] For, which both the sense and metre require, was inserted by Sir Thomas Hanmer. So below:

“Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.” MALONE.

For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you⁷;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth⁸. [*kissing her.*]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

⁷ *I would not deny you; &c.*] I cannot find in my heart to deny you, but for all that I yield, after having stood out great persuasions to submission. He had said, *I take thee for pity*, she replies, *I would not deny thee*, i. e. I take thee for pity too: but as I live, I am won to this compliance by importunity of friends. WARBURTON.

⁸ *Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.*] In the old copies these words are by mistake given to Leonato. The present regulation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play musick.—
Prince, thou art fad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife:
there is no staff more reverend than one tipp'd with horn¹.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

¹ — [staff more reverend than one tipp'd with horn.] This passage may admit of some explanation that I am unable to furnish. By accident I lost several instances I had collected for the purpose of throwing light on it. The following however may assist the future commentator.

Mf. Sloan, 1691. "THAT A FELON MAY WAGE BATTAILE, WITH THE ORDER THEREOF." "—by order of the lawe both the parties must at theire own charge be armed withoute any yron or long armour, and theire heades bare, and bare-handed, and bare-footed, every one of them having a *baston borned* at ech ende, of one length." STEEV.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is undoubtedly the true one. The allusion is certainly to the ancient trial by *wager of battel*, in suits both criminal and civil. The quotation above given recites the form in the former case,—viz. an appeal of felony. The practice was nearly similar in civil cases, upon issue joined in a writ of right. Of the last trial of this kind in England, (which was in the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth,) our author might have read a particular account in Stowe's *Annales*. Henry Nailor, master of defence, was champion for the demandants, Simon Low and John Kyme; and George Thorne for the tenant, (or defendant,) Thomas Paramoure. The combat was appointed to be fought in Tuthill-fields, and the Judges of the Common Pleas and Serjeants at law attended. But a compromise was entered into between the parties, the evening before the appointed day, and they only went through the forms, for the greater security of the tenant. Among other ceremonies Stowe mentions, that "the gauntlet that was cast down by George Thorne was borne before the sayd Nailor, in his passage through London, upon a sword's point, and his baston (a *staff* of an ell-long, made taper-wise, *tipp'd with borne*,) with his shield of hard leather, was borne after him, &c." See also Minshew's Dict. 1617, in v. *Combat*; from which it appears that Nailor on this occasion was introduced to the Judges, with "*three solemn congees*," by a very *reverend* person, "Sir Jerome Bowes, ambassador from Queen Elizabeth into Russia, who carried a red *baston* of an ell long, *tipped with borne*."—In a very ancient law-book entitled *Britton*, the manner in which the combatants are to be armed is particularly mentioned. The quotation from the Sloanian *Mf.* is a translation from thence. By a ridiculous mistake the words, "*sauns lōge arme*," are rendered in the modern translation of that book, printed a few years ago,—"*without linen armour*;" and "*a mains nues & pies*" [bare-handed and bare-footed] is translated, "*and their hands naked, and on foot*." MALONE.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance. Exeunt*².]

² This play may be justly said to contain two of the most sprightly characters that Shakspeare ever drew. The wit, the humourist, the gentleman, and the soldier, are combined in Benedick. It is to be lamented, indeed, that the first and most splendid of these distinctions is disgraced by unnecessary profaneness; for the goodness of his heart is hardly sufficient to atone for the licence of his tongue. The too sarcastic levity, which flashes out in the conversation of Beatrice, may be excused on account of the steadiness and friendship so apparent in her behaviour, when she urges her lover to risque his life by a challenge to Claudio. In the conduct of the fable, however, there is an imperfection similar to that which Dr. Johnson has pointed out in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:—the second contrivance is less ingenious than the first:—or, to speak more plainly, the same incident is become stale by repetition. I wish some other method had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very one which before had been successfully practised on Benedick.

Much ado about Nothing, (as I understand from one of Mr. Vertue's MSS.) formerly passed under the title of Benedick and Beatrix. Hemming the player received, on the 20th of May, 1613, the sum of forty pounds, and twenty pounds more as his majesty's gratuity, for exhibiting six plays at Hampton-Court, among which was this comedy.

STEEVENS.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Persons Represented.

Ferdinand, *King of Navarre.*

Biron, }
Longaville, } *Lords, attending on the King.*

Dumain, }
Boyet, } *Lords, attending on the Princess of France.*

Mercade, }
Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.

Sir Nathaniel, *a Curate.*

Holofernes, *a Schoolmaster.*

Dull, *a Constable.*

Costard, *a Clown.*

Moth, *Page to Armado.*

A Forester.

Princess of France.

Rosaline, }
Maria, } *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*

Catharine, }
Jaquenetta, *a Country Wench.*

Officers, and others, attendants on the King and Princess.

SCENE, Navarre.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST¹.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spight of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath², and keep it too.

¹ I have not hitherto discovered any novel on which this comedy appears to have been founded; and yet the story of it has most of the features of an ancient romance. STEVENS.

Love's Labour's lost I conjecture to have been written in 1594. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.
² — *your deep oath*.] The old copies have—*oaths*. Corrected by Mr. STEVENS. MALONE.

310 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits
[*subscribes.*]

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortify'd;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.
[*subscribes.*]

Bir. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, To live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep³.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Bir. Let me say, no, my liege, an if you please;
I only swore, to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Bir. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—
What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

³ *With all these living in philosophy.*] The style of the rhyming scenes in this play is often entangled and obscure. I know not certainly to what *all these* is to be referred; I suppose he means, that he finds love, pomp, and wealth in philosophy. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.*] That is, to see no ladies, to study, to fast, and not to sleep. MALONE.

Bir.

Bir. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Bir. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:

As thus,—To study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid⁵;

Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,

Where mistresses from common sense are hid:

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Bir. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eye-sight of his look⁶:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that was it blinded by⁷.

⁵ *When I to feast expressly am forbid;*] The old copy has—to fast. This necessary emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁶ ——— *vulgate truth the vulgate*

Doth falsely blind &c.] *Falsely* is here, and in many other places, the same as *dishonestly* or *treacherously*. The whole sense of this gingling declamation is only this, that a man by too close study may read himself blind, which might have been told with less obscurity in fewer words. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,*

And give him light that was it blinded by.] This is another passage unnecessarily obscure: the meaning is, that when he dazzles, that is, has his eye made weak, by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that fairer eye shall be his heed, his direction or lode-star, (See *Midsummer Night's Dream*,) and give him light that was blinded by it. JOHNSON.

The old copies read—it was. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

312 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name².

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding³!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Bir. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Bir. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Bir. Something then in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost¹,

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Bir. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

'Than with a snow in May's new-fangled shows²;

But like of each thing, that in season grows.

² *Too much to know, is to know nought but fame; And every godfather can give a name.*] The consequence, says Biron, of too much knowledge, is not any real solution of doubts, but mere empty reputation. That is, too much knowledge gives only fame, a name, which every godfather can give likewise. JOHNSON.

³ *Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!*] To proceed is an academical term, meaning, to take a degree; as he proceeded bachelor in physick. The sense is, he has taken his degrees on the art of hindering the degrees of others. JOHNSON.

¹ — *sneaping frost,*] So *sneaping winds* in the *Winter's Tale*. To *sneap* is to *chuck*, to *rebuke*. STEEVENS.

² — *May's new-fangled shows;*] Mr. Theobald reads — *new-fangled earth*, in order to rhyme with the last line but one. I rather suspect a line to have been lost after "an abortive birth." — For *an* in that line the old copies have *any*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate³.

King. Well, fit you out *: go home, Biron; adieu!

Bir. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Bir. [*reads.*] Item, *That no woman shall come within
a mile of my court*;—Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Bir. Let's see the penalty. [*reads.*]—*on pain of losing
her tongue.* Who devised this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Bir. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Bir. A dangerous law against gentility⁴!—[*reads.*]
Item, *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the
term of three years, he shall endure such publick shame as the
rest of the court can possibly devise.*—

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King.

³ *Climb o'er the house &c.*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1598,
and much preferable to that of the folio—

That were to climb o'er the house to unlock the gate. MALONE.

* — *fit you out*:] This may mean, *bold you out, continue refractory.*
But I suspect, we should read—*set you out.* MALONE.

⁴ *A dangerous law against gentility*!] This and the four following
lines, which in the old copy are given to Longaville, were properly at-
tributed to Biron by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Gentility, here, does not signify that rank of people called, *gentry*;
but what the French express by, *gentillesse*, i. e. *elegancia, urbanitas.*
And the meaning is this: Such a law for banishing women from the
court, is dangerous, or injurious, to *politeness, urbanity*, and the more

314 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Bir. So study evermore is overshoot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;
She must lie here⁵ on mere necessity.

Bir. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space:
For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might master'd, but by special grace⁶:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name: [*subscribes.*]
And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions⁷ are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation⁸ granted?

King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny⁹:

This
refined pleasures of life. For men without women would turn brutal,
and savage, in their natures and behaviour. THEOBALD.

⁵ *She must lie here—*] To lie in old language is to *sojourn*. MALONE.

⁶ *Not by might master'd, but by special grace:*] Biron, amidst his
extravagancies, speaks with great justness against the folly of vows.
They are made without sufficient regard to the variations of life, and
are therefore broken by some unforeseen necessity. They proceed com-
monly from a presumptuous confidence, and a false estimate of human
power. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Suggestion—*] Temptations. JOHNSON.

⁸ *— quick recreation—*] Lively sport, spritely diversion. JOHNSON.

⁹ *A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:*] This passage, I believe,

This child of fancy¹, that Armado hight²,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate³.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Bas. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

means no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely versed in ceremonial distinctions, one who could distinguish in the most delicate questions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in Shakspeare's time, did not signify, at least did not only signify verbal civility, or phrases of courtesy, but according to its original meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in the same manner, and on the same principles of speech with *accomplishment*. *Complement* is, as Armado well expresses it, *the varnish of a complete man*. JOHNSON.

So, in the title-page to R. Braithwaite's *English Gentlewoman*: "—what ornaments do best adorn her, and what *complements* do best accomplish her." Again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606: "—adorned with the exactest *complements* belonging to everlasting nobleness."

STEEVENS.

¹ This *child of fancy*,] This *fantastick*. The expression, in another sense, has been adopted by Milton in his *L'Allegro*:

"Or sweetest Shakspeare, *Fancy's child*—." MALONE.

² — *that Armado hight*,] Who is called Armado. MALONE.

³ *From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.*] i. e. he shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances, and in their very title. Why he says *from tawny Spain* is, because these romances, being of Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country. Why he says, *lost in the world's debate*, is, because the subject of those romances were the crusades of the European christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa. WARBURTON.

I have suffered this note to hold its place, though Mr. Tyrwhitt has shewn that it is wholly unfounded, because Dr. Warburton refers to it in his dissertation at the end of this play. MALONE.

— *in the world's debate.*] The world seems to be used in a monastick sense by the king, now devoted for a time to a monastick life. *In the world, in seculo*, in the bustle of human affairs, from which we are now happily sequestered, *in the world*, to which the votaries of solitude have no relation. JOHNSON.

Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person⁴?

Bir. This, fellow; What would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough⁵: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Bir. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Coff. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Bir. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having⁶: God grant us patience!

Bir. To hear? or forbear hearing⁷?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Bir. Well, sir, be it as the stile shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Coff. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner⁸.

Bir.

4 — *the duke's own person* ?] Theobald without any necessity reads — *king's* own person. The princess in the next act calls the king — “this virtuous duke;” a word which, in our author's time, seems to have been used with great laxity. And indeed, though this were not the case, such a fellow as Costard may well be supposed ignorant of his true title. MALONE.

5 — *tharborough*:] i. e. *Thirdborough*, a peace officer, alike in authority with a headborough or a constable. SIR J. HAWKINS.

6 *A high hope for a low having*;] The old copies read — *beaven*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, and has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. *Having* is *acquisition*. See Vol. I. p. 253, n. 5. MALONE.

Heaven, however, may be the true reading, in allusion to the gradations of happiness promised by *Mohammed* to his followers. So, in the comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

Oh, how my soul is rapt to a *third beaven*!” STEEVENS.

7 *To hear or forbear hearing* ?] One of the modern editors, plausibly enough reads, — *To hear? or forbear laughing?* MALONE.

8 — *taken* with the manner.] A forenlick term. A thief is said to

Bir. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Bir. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Bir. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—*

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. So it is,—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so^o.

King. Peace.

Cost.—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cost.—of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieged with sable-colour'd melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time, when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is cyleped, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that

be taken with the manner, i. e. *mainour* or *manour*, (for so it is written in our old law-books,) when, he is apprehended with the thing stolen in his possession. The thing that he has taken was called *mainour*, from the Fr. *manier*, manu tractare. MALONE.

9 — but so, so,] The second *so* was added by Sir T. Hanmer, and adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

obliscene

obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place, where, — It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth¹,

Cost. Me.

King.—that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

Cost. Me.

King.—that shallow vassal,

Cost. Still me.

King.—which, as I remember, bight Costard,

Cost. O me!

King.—sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with²—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith.

Cost. With a wench.

King.—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado.

¹ — base minnow of thy mirth,] The base minnow of thy mirth, is the contemptibly little object that contributes to thy entertainment. Shakspeare makes Coriolanus characterise the tribunitian insolence of Sicinius, under the same figure:

“ ——— hear you not

“ This Triton of the minnows?”

Again, in *Howe with you to Saffron Walden* &c. 1596: “ Let him denie that there was another shewe made of the little minnow, his brother”, &c. STREVEN.

² — with—with—] The old copy reads—*which with*. The correction is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

Bir.

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Bir. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cofi. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cofi. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it³.

King. It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cofi. I was taken with none, fir; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaim'd damosel.

Cofi. This was no damosel neither, fir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaim'd, virgin.

Cofi. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, fir.

Cofi. This maid will serve my turn, fir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cofi. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt King, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE.*]

Bir. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—

Sirrah, come on.

Cofi. I suffer for the truth, fir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow!

[*Exeunt.*]

³ I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.] So *Falstaff*, in *K. Henry IV. P. II*: "—it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled with." STEEV.

SCENE II.

Another part of the same. A Room in Armado's House.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, fir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp⁴.

Moth. No, no; O lord, fir, no.

Arm. How can'st thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal⁵?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior?

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time⁶, which we may name tough⁷.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, fir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

4 — *dear imp.*] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell in his last letter to Henry VIII. prays for *the imp his son*. It is now used only in contempt or abhorrence; perhaps in our authour's time it was ambiguous, in which state it suits well with this dialogue.

JOHNSON.

Pistol salutes king Henry V. by the same title. STEEVENS.

5 — *my tender juvenal?*] *Juvenal* is youth, STEEVENS.

6 — *tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time,*] Here and in two speeches above the old copies have *signior*, which appears to have been the old spelling of *senior*. So, in the last scene of *the Comedy of Errors*; edit. 1623: "We will draw cuts for the *signior*; till then, lead thou first." In that play the spelling has been corrected properly by the modern editors, who yet, I know not why, have retained the old spelling in the passage before us. MALONE.

7 — *tough.* *Old and tough, young and tender*, is one of the proverbial phrases collected by Ray. STEEVENS.

Moth.

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Moth. Little pretty, because little : Wherefore apt ?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master ?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What ? that an eel is ingenious ?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers : Thou heat'st my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross'd.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him⁸. [*aside.*]

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told ?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both ; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True,

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study ? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink : and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you⁹.

Arm.

⁸ — crosses love not him.] By crosses he means money. So, in *As you like it*, the Clown says to Celia, " if I should bear you, I should bear no cross." JOHNSON.

⁹ — and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.] Ben Jonson's horse, which play'd many remarkable pranks. Sir Kenelm Digby (*A Treatise of Bodies*, ch. xxxviii. p. 393.) observes, " That his horse would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whisper'd the man's name

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

[*aside.*

Arm. I will hereupon confesse, I am in love: and, as it is bafe for a foldier to love, so am I in love with a bafe wench. If drawing my sword againſt the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take deſire priſoner; and ranſom him to any French courtier for a new deviſed court'ſy. I think ſcorn to ſigh; methinks, I ſhould out-ſwear Cupid. Comfort me, boy; What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, maſter.

Arm. Moſt ſweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, ſweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampſon, maſter: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Sampſon! ſtrong-jointed Sampſon! I do excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt me in

name in his ear; would tell the juſt number of pence in any piece of ſilver coin, newly ſhewed him by his maſter; and even obey preſently his command, in diſcharging himſelf of his excrements, whenſoever he had bade him." GREY.

* See alſo *Cheſtoloros*, or Seven Bookes of Epigrames, written by T. B. [Thomas Baſtard] 1598, lib. III. ep. 17:

"*Of Bankes' Horſe.*

"*Bankes* hath a horſe of wondrous qualitie,

"For he can fight, and piſſe, and daunce, and lie,

"And finde your purſe, and tell what coyne ye have:

"But *Bankes*, who taught your horſe to ſmel a knave?"

Among other exploits of this celebrated beaſt, it is ſaid that he went up to the top of St. Paul's.

Among the entries at Stationers' Hall is the following: Nov. 14, 1595, "A Ballad ſhewing the ſtrange qualities of a young nagg called *Morocco*." STEVENS.

In 1595 was publiſhed a pamphlet entitled *Maroccus extaticus*, or *Bankes' bay horſe in a trance. A diſcourſe ſet downe in a merry dialogue between Bankes and his beaſt: anatomizing ſome abuſes and bad trickes of the age.* &c. Ben Jonſon hints at the unfortunate cataſtrophe of both man and horſe, which, I find, happened at Rome, where to the diſgrace of the age, of the country, and of humanity, they were burnt by order of the pope, for magicians. See *Don Zara del Fogo*, 12mo. 1660, p. 134. REED.

] carrying

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carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four,

Arm. Tell me precisely, of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers¹: but to have

Underneath is a representation of Bankes and his horse, copied from the pamphlet above mentioned.



¹ Green indeed is the colour of lovers:] I do not know whether our
MALONE.
Y 2
author

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have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts², master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing³ cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar⁴?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I

author alludes to "the rare *green eye*," which in his time seems to have been thought a beauty, or to that frequent attendant on love, jealousy, to which in *The Merchant of Venice*, and in *Othello*, he has applied the epithet *green-ey'd*. MALONE.

² *Most maculate thoughts*,—] So the first quarto, 1598. The folio has *immaculate*. To avoid such notes for the future, it may be proper to apprise the reader, that where the reading of the text does not correspond with the folio, without any reason being assigned for the deviation, it is always warranted by the authority of the first quarto.

³ *For blushing*—] The original copy has—*blush in*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ — *the King and the Beggar* ?] See Dr. Percy's *Collection of old Ballads*, in three vols. STEEVENS.

may example my digression⁵ by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard⁶; she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master. [aside.]

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear, till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a-week: For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders,

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

5 — my digression] *Digression* on this occasion signifies the act of going out of the right way. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

"*Digressing* from the valour of a man." STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"my *digression* is so vile, so base,

"That it will live engraven in my face." MALONE.

6 — the rational hind Costard;] The reasoning brute, the animal with some share of reason. STEEVENS.

I have always read *irrational hind*: if *hind* be taken in its *bestial* sense, Armado makes Costard a female. FARMER.

Shakspeare uses it in its *bestial* sense in *Julius Cæsar*, Act I. sc. iii. and as of the masculine gender:

"He were no lion, were not Romans *binds*."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* p. I. sc. iii: "—you are a shallow cowardly *bind*, and you lyc." STEEVENS.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away⁷.

[*Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.*]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt MOTH and COSTARD.*]

Arm. I do affect⁸ the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falshood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsly attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's but-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The

⁷ *Come, &c.*] To this line in the first quarto, and the first folio, *Clo.* by an error of the press is prefixed, instead of *Con.* i. e. Constable or Dull. Mr. Theobald made the necessary correction. MALONE.

⁸ *— affect—*] i. e. love. STEEVENS,

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First and second cause will not serve my turn⁹; the pasado he respects not, the duello he regards not; his disgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer¹. Devise wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the same. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.

Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, CATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boy. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits: Consider who the king your father sends; To whom he sends; and what's his embassy: Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem; To parly with the sole inheritor Of all perfections that a man may owe, Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen. Be now as prodigal of all dear grace, As nature was in making graces dear, When she did starve the general world beside, And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean, Needs not the painted flourish of your praise; Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues²:

I am

⁹ *The first and second cause will not serve my turn;*] See the last act of *As you like it*, with the notes: JOHNSON.

¹ — *sonneteer.*] The old copies read only—*sonnet*. STEEVENS.

The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

² *Beauty is bought by the judgment of the eye, Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.*] So, in our author's 302d Sonnet:

I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
 Than you much willing to be counted wise
 In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
 But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
 You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
 Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
 Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
 No woman may approach his silent court :
 Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,
 Bold of your worthiness we single you
 As our best-moving fair solicitor :
 Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
 On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
 Importunes personal conference with his grace.
 Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,
 Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boy. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [Exit.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
 Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

1. *Lord.* Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man ?

Mar. I know him, madam ; at a marriage feast,
 Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
 Of Jaques Faulconbridge solemnized,
 In Normandy saw I this Longaville :
 A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;

Well

“ That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming

“ The owner's tongue doth publish every where.” MALONE.

Chapman here seems to signify the *seller*, not, as now commonly, the *buyer*. *Cheap* or *cheaping* was anciently the *market* ; *chapman* therefore is *marketman*. The meaning is, that the estimation of beauty depends not on the uttering or proclamation of the seller, but on the eye of the buyer. JOHNS.

3 *A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;*] Thus the folio. The first quarto, 1598, has the line thus :

A man of sovereign peerless he is esteem'd.

I believe, the author wrote

“ A man of,—sovereign, peerless, he's esteem'd.

A man of extraordinary accomplishments, the speaker perhaps would have

Well fitted in the arts ⁴, glorious in arms;
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only foil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any foil,)
Is a sharp wit match'd with ⁵ too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Cath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report, to his great worthiness⁶.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,

have said, but suddenly checks himself; and adds—"sovereign, peerless
he's esteem'd." So, before: "*Matchless* Navarre." Again, in the *Tempest*:

—"but you, O you,
"So perfect, and so peerless are created."

In the old copies no attention seems to have been given to abrupt sentences. They are, almost uniformly printed corruptly, without any mark of abruption. Thus, in *Much ado about nothing*, we find both in the folio and quarto, "—but for the stuffing well, we are all mortal." See p. 220 of this volume. See also p. 21: "Sir, mock me not:—your story." MALONE.

⁴ *Well fitted in the arts.*—] *Well fitted is well qualified.* JOHNSON.
The, which is not in the old copies, was added for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁵ — *match'd with* —] is combined or joined with. JOHNSON.

⁶ *And much too little &c.*] i. e. And my report of the good I saw, is much too little, compared to his great worthiness. HEATH.

The

The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies ! are they all in love ;
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

1. *Lord.* Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord ?

Boy. Navarre had notice of your fair approach ;
And he and his competitors⁷ in oath
Were all address'd⁸ to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

[*The ladies mask.*]

Enter King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and
Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again ; and, welcome
I have not yet : the roof of this court is too high to
be yours ; and welcome to the wide fields too bare to
be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then ; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady ; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord ! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it ; will, and nothing else.

7 — his competitors—[That is, his confederates. See Vol. I. p.
240, n. 7. MALONE.

8 *Were all address'd*—] To *address* is to *prepare*. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ ——— it lifted up its head, and did *address*

itself to motion ” STEEVENS.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping :
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it ⁹ :

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold ;

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*gives a paper.*]

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away ;
For you'll prove perjurd, if you make me stay.

Bir. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

Ref. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

Bir. I know, you did.

Ref. How needless was it then

To ask the question !

Bir. You must not be so quick.

Ref. 'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

Bir. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Ref. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Bir. What time o'day ?

Ref. The hour that fools should ask.

Bir. Now fair befall your mask !

Ref. Fair fall the face it covers !

Bir. And send you many lovers !

Ref. Amen, so you be none.

Bir. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disburfed by my father in his wars.

⁹ *And sin to break it :*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—"Not sin to break it :"
—I believe erroneously. The princess shews an inconvenience very frequently attending rash oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt. JOHNSON.

¹ *Ref. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?*] Thus the folio.
In the first quarto, this dialogue passes between *Catherine* and *Biron*. It is a matter of little consequence. MALONE.

But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,) /
 Receiv'd that sum ; yet there remains unpaid
 A hundred thousand more ; in surety of the which,
 One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
 Although not valued to the money's worth.
 If then the king your father will restore
 But that one half which is unsatisfy'd,
 We will give up our right in Aquitain,
 And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
 But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
 For here he doth demand to have repaid
 An hundred thousand crowns ; and not demands ;
 On payment of a hundred thousand crowns ²,
 To have his title live in Aquitain ;
 Which we much rather had depart withal³,
 And have the money by our father lent,
 Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.
 Dear princess, were not his requests so far
 From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
 A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
 And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
 And wrong the reputation of your name,
 In so unseemingly to confess receipt
 Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it ;
 And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
 Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word :—
 Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
 For such a sum, from special officers
 Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

² On *payment*.—] This is Mr. Theobald's correction. The old copies have—*One payment*. The two words are frequently confounded in the books of our author's age. See a note on *King John*, Act. III. Sc. III. MALONE.

³ — *depart withal*. To *depart* and to *part* were anciently synonymous. So, in *K. John* :

" Hath willingly departed with a part." STEEVENS.

Boy.

Boy. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may,
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:

You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deny'd fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires comfort your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[*Exeunt King and his Train.*]

Bir. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be
glad to see it.

Bir. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Bir. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Bir. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physick says, I⁵.

Bir. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. No, point, with my knife.

Bir. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Bir. I cannot stay thanksgiving.

[*retiring.*]

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word; What lady is that fame?

Boy.

4 *Is the fool sick?*] She means perhaps his heart. So, in *Much ado about nothing*: (ante, p. 220.) "*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a merry heart. *Beat.* Yes, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care." MALONE.

5 *My physick says, I.*] She means to say, *ay*. The old spelling of the affirmative particle has been retained here for the sake of the rhyme.

MALONE.

6 *What lady is that fame?*] It is odd that Shakespeare should make
Dumaine

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Boy. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.

[*Exit DUMAIN.*]

Long. I beseech you, a word; What is she in the white?

Boy. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

Boy. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boy. Her mother's I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard?

Boy. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Faulconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boy. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[*Exit LONG.*]

Bir. What's her name in the cap?

Boy. Catharine, by good hap.

Bir. Is she wedded, or no?

Boy. To her will, sir, or so.

Bir. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

Boy. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit BIRON. Ladies unmask.*]

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boy. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you, to take him at his word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Dumain enquire after *Rosaline*, who was the mistress of *Biron*, and neglect *Catharine*, who was his own. *Biron* behaves in the same manner. No advantage would be gained by an exchange of names, because the last speech is determined to *Biron* by *Maria*, who gives a character of him after he has made his exit. Perhaps all the ladies wore masks but the princess. STEEVENS.

They certainly did. See p. 331, where *Biron* says to *Rosaline*—
“Now fair befall your mask!” MALONE.

[*God's blessing on your beard!*] That is, may'st thou have sense and seriousness more proportionate to thy beard, the length of which suits ill with such ill catches of wit. JOHNSON.

I doubt whether so much meaning was intended to be conveyed by these words. MALONE.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry !

Boy. And wherefore not ships ?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips⁸.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture ; Shall that finish the jest ?

Boy. So you grant pasture for me. [*offering to kiss her.*]

Mar. Not so, gentle beast ;

My lips are no common, though several they be⁹.

Boy. Belonging to whom ?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling : but, gentles, agree :
The civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men ; for here 'tis abused.

Boy. If my observation, (which very seldom lies.)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes¹⁰,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what ?

Boy. With that which we lovers intitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason ?

Boy. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed :

⁸ — *unless we feed on your lips.*] Our author has the same expression in his *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or on dale ;

“ Graze on my lips.” MALONE.

⁹ *My lips are no common, though several they be.*] A play on the word *several*, which, besides its ordinary signification of *separate, distinct*, likewise signifies in unclosed lands, a certain portion of ground appropriated to either corn or meadow, adjoining the *common* field. In Minshew's Dictionary, 1617, is the following article : “ To *sever* from others. Hinc nos pascua et campos seorsim ab aliis seperatos *Severals* dicimus.” In the margin he spells the word as Shakspeare does—*severals*.—Our author is seldom careful that his comparisons should answer on both sides. If *several* be understood in its rustick sense, the adverbative particle stands but awkwardly. To say, that *though* land is *several*, it is not a *common*, seems as unjustifiable as to assert, that *though* a house is a cottage, it is not a palace. MALONE.

¹⁰ *By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,*] So in Daniel's *Complaint of Resamond*, 1594 :

“ Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes ;

“ Dumb eloquence.” MALONE.

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see²,
 Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be ;
 All senses to that sense did make their repair,
 To feel only looking² on fairest of fair :
 Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
 As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;
 Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they were
 glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.
 His face's own margent did quote³ such amazes,
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes :
 I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
 An you give him for my sake but one loving kifs.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion : Boyet is dispos'd—

Boy. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath
 disclos'd :

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
 By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skill-
 fully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of
 him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother ; for her father
 is but grim.

Boy. Do you hear, my mad wenches ?

Mar. No.

Boy. What then, do you see ?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,*] That is, *his tongue being impatiently desirous to see as well as speak.* JOHNSON.

² *To feel only looking—*] Perhaps we may better read :

To feed only by looking. JOHNSON.

³ *His face's own margent did quote &c.*] In our author's time, notes, quotations, &c. were usually printed in the exterior margin of books. So, in *Roméo and Juliet* :

" And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,

" *Plain* written in the margin of his eyes."

Again in *Hamlet* : " I knew you must be edified by the *margent.*"

MALONE.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Another part of the same.**Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. *Concolinel—*¹

[*singing.*

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tendernefs of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him feftinately hither²; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl³?

Arm. How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet⁴, humour it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallow'd love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms cross'd on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting⁵; and keep not too long in one tune, but

¹ *Concolinel*.—] Here is apparently a song lost. JOHNSON.

I have observed in the old comedies, that the songs are frequently omitted. On this occasion the stage-direction is generally—*Here they sing*,—or, *Cantant*. Probably the performer was left to chuse his own ditty, and therefore it could not with propriety be exhibited as part of a new performance. Sometimes yet more was left to the discretion of the ancient comedians, as I learn from the following circumstance in *K. Edward IV.* 2d p. 1619:—"Jockey is led whipping over the stage, speaking some words, but of no importance." Again in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635: "He places all things in order, *singing* with the ends of old ballads as he does it." STEEVENS.

² — *feftinately hither*;] i. e. hastily. Shakspeare uses the adjective *feftinate*, in another of his plays. STEEVENS.

³ — *a French brawl*?] A *brawl* is a kind of dance. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *canary to it with your feet*,] *Canary* was the name of a spritely nimble dance. THEOBALD.

⁵ — *like a man after the old painting*;] It was a common trick among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters, to place the

but a snip and away: These are complements⁶, these are humours; these betray nice wenches—that would be betray'd without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these⁷.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation⁸.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot⁹.

Arm. Call'st thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master, the hobby-horse is but a colt¹, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of representing them, or to disguise their own want of skill to employ them with grace and propriety. STEEV.

⁶ — complements,] i. e. accomplishments. See p. 314, n. 9. MALONE.
⁷ — and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that are most affected to these.] i. e. and make those men who are most affected to such accomplishments, men of note.—Mr. Theobald, without any necessity, reads—and make the men of note, &c. which was, I think, too hastily adopted in the subsequent editions. One of the modern editors, instead of—"do you note, men?" with great probability reads—do you note me? MALONE.

⁸ By my penny of observation.] The old copy reads—pen. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

It is certainly right. The allusion is to the famous old piece, called *A Penniworth of Wit*. FARMER.

⁹ *Arm.* But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.] In the celebration of May-day, besides the sports now used of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dressed up representing Maid Marian; another like a friar; and another rode on a hobby-horse, with bells jingling, and painted streamers. After the reformation took place, and precisians multiplied, these latter rites were looked upon to favour of paganism; and then maid Marian, the friar, and the poor hobby-horse, were turned out of the games. Some who were not so wisely precise, but regretted the disuse of the hobby-horse, no doubt, satirized this suspicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now *Moth.*, hearing *Armado* groan ridiculously, and cry out, *But oh! but oh!*—humourously pieces out his exclamation with the sequel of this epitaph. THEOBALD.

The same line is repeated in *Hamlet*. See the note on Act III. sc. ii.

STEEVENS.

¹ — but a colt,] *Colt* is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow; or sometimes an old fellow with youthful desires. JOHNSON.

Arm.

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master; all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be embassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha; what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal, heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. Minime, honest master, or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

² You are too swift, sir, to say so: The meaning, I believe, is, You do not give yourself time to think, if you say so. Swift, however, means ready at replies. STEEVENS.

Swift is here used, as in other places, synonymously with witty.

FARMER.

So, in *As you like it*: "He is very swift and sententious." Again in *Much ado about nothing*:

"Having so swift and excellent a wit."

On reading the letter which contained an intimation of the Gunpowder-plot in 1605, King James said, that "the style was more quick and pithie than was usual in pasquils and libels." MALONE.

He reputes me a cannon, and the bullet, that's he :—
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [Exit.]

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin³, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard⁴ broken in
a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;
—begin.

Cost. No enigma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*⁵; no salve in the
mul, sir⁶. O sir, plantain, a plain plantain, no *l'envoy*,
no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain¹.

Arm. By virtue, thou enforc'st laughter; thy silly
thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes
me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth
the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word,
l'envoy, for a salve?

³ By thy favour, sweet welkin,] *Welkin* is the sky, to which Armado, with the false dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for sighing in its face. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *Costard broken*—] i. e. a head. STEPHENS.

⁵ — *l'envoy*,] The *l'envoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few concluding verses to each piece, which either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person. It was frequently adopted by the ancient English writers. STEPHENS.

⁶ — *no salve in the mul, sir*] *No salve in the mul* may mean, no salve in the mountebank's budget. JOHNSON.

Male, which is the reading of the old copies, is only the old spelling of *mail*. So, in Faylor the Water-Poets Works, (*Cba after of Barud*) 1630 —“ the clothe-bag of counsel, the cap-case, fardle, pack *male*, of friendly toleration.” The quarto 1598, and the first folio, have —*the male*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MARONE.

I can scarcely think that Shakspeare had so far forgotten his little school-learning, as to suppose that the Latin verb *salve*, and the English substantive, *salve*, had the same pronunciation, and yet, without this, the quibble must be perceived. FARMER.

The same word occurs in *Asiopus*, or the *Jovial Philosopher*, 1630:

“ *Salve*, Master Simplicius.

“ *Salve* me, 'tis but a surgeon's compliment.” STEPHENS.

Moth.

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a false?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said.
I will example it⁷:

The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*: Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose; Would you desire more?

Coff. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat:—

Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither; how did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying, that a *Coffard* was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Coff. True, and I for a plantain; Thus came your argument in:

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market⁸.

⁷ *I will example it:*] This and the following eight lines are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

⁸ *And he ended the market.*] Alluding to the proverb—*Three women and a goose make a market.* *Tre donne et un oca fan un mercato.* Ital. Ray's Proverbs. STEEVENS.

Arm. But tell me ; how was there a Costard broken in a shin ?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth ; I will speak that *l'envoy* :—

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances ;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfranchising thy person ; thou wert immur'd, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true ; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance ; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this : Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta : there is remuneration ; [*giving him money.*] for the best ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow. [Exit.

Moth. Like the sequel, I¹.—Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh ! my inconvy Jew² !— [Exit Moth.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration !

O,

9 — how was there a Costard broken in a shin ?] It has been already observed that the *bead* was anciently called the *Costard*. STEEVENS.

¹ Like the sequel, I.] I follow you as close as the sequel does the premises. HEATH.

Moth alludes to the sequel of any story which follows a preceding part, and was in the old story-books introduced in this manner :—“ Here followeth the sequel of such a story or adventure.” So Hamlet says,—“ But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admonition ? ” MASON.

² — my inconvy, Jew !] *Inconvy* or *kony* in the north signifies, fine, delicate ;—as a *kony* thing, a fine thing. WARBURTON.

Jew, in our author's time, was, for whatever reason, apparently a word of endearment. So, in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ Most brisky jovial, and eke most lovely Jew.” JOHNSON.

In the old comedy called *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602, I meet with this

O, that's the Latin word for three farthings : three farthings—remuneration. *What's the price of this inkle? a penny :—No, I'll give you a remuneration : why, it carries it.—Remuneration !—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.*

Enter BIRON.

Bir. O, my good knave Costard ! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration ?

Bir. What is a remuneration ?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Bir. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship : God be wi' you !

Bir. O, stay, slave ; I must employ thee :
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir ?

Bir. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir : Fare you well.

Bir. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Bir. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Bir. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is
but this ;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,

And in her train there is a gentle lady ;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her
name,

And Rosaline they call her : ask for her ;

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon ; go.

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon ! better than re-
muneration ;

this word. A maid is speaking to her mistress about a gown :—" it makes you have a most inconie body." Again, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633 :

" While I in thy incony lap do tumble." STEEVENS.

muneration; eleven-pence farthing better³: Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print⁴.—Guerdon—remuneration. [Exit.

Bir. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humourous sigh;

A critick; nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This wimpled⁵, whining, purblind, wayward boy;

³ Cost. *Guerdon*,—O sweet *guerdon*! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: &c.] *Guerdon*. i. e. reward.

The following parallel passage in *A Healtb to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving-men, or the Serving-man's Comfort*, &c. 1598, was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer:

"There was, sayth he, a man, (but of what estate, degree, or calling, I will not name, least thereby I might incurre displeasure of anie) that comming to his friendes house, who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there kindly entertained, and well used, as well of his friende the gentleman as of his servantes; one of the sayde servantes doing him some extraordinarie pleasure during his abode there, at his departure he comes unto the sayd servante, and saith unto him, Holde thee, here is a remuneration for thy paynes, which the servante receiving, gave him utterly for it (besides his paynes) thanks, for it was but a *three-farthings* peece: and I holde thanks for the same a small price, howsoever the market goes. Now an other comming to the sayd gentleman's house, it was the foresayd servant's good hap to be neare him at his going away, who calling the servant unto him, say'd, Holde thee, here is a *guerdon* for thy deserts: now the servant payd no dearer for the *guerdon*, than he did for the remuneration; though the *guerdon* was *xix. farthing* better; for it was a *shilling*, and the other but a *three-farthings*."

Whether Shakspeare or the author of this pamphlet was the borrower, cannot be known, till the time when *Love's Labour's Lost* was written, and the date of the earliest edition of *the Serving-man's Comfort*, &c. shall be ascertained by circumstances which are at present beyond our reach. STEEVENS.

4 — in print.] i. e. exactly, with the utmost nicety. STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 127. The expression, as Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tyrwhitt have shown, often occurs in our old English comedies. MALONE.

5 This wimpled.—] The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. Had Shakspeare been acquainted with the *flammeum* of the Romans, or the gem which represents the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, his choice of the epithet would have been much applauded by the advocates in favour of his learning. STEEVENS.

This

This signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid⁶;
Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,

⁶ This signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;] Mr. Theobald says, that some one propoied to him to read—

This senior junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

That is, "this old young man." So, afterwards:

"That was the way to make his godhead wax,

"For he hath been five thousand years a boy."

If the old copies had exhibited *Junior*, I should have had no doubt that the second word in the line was only the old spelling of *senior*, as in a former passage, (p. 320,) and in one in the *Comedy of Errors* quoted below by Mr. Tollet; but as the text appears both in the quarto 1598, and the folio, Cupid is not himself called *signior*, or *senior* Junio, but a giant-dwarf to [that is, attending upon] signior Junio, and therefore we must endeavour to explain the words as they stand. In both these copies *Junio's* is printed in Italicks as a proper name. For the reasons already mentioned, I suppose *signior* here to have been the Italian title of honour, and Cupid to be described as uniting in his person the characters of both a giant, and a dwarf; a giant on account of his power over mankind, and a dwarf on account of his size; [So afterwards: "Of his (Cupid's) *almighty*, dreadful, *little* might."] and as attending in this double capacity on youth, (personified under the name of Signior Junio,) the age in which the passion of love has most dominion over the heart. In characterizing youth by the name of *Junio*, our author may be countenanced by Ovid, who ascribes to the month of June a similar etymology:

Junius a juvenum nomine dictus adest.

Dr. Warburton was likewise of opinion that by *Junio* is meant youth in general. Mr. Upton would read—This signior *Julio's* giant-dwarf;—supposing that our author meant *Julio Romano*, and that that painter had drawn Cupid in the character of a giant-dwarf. But "who (as Mr. Tollet justly observes) will ascertain that *Julio Romano* ever drew Cupid as a giant-dwarf?" MALONE.

In the exaggeration of poetry we might call Cupid a giant-dwarf; but how a giant-dwarf should be represented in painting, I cannot well conceive. MASON.

Shakspeare, in *K. Richard III.* Act IV. sc. iv. uses *signory* for *seniority*; and Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 149, edit. 1614, speaks of Edward the *signior*, i. e. the elder. I can therefore suppose that *signior* here means *senior*, and not the Italian title of honour. Thus in the first folio, at the end of the *Comedy of Errors*:

"S. Dro. Not I, sir, you are my elder.

"E. Dro. That's a question: how shall we try it?

"S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the *signior*. TOLLET.

Dread

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
 Sole imperator, and great general
 Of trotting paritors⁷,—O my little heart !—
 And I to be a corporal of his field⁸,
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop⁹ !
 What ? I ! I love¹ ! I sue ! I seek a wife !
 A woman that is like a German clock,
 Still a repairing² ; ever out of frame ;

And

⁷ *Of trotting paritors,*] An *apparitor*, or *paritor*, is an officer of the bishop's court, who carries out citations : as citations are most frequently issued for fornication, the paritor is put under Cupid's government. JOHNSON.

⁸ *And I to be a corporal of his field,*] Giles Clayton, in his *Martial Discipline*, 1591, has a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field*. Brokeby tells us, that " Mr. Dodwell's father was in an office then known by the name of *corporal of the field*, which he said was equal to that of a captain of horse." FARMER.

It appears from Lord Strafford's *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 199, that a *corporal of the field* was employed as an aid-de-camp is now, " in taking and carrying too and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field." TYRWHITT.

⁹ *And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop !*] The notion is not that the *hoop wears colours*, but that the colours are worn as a *tumbler carries his hoop*, hanging on one shoulder, and falling under the opposite arm. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the *tumbler's hoops* were adorned with their master's colours, or with ribbands. To *wear his colours*, means to wear his *badge or cognisance*, or to be his servant or retainer. So, in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 274 : " All that *wore* the duke's sign, or *colours*, were fain to hide them, conveying them from their necks into their bosome." TOLLET.

It was once a mark of gallantry to wear a *lady's colours*. I am informed by a lady who remembers morris-dancing, that the character who tumbled, always carried his *hoop* dressed out with ribbands, and in the position described by Dr. Johnson. STEEVENS.

¹ *What ? I ! I love !*] The first *I* which is not in the old copies has been supplied by Mr. Tyrwhitt. There is no mistake more common at the press than the omission of a word, when it happens to be repeated in the same line, and the two words join. Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation is supported by the first line of the present speech :

And I forsooth in love ! I, that have been love's whip—

Sir T. Hanmer supplied the metre by repeating the word *What*.

MALONE.

² ——— like a German clock,

Still a repairing ;] The same allusion occurs in *Westward Ho*, by Decker

And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.³ [Exit.

ACT

Decker and Webster, 1607: "—no German Clock, no mathematical engine whatsoever, requires so much reparation, &c."—The following extract is taken from a book called *The Artificial Clock-maker*, 3d edit. 1714: "Clock-making was supposed to have had its beginning in Germany within less than these two hundred years. It is very probable, that our balance-clocks or watches, and some other automata, might have had their beginning there; &c." Again, p. 91.—"Little worth remark is to be found till towards the 16th century; and then clock-work was revived or wholly invented anew in Germany, as is generally thought, because the ancient pieces are of German work."

A skilful watch-maker informs me, that clocks have not been commonly made in England much more than one hundred years backward.

To the inartificial construction of these first pieces of mechanism executed in Germany, we may suppose Shakspeare alludes. The clock at Hampton-Court, which was set up in 1540, (as appears from the inscription affixed to it,) is said to be the first ever fabricated in England.

STEEVENS.

"In some towns in Germany (says Dr. Powel, in his *Human Industry*, 8vo. 1661,) there are very rare and elaborate clocks to be seen in their town-halls, wherein a man may read astronomy, and never look up to the skies.—In the town-hall of Prague there is a clock that shews the annual motions of the sun and moon, the names and numbers of the months, days, and festivals of the whole year, the time of the sun rising and setting throughout the year, the equinoxes, the length of the days and nights, the rising and setting of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, &c.—But the town of Straßburgh carries the bell of all other steeples of Germany in this point." These elaborate clocks were probably often "out of frame." MALONE.

3 — and groan;] And, which is not in either of the authentick copies

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Another part of the same.

Enter the Princess, ROSALINE, MARIA, CATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spur'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boy. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he shew'd a mounting mind:
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass¹, take this for telling true;

[giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

pies of this play, the quarto 1598, and the folio 1623, was added to supply the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ *Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.*] To this line Mr. Theobald extends his second act, not injudiciously, but, without sufficient authority. JOHNSON.

¹ *Here, good my glass,—*] She rewards the forester for having shewn her to herself as in a mirror. STEVENS.

But

But come, the bow :—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot :
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't ;
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes ;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes ;
When, for, fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart :
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill ².

Boy. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty ³
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords ?

Prin. Only for praise : and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the commonwealth ⁴.

Cost. God dig-you-den ⁵ all ! Pray you, which is the
head lady ?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that
have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest ! it is so ; truth is
truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman ? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir ? what's your will ?

² — that my heart means no ill.] i. e. to whom my heart means no ill.
The common phrase suppresses the particle, as I mean him [not to him] no
barm. JOHNSON.

³ — that self-sovereignty—] Not a sovereignty over, but in, them-
selves :—so self-sufficiency, self-consequence, &c. MALONE.

⁴ — a member of the commonwealth.] Here, I believe, is a kind of
jest intended : a member of the common-wealth is put for one of the
common people, one of the meanest. JOHNSON.

⁵ God dig-you-den—] A corruption of—God give you good even
MALONE.
Cost.

360 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon⁶.

Boy. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear:

Break the neck of the wax⁷, and every one give ear.

Boy. [reads.] *By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou artauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustre⁸ king Cophetua⁹ set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, veni, vidi, vici; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O*

6 — Boyet, you can carve;

Break up this capon.] i. e. open this letter.

Our poet uses this metaphor, as the French do their *poulet*; which signifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. THEOBALD.

One of Lord Chesterfield's letters, 8vo. vol. iii. p. 114, gives us the reason why *poulet* means *amatorizæ literæ*. TOLLET.

Henry IV. consulting with Sully about his marriage, says, "my niece of Guise would please me best, notwithstanding the malicious reports, that she loves *poulets* in paper, better than in a *fricassee*."—A message is called a *cold pigeon*, in the letter concerning the entertainments at Killingworth Castle. FARMER.

To break up was a peculiar phrase in carving. PERCY.

7 *Break the neck of the wax,*] Still alluding to the capon. JOHNSON.

8 — *illustrate*] for *illustrus*. It is often used by Chapman in his translation of Homer. STEEVENS.

9 — *king Cophetua*] This story is again alluded to in *Henry IV.*:

"Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof."

But of this king and beggar, the story, then doubtless well known, is, I am afraid, lost. JOHNSON.

The ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*, may be seen in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i. The beggar's name was Penelophon, here corrupted. PERCY.

The poet alludes to this song in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry IV.* 2d part, and *Richard II.* STEEVENS.

base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, *he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw¹ two; overcame, three. Who came? the king? why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's; The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's?—no; on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For titles? titles; For thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.*

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar ²

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever hear better?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the stile.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going w'er it ³ ere-while ⁴.

Boy. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

¹ — saw] The old copies here and in the preceding line have—*see*. Mr. Rowe made the correction. MALONE.

² *Thus dost thou hear &c.*] These six lines appear to be a quotation from some ridiculous poem of that time. WARBURTON.

³ — going o'er it] A pun upon the word *stile*. MUSGRAVE.

⁴ — erewhile.] Just now; a little while ago, JOHNSON.

362 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

A phantasm⁵, a *Monarcho*⁶; and one that makes sport
To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:

Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom should'st thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords,
away⁷.

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exeunt* Princess, and *Train*.]

Boy. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter⁸?

Ros.

⁵ A *phantasm*,] On the books of the Stationers' Company, Feb. 6, 1608, is entered, "A book called *Phantasm*, the *Italian Tayler and his boy*; made by Mr. Armin, servant to his majesty." It probably contains the history of *Monarcho*, of whom Dr. Farmer speaks in the following note, to which I have subjoined an additional instance.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — a *Monarcho* ;] The allusion is to a fantastical character of the time.—"Popular applause (says Meres) doth nourish some, neither do they gape after any other thing, but vaine praise and glorie,—as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about the court." p. 178. FARMER.

In Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1595, I meet with the same allusion:—"but now he was an insulting monarch above *Monarcho* the Italian, that wore crownes in his shoes, and quite renounced his natural English accents and gestures, and wrested himself wholly to the Italian puntillios, &c."

A local allusion employed by a poet like Shakspeare, resembles the mortal steed that drew in the chariot of Achilles. But short services could be expected from either. STEEVENS.

From a pamphlet entitled *A brief discourse of the Spanish state*, &c. 4to. 1590, (quoted by Mr. Reed,) it appears that *Monarcho* figured in London so early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth as the year 1566.

MALONE.

⁷ Come, lords, away.] Perhaps the Princess said rather:—Come, ladies, away. The rest of the scene deserves no care. JOHNSON.

⁸ Who is the shooter?] It should be, Who is the *juitor*?—and this occasions the quibble. "Fintly put on, &c." seem only marginal observations. FARMER.

It appears that *juitor* was anciently pronounced *shooter*. So, in *The Puritan*,

Ros. Shall I teach you to know ?

Boy. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off !

Boy. My lady goes to kill horns ; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on !

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your deer ?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself : come not near.
Finely put on, indeed !—

Puritan, 1607, the maid informs her mistress that some *archers* are come to wait on her. She supposes them to be *fletchers*, or arrow-smiths.

Enter the *futers*, &c.

“ Why do you not see them before you ? are not these *archers*, what do you call them, *shooters* ? *Shooters* and *archers* are all one, I hope.”

STEEVENS.

Wherever Shakspeare uses words equivocally, as in the present instance, he lays his editor under some embarrassment. When he told Ben Jonson he would stand Godfather to his child, “ and give him a dozen *latten* spoons,” if we write the word as I have now done, the conceit, such as it is, is lost, at least does not at once appear ; if we write it *Latin*, it becomes absurd. So, in *Much ado about nothing*, Dogberry says, “ if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne’er weigh more *reasons* in her ballance.” If we write the word thus, the constable’s *equivoque*, poor as it is, is lost, at least to the eye. If we write *raisins*, (between which word and *reasons*, there was, I believe, no difference at that time in pronunciation,) we write nonsense. In the passage before us an equivoque was certainly intended ; the words *shooter* and *sutor* being (as Mr. Steevens has observed) pronounced alike in Shakspeare’s time. So, in *Essays and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners*, by G. M. 1618 : “ The king’s guard are counted the strongest *archers*, but here are better *suitors*.” Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, edit. 1623, (owing probably to the transcriber’s ear having deceived him),—

“ ——— a grief that *suits*

“ My very heart at root—.”

instead of—a grief that *shoots*.

In Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of Queen Elizabeth’s age is yet retained, the word *sutor* is at this day pronounced by the vulgar as if it were written *shooter*. However, I have followed the spelling of the old copy, as it is sufficiently intelligible. •MALONE.

“ And who is your deer ?] Our author has the same play on this word in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act. V. Again, in his *Venus and Adonis* :

“ I’ll be thy park, and thou shalt be my deer.” MALONE.

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boy. But she herself is hit lower : Have I hit her now ?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it ?

Boy. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever¹ of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. *Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it,* [singing.
Thou can'st not hit it, my good man.

Boy. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*

An I cannot, another can. [Exeunt Ros. and CAT.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant ! how both did fit it !

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot ; for they both did hit it.

Boy. A mark ! O, mark but that mark ; A mark, says my lady !

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand ! I'faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout².

Boy. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin³.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, fir ; challenge her to bowl.

¹ — *queen Guinever*] This was king Arthur's queen, not over famous for fidelity to her husband. See the song of the *Boy and the Mantle* in Dr. Percy's collection.—In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, the elder Lovele's addresses Abigail, the old incontinent waiting-woman, by this name. STEEVENS.

² — *the clout*.] The *clout* was the white mark at which archers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail that upheld it. STEEVENS.

³ — *by cleaving the pin*.] Honest Costard might have befriended Dean Myles, whose note on a song in the *Pseudo-Roxley's* ELLA has exposed him to so much ridicule. See his book p. 213. Costard's application of the word *pin* might here lead the Dean to suspect the qualities of the basket. But what has mirth to do with archæology?

Boy. I fear too much rubbing⁴; Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.*]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were,
so fit.

Armato o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan⁵!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will
swear⁶!—

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit!
Ah heavens, it is a most pathetic nit! [*Shouting within.*
Sola, sola! [*Exit COSTARD, running.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter HOLOFERNES⁷, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the
testimony of a good conscience.

Hol.

⁴ *I fear too much rubbing;*] To rub is one of the terms of the bowling-green. Boyet's further meaning needs no comment. MALONE.

⁵ — *to bear her fan!*] See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv. where Nurse asks Peter for her fan. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *a' will swear!*—] A line following this seems to have been lost. MALONE.

⁷ *Enter HOLOFERNES,*] There is very little personal reflection in Shakspeare. Either the virtue of those times, or the candour of our author, has so effected, that his satire is, for the most part, general, and as himself says,

— *his taxing like a wildgoose flies,*
Unclaim'd of any man.

The place before us seems to be an exception. For by Holofernes is designed a particular character, a pedant and schoolmaster of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a small dictionary of that language under the title of *A World of Words*, folio, 1598. From the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that Shakspeare chose for him the name which Rabelais gives to his pedant of Thubal Holoferne. WARBURTON.

I have omitted the passages which Dr. Warburton has quoted from the preface to Florio's Dictionary in support of his hypothesis, because,

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*,—blood⁸; ripe as a pomewater⁹, who now hangeth like a jewel in

though that writer may perhaps have been pointed at, they do not appear to me at all to prove the point. MALONE.

I am not of the learned commentator's opinion, that the satire of Shakspeare is so seldom personal. It is of the nature of personal invectives to be soon unintelligible; and the author that gratifies private malice, *animam in vulnere ponit*, destroys the future efficacy of his own writings, and sacrifices the esteem of succeeding times to the laughter of a day. It is no wonder, therefore, that the sarcasms, which, perhaps, in the author's time, *set the playhouse in a roar*, are now lost among general reflections. Yet whether the character of Holofernes was pointed at any particular man, I am, notwithstanding the plausibility of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, inclined to doubt. Every man adheres as long as he can to his own pre-conceptions. Before I read this note I considered the character of Holofernes as borrowed from the *Rhombus* of Sir Philip Sidney, who, in a kind of pastoral entertainment, exhibited to queen Elizabeth, has introduced a school-master so called, speaking a *leaps of languages at once*, and puzzling himself and his auditors, with a jargon like that of Holofernes in the present play. Sidney himself might bring the character from Italy; for, as Peacham observes, the school-master has long been one of the ridiculous personages in the farces of that country. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton is certainly right in his supposition that *Florio* is meant by the character of *Holofernes*. *Florio* had given the first affront. "The plaies, says he, [in his *Second Frutes*, 4to. 1591,] that they plaie in England, are neither *right comedies*, nor *right tragedies*; but representations of *bisfories* without any decorum."—The scraps of Latin and Italian are transcribed from his works, particularly the proverb about *Venice*, which has been corrupted to much. The *affestation of the letter*, which *argues facilitie*, is likewise a copy of his manner. We meet with much of it in the sonnets to his patrons.

"In Italie your lordship well hath scene

"Their manners, monuments, magnificence,

"Their language learnt, in sound, in stile, in sence,

"Prooving by profit, where you have beene.

"—— To adde to fore-learn'd facultie, *facilitie*."

Mr. Warton informs us in his *Life of Sir Tho. Pope*, that there was an old play of *Holophernes* acted before the princess Elizabeth in the year 1556. FARMER.

The verses above cited are prefixed to Florio's *Dict.* 1598. MALONE.

⁸ — in *sanguis*, *blood*;] The old copies read—*sanguis*, in blood. The transposition was proposed by Mr. Steevens, and is, I think, warranted by the following words, which are arranged in the same manner: "— in the ear of *celo*, the sky," &c. The same expression occurs in *K. Henry VI. P. I.*

"If we be English *deer*, be then in blood." MALONE.

⁹ — as a pomewater,] A species of apple, formerly much esteemed. *Malus Carbonaria*. See *Gemrds' Herbal*, edit. 1597, p. 1273. STEEV.
the

the ear of *cælo*¹,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least; But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head².

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*! O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are,) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he³.

For

¹ — in the ear of *cælo*, &c.] In Florio's Italian Dictionary, *Cielo* is defined "heaven, the sky, firmament, or welkin;" and *terra* is explained thus: "The element called *earth*; anieground, earth, countrie, —land, soile," &c. If there was any edition of this Dictionary prior to the appearance of *Love's Labour's Lost*, this might add some little strength to Dr. Warburton's conjecture, (see p. 365, n. 7.) though it would by no means be decisive; but my edition is dated 1598, (posterior to the exhibition of this play,) and it appears to be the first. MALONE.

² — a buck of the first head.] i. e. a buck five years old. When this animal is in his second year, he is called a *pricket*. MALONE.

³ And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be, (Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.] The length of these lines was no novelty on the English stage. The Moralities afford scenes of the like measure. JOHNS.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool.

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school⁴ :

But *omne bene*, say I ; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men ; Can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet ?

Hol. Dictynna⁵, good man Dull ; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna ?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more ;

And raught not⁶ to five weeks, when he came to five score.
The allusion holds in the exchange⁷.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed ; the collusion holds in the exchange.

This stubborn piece of nonsense, as somebody has called it, wants only a particle, I think, to make it sense. I would read :

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be
(Which we *of* taste and feeling are) for those parts, that do *fructify* in us more than he.

Which in this passage has the force of *as*, according to an idiom of our language, not uncommon, though not strictly grammatical. What follows is still more irregular : for 'ain afraid our poet, for the sake of his rhyme, has put *be for him*, or rather *in him*. If he had been writing prose, he would have expressed his meaning, I believe, more clearly thus—*that do fructify in us more than in him*. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation. Some examples confirming Dr. Johnson's observation may be found at the end of *the Comedy of Errors*. MALONE.

4 *For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool ;*

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school.] The meaning is, to be in a school would as ill become a patch, or low fellow, as folly would become me. JOHNSON.

5 *Dictynna,]* Old Copies—*Dictysima*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

6 *And raught not]* i. e. *reach'd* not. STEEVENS.

7 *The allusion holds in the exchange.]* i. e. the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam, as when you use the name of Cain. WARS.

Hol.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princefs kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have * call'd the deer the princefs kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrillity.

Hol. I will something affect the letter: for it argues facility. *The praiseful princefs⁸ pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;*

Some say, a fore; but not a fore, till now made fore with shooting.

The dogs did yell; put l to fore, then forel jumps from thicket;

Or pricket, fore, or else forel; the people fall a booting.

If fore be fore, then L to fore makes fifty fores; O fore L⁹!
Of one fore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of

* — *I have*—] These words were inserted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁸ *The praiseful princefs*—] This emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. The quarto, 1598, and folio, 1623, read corruptly—*prayful*. MALONE.

The ridicule designed in this passage may not be unhappily illustrated by the alliteration in the following lines of *Ulpian Fulwell*, in his Commemoration of queen Anne Bullayne, which makes part of a collection called *The Flower of Fame*, printed 1575:

“ Whose princely praise hath pearst the pricke,

“ And price of endless fame, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁹ — *O fore L*!] In the old copies—*O forell*. The correction was suggested by Dr. Warburton. The rhyme confirms it. The allusion (as Dr. Warburton observes) is to L being the numeral for fifty.

A deer during his third year is called a forel. MALONE.

occasion : but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you ; and so may my parishioners ; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you : you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mebercle, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction : if their daughters be capable¹, I will put it to them : But, *vir supit, qui pauca loquitur* : a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person².

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* perf-on*. And if one should be pierced, which is the one ?

Cost. Marry, master school-master, he that is likest to a hog'shead.

Hol. Of piercing a hog'shead ! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth ; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine : 'tis pretty ; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter ; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho : I beseech you, read it.

¹ — *if their daughters be capable, &c.*] Of this double entendre, despicable as it is. Mr. Pope and his coadjutors availed themselves, in their unsuccessful comedy called *Three Hours after Marriage*. STEEV.

Capable is used equivocally. One of its senses was *reasonable* ; endowed with a ready capacity to learn. So, in *King Richard III.*

“ O 'tis a parlous boy,

“ Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable*.”

The other wants no explanation. MALONE.

² — *master person.*] Thus the quarto, 1598, and the first folio. The editor of the second folio, not understanding the passage, reads—*parson*, which renders what follows nonsense. *Person*, as Sir William Blackstone observes in his *Commentaries*, is the original and proper term ; *persona* ecclesiæ. So, in *Holirhod*, p. 953, (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's,) “ Jerom was vicar of Stepnic, and Garard was *person* of Honie-lane.” It is here necessary to retain the old spelling. MALONE.

* — *quasi* perf-on.] I believe we should write the word—*perf-one*. The same play on the word *pierce* is put into the mouth of *Faifstuf*. STEEV.

The words *ore* and *or* were, I believe, pronounced nearly alike, at least in some countries, in our author's time ; (see vol. i. p. 122, n. 5.) the quibble, therefore, that Mr. Steevens has noted, may have been intended as the text now stands. In the same style afterwards Moth says, “ Offer'd by a child to an old man, which is *wit old*.” MALONE.

Hol.

*Hol. Fauste, precor gelidâ³ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ
Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may
speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;*

—Vinegia, Vinegia,

Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia⁴.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee
not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under par-

³ *Fauste, precor gelidâ &c.*] Though all the editions concur to give this speech to sir Nathaniel, yet, as Dr. Thirlby ingeniously observed to me, it is evident it must belong to Holofernes. The Curate is employed in reading the letter to himself; and while he is doing so, that the stage may not stand still, Holofernes either pulls out a book, or, repeating some verse by heart from Mantuanus, comments upon the character of that poet. Baptista Spagnolus (surnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth) was a writer of poems, who flourished towards the latter end of the 15th century. THEOBALD.

The *Eclogues* of Mantuanus the Carmelite were translated before the time of Shakspeare, and the Latin printed on the opposite side of the page. STEEVENS.

From a passage in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593, the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus appear to have been a school-book in our author's time: "With the first and second lease he plaies very prettillie, and, in ordinarie terms of extenuating, verdicts *Pierce Pennilesse* for a grammar-school wit; saies, his margine is as deeply learned as *Fauste precor gelidâ*." A translation of Mantuanus by George Turberville was printed in 8vo. in 1567. MALONE.

⁴ *—Vinegia, Vinegia,*

Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.] Our author is applying the praises of Mantuanus to a common proverbial sentence, said of Venice. *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* O Venice, Venice, he who has never seen thee, has thee not in esteem. THEOBALD.

The proverb stands thus in Howell's *Letters*, book i. sect. 1. l. 36.

Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,

Ma chi t' ha troppo veduto, te dispregia.

Venice, Venice, none thee unseen can prize;

Who thee hath seen too much, will thee despise.

The players in their edition, have thus printed the first line:

"Vemchie, vencha, que non te unde, que non te perreche." STEEVENS.

The editors of the first folio here, as in many other instances, implicitly copied the preceding quarto. The text was corrected by Mr. Theobald.

Our author, I believe, found this Italian proverb in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 4to. 1591, where it stands thus:

"Venetia, chi non ti vede, non ti pretia;

"Ma chi ti vede, bengli costa." MALONE.

don,

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don, fir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, fir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forsworn⁵, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder:
(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;)
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet fire⁶.
Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratify'd⁷; but, for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poetry, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the

⁵ *If love make me forsworn, &c.*] These verses are printed with some variations in a book entitled the *Passionate Pilgrim*, 8vo. 1599. MALONE.

⁶ — thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is musick and sweet fire.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— his voice was *propertied*

“ As all the *tuned spheres*, and that to friends;

“ But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,

“ He was *asrattling thunder*.” MALONE.

⁷ *Here are only numbers ratify'd;*] These words and the following lines of this speech, which in the old copy are given to Sir Nathaniel, were rightly attributed to Holofernes by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse⁸ his rider. But, damofella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron⁹, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing¹ to the person written unto:

Your Ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarry'd.—Trip and go, my sweet²; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Havewith thee, my girl. [*Exeunt COST. and JAQ.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

⁸ —[the tired horse] was the horse adorned with ribbands,—the famous *Bankes's horse*, so often alluded to. Lilly, in his *Mother Bomby*, brings in a *Hackneyman* and Mr. *Halfpenny* at cross-purposes with this word: "Why didst thou boare the horse through the eares?" "—It was for tiring." "He would never tire," replies the other. FARMER.

Again, in *What you will*, by Marston, 1607:

"My love hath tyr'd some fidler like Albano." MALONE.

⁹ *Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron,*] Shakspeare forgot himself in this passage. Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had said just before that the letter had been "sent to her from Don Armatho, and given to her by Costard." MASON.

¹ —[writing] Old Copies—written. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The first five lines of this speech were restored to the right owner by Mr. Theobald. Instead of *Sir Nathaniel*, the old copies have—*Sir Holofernes*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

² Trip and go, my sweet;] Perhaps originally the burthen of a song. So, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, by T. Nashe, 1600:

"Trip and go, heave and hoe,

"Up and down, to and fro.—" MALONE.

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours³. But, to return to the verses; Did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast⁴, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. —Sir, [*to Dull.*] I do invite you too; you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba*. Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of the same.

Enter BIRON, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch⁵; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; if faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it

³ — *colourable colours.*] That is, specious, or fair seeming appearances. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *before repast,*] Thus the quarto, 1598. Folio—*being repast.*

MALONE.

⁵ *I am toiling in a pitch,*] Alluding to lady Rosaline's complexion, who is through the whole play represented as a black beauty. JOHNSON.

hath

hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*gets up into a tree.*]

Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Ah me!

Bir. [*aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I'faith secrets.—

King. [*reads.*] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows⁶:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?*

[*steps aside.*]

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Bir. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear! [*aside.*]

⁶ *The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:*] This phrase, however quaint, is the poet's own. He means, *the dew that nightly flows down his cheeks.* Shakspeare, in one of his other plays, uses *night of dew* for *dewy night*, but I cannot at present recollect, in which.

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Bir. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.⁷ [*aside.*]

King. In love, I hope⁸; Sweet fellowship in shame!

Bir. One drunkard loves another of the name. [*aside.*]

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so? [*aside.*]

Bir. I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know: [*aside.*]

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move:
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Bir. O, rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his sloop.⁹ [*aside.*]

Long. This same shall go.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye [*reads.*

(Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,)

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

If

⁷ — he comes in like a perjure, &c.] The punishment of perjury is to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime. JOHNSON.

⁸ In love, I hope; &c.] In the old copy this line is given to Longaville. The present regulation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁹ O, rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his sloop.] I suppose this alludes to the usual tawdry dress of Cupid, when he appeared on the stage. In an old translation of Casa's *Galates* is this precept: "Thou must wear no garments, that be over much daubed with garding: that men may not say, thou hast *Ganimedes* hosen, or *Cupides* doublet." FARMER.

Slops are large and wide-kneed breeches, the garb in fashion in our author's time. THEOBALD.

*If by me broke, What fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?*

Bir. [aside.] This is the liver vein², which makes flesh
a deity;

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.

[stepping aside.]

Bir. [aside.] All hid, all hid³, an old infant play;
Like a demy-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;
Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish⁴!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Bir. O most prophane coxcomb! *[aside.]*

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Bir. By earth she is not, corporal; there you lie⁵. *[aside.]*

The old copy reads—*shop*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Guards* have been already explained. See p. 66, n. 4. MALONE.

¹ *To lose an oath to win a paradise?* The *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, in which this sonnet is also found, reads—*To break an oath*. But the opposition between *lose* and *win* is much in our author's manner.

MALONE.

² — *the liver vein*,] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. JOHNSON.

³ *All hid, all hid*,] The children's cry at *bide and seek*. MUSGRAVE.

⁴ — *four woodcocks in a dish*.] A woodcock was a proverbial term for a silly fellow. See p. 290, n. 6. MALONE.

⁵ *By earth she is not, corporal; there you lie*.] Mr. Theobald says that Dumain had no post in the army, and therefore reads—*she is but corporal*, understanding the latter word in the sense of *corporeal*: but it should be remembered that Biron in a former scene, when he perceives that he is in love, exclaims—

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours——!

Why then may he not in jest apply that appellation to another, which he has already given to himself? He only means by the title, that Dumain is one of Cupid's *Aid-du-camps*, as well as himself.

If *corporal* is to be considered as an adjective, Theobald's emendation appears to me to be absolutely necessary. MALONE.

Dum.

378 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted⁶.

Bir. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*aside.*]

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Bir. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child.

[*aside.*]

Dum. As fair as day.

Bir. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

[*aside.*]

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

[*aside.*]

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

[*aside.*]

Bir. Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?

[*aside.*]

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood⁷, and will remember'd be.

Bir. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in sawcers; Sweet misprision! [*aside.*]

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Bir. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*aside.*]

Dum. On a day, (*alack the day!*)

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spy'd a blossom, passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air:

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, 'gan passage find⁸;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

⁶ — for foul have amber quoted.] Quoted here, I think, signifies, marked, written down. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"He's quoted for a most perfidious slave."

The word in the old copies is *coted*; but that (as Dr. Johnson has observed, in the last scene of this play,) is only the old spelling of *quoted*, owing to the transcriber's trusting to his ear, and following the pronunciation. To *cote* is elsewhere used by our author, with the signification of *overtake*, but that will by no means suit here. MALONE.

⁷ — but a fever she

Reigns in my blood,] So, in *Hamlet*:

"For, like the hectic, in my blood he rages." STEEVENS.

⁸ — 'gan passage find;] The quarto, 1598, and the first folio, have — *can*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In the line next but one, *Wish* (the reading of the old copies) was corrected by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

Air.

*Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But alack, my hand is sworn⁹,
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn¹ :
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet ;
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee :
 Thou for whom Jove would swear²,
 Juno but an Ethiop were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.—*

This will I send, and something else more plain,
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain³.
 O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
 Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill,
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note ;
 For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, [advancing.] thy love is far from charity,
 That in love's grief desir'st society :
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
 To be o'er-heard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, [advancing.] you blush ; as his, your
 case is such ;
 You chide at him, offending twice as much :
 You do not love Maria ; Longaville
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile ;
 No never lay his wreathed arms athwart
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.

9 — *my hand is sworn,*] A copy of this sonnet is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1614, and reads :

“ But, alas ! my hand bath sworn.”

It is likewise printed as Shakspere's, in *Jaggard's Collection*, 1599.

STEEVENS.

1 — *from thy thorn :*] So Mr. Pope. The original copy reads *throne*.

MALONE.

2 — *Jove would swear,*] *Swear* is here used as a dissyllable. Mr. Pope, not attending to this, reads—*sw'n*] *ove*—, which has been enadopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

3 — *my true love's fasting pain.*] *Fasting* is *longing, hungry, wanting*. JOHNSON.

I have been closely shrowded in this bush,
 And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush;
 I heard your guilty rhimes, observ'd your fashion;
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
 Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
 One, her hairs were gold⁴, crystal the other's eyes:
 You would for paradise break faith and troth; [*to Long.*
 And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
 [*to Dumain.*

What will Birón say, when that he shall hear
 Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
 How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,
 I would not have him know so much by me.

Bir. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.— [*descends.*
 Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:
 Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
 These worms for loving, that are most in love?
 Your eyes do make no coaches⁶; in your tears
 There is no certain princess that appears:
 You'll not be perjurd, 'tis a hateful thing;
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
 But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?
 You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
 But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!

4 *One, her hairs*—] The folio reads—*On her hairs &c.* I some years ago conjectured that we should read, *One, her hairs were gold, &c.* i. e. *the hairs of one of the ladies were of the colour of gold, and the eyes of the other as clear as crystal.* The king is speaking of the panegyrics pronounced by the two lovers on their mistresses. On examining the first quarto, 1598, I have found my conjecture confirmed; for so it reads. *One* and *on* are frequently confounded in the old copies of our author's plays. See a note on *K. John*, Act III. sc. iii. MALONE.

⁵ — *which such zeal did swear?*] See p. 379. n. 2. MALONE.

⁶ *Your eyes do make no coaches;*] Alluding to a passage in the king's sonnet:

“No drop but as a coach doth carry thee.” STEEVENS.
 The old copy has—*couches.* Mr. Pope corrected it. MALONE.

O me,

O me, with what strict patience have I fat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat? !
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critick Timon laugh at idle toys? !
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Bir. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you;
I that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like men, of strange inconstancy?.

When

7 *To see a king transformed to a gnat !]* Alluding to the singing of that insect, suggested by the poetry the king had been detected in.

HEATH.

Mr. Tollett seems to think it contains an allusion to St. Matthew, ch. xxiii. v. 24. where the metaphorical term of a *gnat* means a thing of least importance, or what is proverbially small. The smallness of a *gnat* is likewise mentioned in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald and the succeeding editors read—to a *knot*. MALONE.

A *knot* is, I believe, a true lover's *knot*, meaning that the king

—— lay'd his wreathed arms athwart

His loving bosom—

so long, i. e. remained so long in the lover's posture, that he seemed actually transformed into a *knot*. The word *fat* is in some counties pronounced *for*. This may account for the seeming want of exact rhyme. In the *Tempest* the same thought occurs:

“ —— sitting,

“ His arms in this sad *knot*.” STEEVENS.

8 — critick *Timon*—] *Critic* and *critical* are used by our author in the same sense as *cynic* and *cynical*. Jago, speaking of the fair sex as harshly as is sometimes the practice of Dr. Warburton, declares he is *nothing if not critical*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's observation is supported by our author's 112th Sonnet:

“ —— my adder's sense

“ To critick and to flatterer stopped are.” MALONE.

9 *With men like men, of strange inconstancy.*] Thus the old copies. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *With wane-like men*. The following pas-

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
 Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
 A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft; Whither away so fast?
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Bir. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God blefs the king! [*offers him a paper.*]

King. What present haft thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, fir.

fage in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. adds some support to his conjecture:

“Look, as I blow this *feather* from my face,

“And as the air blows it to me again,

“Obeying with my *wind* when I do blow,

“And yielding to another when it blows,

“Commanded always by the greater gust;

“*Such is the lightness of your common men.*”

Mr. Mason, whose remarks on our author's plays have just reached my hands, proposes, with great acuteness, to read

With *moon-like* men, of strange inconstancy.

So Juliet:

“O swear not by the moon, the *inconstant* moon.”

Again, more appositely, in *As you like it*: “—I being but a *moonish* youth, changeable,”—*inconstant*, &c.

Dr. Johnson thinks the poet might have meant—“*With men like common men.*” So also Mr. Heath: “With men of strange inconstancy, as men in general are.”

Strange, which is not in the quarto or first folio, was added by the editor of the second folio, and consequently any other word as well as that may have been the author's; for all the additions in that copy were manifestly arbitrary, and are generally injudicious. MALONE.

I believe the emendation [*vane-like*] is proper. So, in *Much ado about nothing*:

“If speaking, why a *vane* blown with all winds.” STEEVENS.

¹ *In pruning me?*] A bird is said to *prune* himself when he picks and sleeks his feathers. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I:

“Which makes him *prune* himself, and bristle up

“The crest of youth.” STEEVENS.

King.

- King.* If it mar nothing neither,
 'The treason, and you, go in peace away together.
Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
 Our parson * misdoubts it; 'twas treason he said.
King. Biron, read it over.— [*giving him the letter.*]
 Where hadst thou it?
Jaq. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Bir. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's
 hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name,
 [*picks up the pieces,*
Bir. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, [*to Cost.*] you were
 born to do me shame.—
 Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.
King. What?
Bir. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up
 the mess:
 He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
 Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
 O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Bir. 'True, true; we are four:—
 Will these turtles be gone?
King. Hence, firs; away.
Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.
 [*Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.*]
Bir. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!
 As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
 The sea will ebb and flow, heaven shew his face;
 Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
 We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
 Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

* Our parson—] Here, as in a former instance, (see p. 370,) in the authentick copies of this play, this word is spelt *person*; but there being no reason for adhering here to the old spelling, the modern, in conformity to the rule generally observed in this edition, is preferred. MALONE.

384 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some love of thine?

Bir. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breath?
What peremptory eagle-fighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending star², scarce seen a light.

Bir. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birón³:

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;

Where several worthies make one dignity;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—

Fye, painted rhetorick! O, she needs it not:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs⁴;

She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.

² *My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,
She, an attending star,—]*

—— Micat inter omnes

Julium sidus, velut inter ignes

Luna minores. HOR. MALONE.

Something like this is a stanza of Sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the insertion:

You meaner beauties of the night,

That poorly satisfy our eyes

More by your number than your light,

You common people of the skies,

What are you when the sun shall rise? JOHNSON.

³ *My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birón:]* Here, and indeed throughout this play, the name of Birón is accented on the second syllable. In the first quarto, 1598, and the folio 1623, he is always called *Berowne*. From the line before us it appears, that in our author's time the name was pronounced *Biroon*. MALONE.

⁴ *To things of sale a seller's praise belongs:]* So in our author's 21st Sonnet:

“I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.” MALONE.

A wither'd

A wither'd hermit, five score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O 'tis the sun that maketh all thing's shine!
King. By heaven thy love is black as ebony.
Bir. Is ebony like her? O wood divine⁵!

A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night⁶;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well⁷.

Bir. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair⁸,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her

5 — *O wood divine!*] The old copies read—*O word*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's; and has been adopted by the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

6 — Black is the badge of hell,
— the scowl of night,] This is Dr. Warburton's emendation.
Old copies—*school*. In our author's 148th sonnet we have

"Who art as black as bell, as dark as night." MALONE.
7 *And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.*] *Crest* is here properly opposed to *badge*. *Black*, says the king, is the *badge of hell*, but that which graces the heaven is *the crest of beauty*. *Black* darkens hell, and is therefore hateful: *white* adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely. JOHNSON.
And beauty's *crest* becomes the heavens well,] i. e. the very *top*, the *height* of beauty, or the utmost degree of fairness, becomes the heavens. So the word *crest* is explained by the poet himself in *King John*:

"—— This is the very *top*,

"The *height*, the *crest*, or *crest* unto the *crest*

"Of murder's arms."

In heraldry, a *crest* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakspeare therefore assumes the liberty to use it in a sense equivalent to *top* or *utmost height*, as he has used *spire* in *Coriolanus*:

"— to the *spire* and top of praises vouch'd." TOLLET.

8 — and *usurping hair*,] *And*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. *Usurping hair* alludes to the fashion, which prevailed among ladies in our author's time, of

Her favour turns the fashion of the days ;

For native blood is counted painting now ;
And therefore red that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack. —

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Bir. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did ; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Bir. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love : my foot and her face see.
[*Shewing his shoe.*]

Bir. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread !

Dum. O vile ! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this ? Are we not all in love ?

Bir. O nothing so sure ; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat ; and, good Birón, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there ;—some flattery for this evil.

Long. O some authority how to proceed ;

Some tricks, some quilllets⁹, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Bir. O, 'tis more than need !—

wearing false hair, or *periwigs*, as they were then called, before that kind of covering for the head was worn by men. See Vol. I. p. 176, n. 8 ; and V l. III. p. 57, n. 9. The sentiments here uttered by Birón may be found, in nearly the same words, in our author's 127th Sonnet.

MALONE.

⁹ — *some quilllets*,—] *Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. I imagine the original to be this. In the French pleadings, every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer, began with the words *qu'il est* ;—from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to signify a false charge or an evasive answer.

WARBURTON.

Have

Have at you then, affection's men at arms¹ :
 Consider, what you first did swear unto ;—
 To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman ;—
 Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
 Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young :
 And abstinence engenders maladies.
 And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
 In that each of you hath forsworn² his book :
 Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look ?
 For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
 Have found the ground of study's excellence,
 Without the beauty of a woman's face ?
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive ;
 They are the ground, the books, the academe's,
 From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
 Why, universal plodding prisons up³
 The nimble spirits in the arteries⁴ ;
 As motion, and long-during action, tires
 The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes ;
 And study too the causer of your vow :
 For where is any author in the world,
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye⁵ ?
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
 And where we are, our learning likewise is.

¹ — affection's men at arms :] *A man at arms* is a soldier armed at all points, both offensively and defensively. It is no more than, *Ye soldiers of affection*. JOHNSON.

² — hath forsworn—] Old Copies—*have*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

³ — prisons up—] The quarto 1598, and the folio 1623, read—*poisons up*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. A passage in *King John* may add some support to it :

“ Or, if that surly spirit, melancholy,

“ Had bak'd thy blood, and made it *heavy, thick,*

“ Which else *runs tickling up and down the veins, &c.*” MALONE.

⁴ *The nimble spirits in the arteries ;*] In the old system of physic they gave the same office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves ; as appears from the name, which is derived from *ἀρτηρα τριπετήρ*. WARBURTON.

⁵ *Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?*] i. e. a lady's eyes give a fuller notion of beauty than any authour. JOHNSON.

Then

Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
 Do we not likewise see our learning there?
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords;
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books⁶;
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
 In leaden contemplation, have found out
 Such fiery numbers⁷, as the prompting eyes
 Of beauteous tutors^{*} have enrich'd you with?
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
 And therefore finding barren practisers,
 Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil:
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the brain;
 But with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power;
 And gives to every power a double power,
 Above their functions and their offices:
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd⁸;
 Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;

⁶ — our books;] i. e. our true books, from which we derive most information;—the eyes of women. MALONE.

⁷ In leaden contemplation have found out

Such fiery numbers—] Numbers are, in this passage, nothing more than poetical measures. Could you, says Biron, by solitary contemplation, have attained such poetical fire, such spritely numbers, as have been prompt'd by the eyes of beauty? JOHNSON.

^{*} Of beauteous tutors—] Old Copies—*beauty's*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

⁸ — the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:] i. e. a lover in pursuit of his mistress has his sense of hearing quicker than a thief (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey. WARBURTON.

"The suspicious head of theft" is the head suspicious of theft. "He watche like one that fears robbing," says Speed, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.^{*} This transposition of the adjective is sometimes met with. Grimme tells us, in *Damon and Pythias*:

"A beavy pouch with golde makes a light hart." FARMER.

I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation, in support of which Mr. Mason observes, that "the thief is as watchful on his part as the person who fears to be robbed; and Biron poetically makes theft a person."

MALONE.

Love's

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :
 For valour, is not love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
 Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet, and musical,
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ¹ ;
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony ².

Never

⁹ *Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?*] The *Hesperides* were the daughters of Hesperus, who, according to some writers, were possessed of those golden apples which Hercules carried away, though they were guarded by a dragon. More ancient mythologists suppose them to have been possessed of some very beautiful sheep. Our author had heard or read of "the gardens of the Hesperides," and seems to have thought that the latter word, was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept ; as we say, the gardens of the *Tuilleries*, &c. MALONE.

¹ *As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;*] These words are to be taken in their literal sense ; and, in the stile of Italian imagery, the thought is highly elegant. The very same sort of conception occurs in Lilly's *Mydas*, [1592] Act. IV. sc. i. Pan tells Apollo, "Had thy lute been of laurel, and the strings of Daphne's hair, thy tunes might have been compared to my notes." T. WARTON.

The same thought occurs in *How to chuse a good wife from a bad*, 1608:

"Hath he not torn those gold wires from thy head,

"Wherewith Apollo would have strung his harp,

"And kept them to play musick to the gods." STEEVENS.

² *And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods*

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.] The old copies read —*make*. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. More correct writers than Shakspeare often fall into this inaccuracy when a noun of multitude has preceded the verb. In a former part of this speech the same error occurs: "—each of you *have* forsworn—." MALONE.

The meaning is, whenever love speaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert. HEATH.

When Love speaks, (says Biron) the assembled gods reduce the element of the sky to a calm, by their harmonious applauses of this favoured orator.

STEEVENS.

Few passages have been more canvassed than this. I believe it wants no alteration of the words, but only of the pointing :

And, when love speaks, (the voice of all,) the gods

Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Love, I apprehend, is called the *voice of all*, as gold, in *Timon*, is said to *speak with every tongue* ; and the gods (being drowsy themselves with the harmony) are supposed to make heaven drowsy. If one could possibly suspect Shakspeare of having read *Pindar*, one should say, that the idea of music making the hearers drowsy, was borrowed from the first Pythian.

TYRWHITT.

Perhaps

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs ;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive³ :
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That shew, contain, and nourish all the world ;
 Else, none at all in aught proves excellent :
 Then fools you were, these women to forswear ;
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;

Perhaps here is an accidental transposition. We may read, as, I think, some one has proposed before ;

—— the voice *makes* all the gods
Of heaven drowly with the harmony." FARMER.

That harmony had the power to make the hearers drowly, the present commentator might infer from the effect it usually produces on himself. In *Cymbia's Revenge*, 1613, however, is an instance which should weigh more with the reader :

" Howl forth some ditty, that vast hell may ring

" With charms all-potent, earth *asleep* to bring."

Again, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* :

" —— music call, and strike more dead

" Than common *sleep*, of all these five the sense." STEEVENS.

So also in *K. Henry IV. P. II* :

— softly, pray ;

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,

Unless some *dull* and favourable hand

Will whisper *musick* to my wearied spirit."

Again, in *Pericles*, 1609 :

Most *heavenly musick* !

It nips me into listening, and *thick slumber*

Flangs on mine eyes ; let me rest." MALONE.

³ *From women's eyes this doctrine I derive* :] In this speech I suspect a more than common instance of the inaccuracy of the first publishers :

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive,

and several other lines, are as unnecessarily repeated. Dr. Warburton was aware of this, and omitted two verses, which Dr. Johnson has since inserted. Perhaps the players printed from piece-meal parts, or retained what the author had rejected, as well as what had undergone his revision. It is here given according to the regulation of the old copies. STEEV.

Biron repeats the principal topicks of his argument, as preachers do their text, in order to recall the attention of the auditors to the subject of their discourse. MASON.

Or

Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men⁴;
 Or for men's sake, the authors * of these women;
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
 It is religion, to be thus forsworn:
 For charity itself fulfils the law;
 And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Bir. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords:
 Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
 In conflict that you get the fun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
 Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Bir. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
 Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
 Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
 Fore-run fair Love⁵, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
 That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

4 — a word that loves all men;] i. e. that is pleasing to all men. So, in the language of our author's time,—it *likes me* well, for it *pleases me*. Shakspeare uses the word thus licentiously, merely for the sake of the antithesis. *Men* in the following line are with sufficient propriety said to be authors of women, and these again of men, the aid of both being necessary to the continuance of human kind. There is surely, therefore, no need of any of the alterations that have been proposed to be made in these lines. MALONE.

I think no alteration should be admitted in these four lines, that destroys the artificial structure of them, in which, as has been observed by the author of the *Revisal*, the word which terminates every line, is prefixed to the word *sake* in that immediately following. TOULIER.

* — the authors—] Old Copies—*author*. The emendation was suggested by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

5 *Fore-run fair Love*,] i. e. Venus. So, in *Anthony and Cleopatra*:

“Now for the love of *Love*, and *her* soft hours—” MALONE.

Bir.

Bir. Allons ! allons !—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn⁶ ;
 And justice always whirls in equal measure :
 Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;
 If so, our copper buys no better treasure⁷. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Another part of the same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

*Hol. Satis quod sufficit*⁸.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir : your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious⁹ ; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection¹, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange with-

⁶ — *sow'd cockle reap'd no corn* ;] This proverbial expression intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falsehood. The following lines lead us to this sense. *WARBURTON.*

Dr. Warburton's first interpretation of this passage, which is preserved in *Mr. Theobald's* edition,—“ if we don't take the proper measures for winning these ladies, we shall never achieve them,”—is undoubtedly the true one. *HEATH.*

Mr. Edwards, however, approves of *Dr. Warburton's* second thoughts. *MALONE.*

⁷ Here *Mr. Theobald* ends the third act. *JOHNSON.*

⁸ *Satis quod sufficit.*] i. e. Enough's as good as a feast. *STEEVENS.*

⁹ *Your reasons at dinner have been &c.*] I know not well what degree of respect *Shakspeare* intends to obtain for this vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to this character of the schoolmaster's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of *Castiglione* will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited.

It may be proper just to note, that *reason* here, and in many other places, signifies *discourse* ; and that *audacious* is used in a good sense for *spirited, animated, confident*. *Opinion* is the same with *obstinacy* or *opiniatreté*. *JOHNSON.*

So, again in this play :

“ Yet fear not thou, but speak *audaciously*.” *STEEVENS.*

¹ — *without affection*,] i. e. without affectation. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ No matter that might indite the author of *affection*.”

So, in *Twelfth Night*, *Malvolio* is call'd “ an *affection'd* ass.” *STEEV.*

out heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed², his eye ambitions, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraasonical³. He is too picked⁴, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*takes out his table-book.*]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms*, such insociable and point-devise⁵ companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, doubt, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable⁶, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie⁷; *Ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantick, lunatick.

Nath. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

2 — *his tongue filed,*] Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser, are frequent in their use of this phrase. Ben Jonson has it likewise. STEEVENS.

3 — *thraasonical.*] The use of the word *thraasonical* is no argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakspeare's time. FARMER.

4 — *too picked,*] i. e. nicely dressed. The substantive *pickedness* is used by Ben Jonson for *nicety in dress*. Discoveries, vol. vii. p. 116 — “too much *pickedness* is not manly.” TYRWHITT.

Again, in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593: “—he might have showed a *picked* effeminate carpet knight, under the fictionate person of Hermaphroditus.” MALONE.

* — *su. b. fanatical phantasms,*] See p. 362, n. 5. MALONE.

5 — *point-devise*—] A French expression for the utmost, or finical exactness. STEEVENS.

6 — *abominable,*] So the word is constantly spelt in the old manuscripts and other antiquated books. STEEVENS.

7 — *it insinuateth me of insanie;*] The old copies read—*insamie*. This emendation, as well as that in the next speech, (*bone*, instead of *bene*;) is Mr. Theobald's. Dr. Farmer with great probability proposes to read—it insinuateth *men* of insanie. MALONE.

Insanie appears to have been a word anciently used. STEEVENS.

Hol.

Hol. Bone?—bone, for *benè*: *Priscian*² a little scratch'd; 'twill ferve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. Videſne quis venit?

Hol. Video & gaudeo.

Arm. Chirra!

[*to Moth.*

Hol. Where Chirra, not firrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military fir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [*to Costard aside.*

*Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words*⁹! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*¹: thou art easier swallow'd than a flap-dragon².

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

*Arm. Monsieur, [*to Hol.*] are you not letter'd?*

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:—What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

*Moth. The third of the five vowels*³, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

² *Bone?*—bone for *benè*: *Priscian* a little scratch'd;—] *Diminuis Prisciani caput*—is applied to such as speak false Latin. THEOBALD.

This passage, which in the old copies is very corrupt, was amended by the commentator above mentioned. MALONE.

⁹ — the alms-basket of words!] i. e. the refuse of words. STEEV.

The refuse meat of families was put into a *basket* in our author's time, and given to the poor. So, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: "Take away the table, fould up the cloth, and put all those pieces of broken meat into a *basket* for the poor." MALONE.

¹ *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*:] This word, whenceſoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longest word known. JOHNSON.

² — a flap-dragon.] A *flap-dragon* is a small inflammable substance, which toperſ swallow in a glaſs of wine. See a note on *K. Henry IV.* Part II. Act. II. ſc. ult. STEEVENS.

³ *The third of the five vowels,*—] The old copies read—the *laſt*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

Arm.

Hol. I will repeat them; a e, i,—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u⁴.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit⁵: snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*⁶; A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou should'st have it to buy ginger-bread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father would'st thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house⁷ on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the

⁴ — the other two concludes it; o, u.] By o, u, *Moth* would mean *Ob you*; i. e. you are the sheep still, either way; no matter which of us repeats them. THEOBALD.

⁵ — a quick venew of wit:] A *venew* is the technical term for a bout at the fencing-school. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *circum circa*:] Old Copies—*unum cita*: Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁷ — the charge-house] I suppose, is the *free-school*. STEEVENS.

word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, fir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head⁸:—and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import, indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement⁹, with my mustachio: but sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate, and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies. —Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be render'd by our assistance,—the king's command, and this

⁸ *I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:*] I believe the word *not* was inadvertently omitted by the transcriber or compositor; and that we should read—*I do beseech thee, remember not thy courtesy.*—Armado is boasting of the familiarity with which the king treats him, and intimates (“but let that pass.”) that when he and his Majesty converse, the king lays aside all state, and makes him wear his hat: “*I do beseech thee, (will he say to me) remember not thy courtesy; do not observe any ceremony with me; be covered.*” “The putting off the hat at the table (says Florio in his *Second Frutes*, 1591, is a kind of *courtesie* or ceremony rather to be avoided than otherwise.”

These words may, however, be addressed by Armado to Holofernes, whom we may suppose to have stood uncovered from respect to the Spaniard. MALONE.

⁹ —*dally with my excrement,*—] The author calls the beard *valour's excrement* in the *Merchant of Venice*. JOHNSON.

most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman¹, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry; *well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not², an antick. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*³, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance or so: or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ — myself, or this gallant gentleman,—] The old copy has—and this &c. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. We ought, I believe, to read in the next line—shall pass *for* Pompey the great. If the text be right, the speaker must mean that the swain shall, in representing Pompey, *surpass* him, “because of his great limb.” MALONE.

² — if this fadge not,] i. e. suit not. STEEVENS.

³ *Via*,—] An Italian exclamation, signifying, *Courage! come on!*

SCENE II.

Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.

*Enter the Princess, CATHARINE, ROSALINE,
and MARIA.*

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ref. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margin and all;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ref. That was the way to make his god-head wax⁴;
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Cath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ref. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your
sister.

Cath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ref. What's your dark meaning, mouse⁵, of this light
word?

Cath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ref. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Cath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff⁶;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ref. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Cath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

⁴ — to make his god-Lead wax;] To wax: anciently signified to grow.
It is yet said of the moon, that she waxes and wanes. STEEVENS.

⁵ — mouse,] This was a term of endearment formerly. So, in
Hamlet:

⁶ Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse." MALONE.

⁶ — taking it in snuff;] Snuff is here used equivocally for anger,
and the snuff of a candle. See *K. Henry IV. P. I. Act I. sc. iii.* STEEV.

Ref.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you ; and therefore light.

Cath. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason ; for, Past cure is still past care⁷.

Prin. Well bandied both ; a set of wit well play'd.

But Rosaline, you have a favour too :

Who sent it ? and what is it ?

Ros. I would, you knew :

An if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favour were as great ; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón :

The numbers true ; and, were the numb'ring too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground :

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter !

Prin. Any thing like ?

Ros. Much, in the letters ; nothing, in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink ; a good conclusion.

Cath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils⁸ ! How ? let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter :

⁷ — *for, Past cure is still past care.*] The old copy reads—*past care* is still *past cure*. The transposition was proposed by Dr. Thirlby, and, it must be owned, is supported by a line in *King Richard II* :

Things *past redress* are now with me *past care*.

So also in a pamphlet entitled *Hoiland's Leaguer*, 4to. 1632 : " She had got this adage in her mouth, Things *past cure*, *past care*."—Yet the following lines in our author's 147th Sonnet seem rather in favour of the old reading :

" Past cure I am, now reason is past care,

" And frantick mad with evermore unrest." MALONE.

⁸ 'Ware pencils !] Rosaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Catharine for painting. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson mistakes the meaning of this sentence ; it is not a reproach, but a cautionary threat. Rosaline says that Birón had drawn her picture in his letter ; and afterwards playing on the word *letter*, Catharine compares her to a text B. Rosaline in reply advises her to beware of pencils, that is of drawing likenesses, lest she should retaliate ; which she afterwards does, by comparing her to a red dominical letter, and calling her marks of the small pox ves. MASON.

O, that your face were not so full of O's!⁹

Cath. A pox of that jest!¹ and beshrew all throws!

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Cath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Cath. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less; Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools, to purchase mocking so.
That same Birón I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week!²

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhimes;

⁹ — *so full of O's!*] i. e. pimples. Shakspeare talks of "fiery O's and eyes of light," in another play. STEEVENS.

¹ *A pox of that jest!* &c.] This line which in the old copies is given to the princess, Mr. Theobald rightly attributed to Catharine. The metre, as well as the mode of expression, shew that—"I beshrew", the reading of those copies, was a mistake of the transcriber. MALONE.

Mr. Theobald is scandalized at this language from a princess. But there needs no alarm,—the *small pox* only is alluded to; with which, it seems, Catharine was pitted; or, as it is quaintly expressed, "her face was full of O's." Davison has a canzonnet on his lady's sickness of the *poxe*: and Dr. Donne writes to his sister:—"at my return from Kent, I found Pegge had the *poxe*,—I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her." FARMER.

² — *in by the week!*] This I suppose to be an expression taken from hiring servants or artificers; meaning, I wish I was as sure of his service for any time limited, as if I had hired him. The expression was a common one. So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612: "What, are you in by the week? So; I will try now whether thy wit be close prisoner." Again, in the *Wit of a Woman*, 1604:

"Since I am in by the week, let me look to the year."

And shape his service wholly to my behests³,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So portent-like would I o'erway his state⁴,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so⁵ surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ref. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness⁶.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boy. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boy. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are

³ — *wholly to my behests*;] The quarto 1598, and the first folio, read—to my device. The emendation, which the rhyme confirms, was made by the editor of the second folio, and is one of the very few corrections of any value to be found in that copy. MALONE.

⁴ *So portent-like &c.*] In former copies—*So pertaunt-like &c.* In old farces, to shew the inevitable approaches of death and destiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his stratagems, to avoid Death or Fate; which very stratagems, as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of Fate. To this Shakspeare alludes again in *Measure for Measure*:

“ ———merely thou art Death's Fool;

“ For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,

“ And yet run'st towards him still.”

It is plain from all this, that the nonsense of *pertaunt-like*, should be read, *portent like*, i. e. I would be his fate or destiny, and, like a *portent*, hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to forebode, but to influence. So the Latins called a person destined to bring mischief, *fatale portentum*. WARBURTON.

This emendation appeared first in the Oxford Edition. MALONE.

⁵ *None are so &c.*] These are observations worthy of a man who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *to wantonness*.] The quarto 1598, and the first folio have—to wantons &c. For this emendation we are likewise indebted to the second folio. MALONE.

Against your peace : Love doth approach disguis'd,
 Armed in arguments ; you'll be surpris'd :
 Muster your wits ; stand in your own defence ;
 Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid ? What are they,
 That charge their breath against us ? say, scout, say.

Boy. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
 I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour :
 When, lo, to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
 Toward that shade I might behold address'd
 The king and his companions : warily
 I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
 And overheard what you shall overhear ;
 That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
 Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
 That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy :
 Action, and accent, did they teach him there ;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear :
 And ever and anon they made a doubt,
 Presence majestic would put him out ;
For, quoth the King, an angel shalt thou see ;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously ;
 The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil ;*
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.
 With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder ;
 Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
 One rubb'd his elbow thus ; and swear'd, and swore,
 A better speech was never spoke before :
 Another, with his finger and his thumb,
 Cry'd, *Via ! we will do't, come what will come :*
 The third he caper'd, and cry'd, *All goes well :*
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
 With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen ridiculous^a appears,
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears^{*}.

Prin.
 7 Saint Dennis to saint Cupid !] The princess of France invokes,
 with too much levity, the patron of her country, to oppose his power
 to that of Cupid. JOHNSON.

^a — spleen ridiculous —] is, a ridiculous fit. JOHNSON.

^{*} — passion's solemn tears.] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

“ Made

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us ?

Boy. They do, they do ; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russian's : as I guess,
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance :
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress ; which they'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so ? the gallants shall be task'd ;—
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd ;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despight of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear ;
And then the king will court thee for his dear ;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine ;
So shall Birón take me for Rosaline,—
And change you favours too ; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then ; wear the favours most in sight.

Carb. But, in this changing, what is your intent ?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs :
They do it but in mocking merriment ;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook ; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't ?

Prin. No ; to the death, we will not move a foot :
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace ;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

“ Made mine eyes water, but more merry tears

“ The passion of loud laughter never shed.” MALONE.

9 *Like Muscovites, or Russians :*] The settling commerce in Russia was, at that time, a matter that much ingrossed the concern and conversation of the publick. There had been several embassies employed thither on that occasion ; and several tracts of the manners and state of that nation written : so that a mask of Muscovites was as good an entertainment to the audience of that time, as a coronation has been since. WARB.

1 — her face.] The first folio, and the quarto 1598, have—*his face*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Boy.

Boy. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in², if he be out.
'There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

Boy. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers come.

[*The ladies mask.*

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,
in Russian habits, and masked; MOth, Musicians, and
Attendants,

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boy. Beauties no richer than rich taffata³.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views.

Bir. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Out—

Boy. True, out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold—

Bir. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
——with your sun-beamed eyes——

Boy. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Bir. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

Ref. What would these strangers? know their minds,
Boyet:

~~will ne'er come in.~~ The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623,
read—will e'er. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

³ — than rich taffata. i. e. the taffata masks they wore to conceal
themselves. Boyet is sneering at the absurdity of complimenting the
beauty of the ladies, when they were mask'd. THEOBALD.

This line is given in the old copies to BIRON. The present regulation
is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes :
Know what they would.

Boy. What would you with the princefs ?

Bir. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Rof. What would they, fay they ?

Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Rof. Why, that they have ; and bid them fo be gone.

Boy. She fays, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have meafur'd many miles,
To tread a meafure with her on this grafs.

Boy. They fay that they have meafur'd many a milè,
To tread a meafure⁴ with you on this grafs.

Rof. It is not fo : ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile : if they have meafur'd many,
The meafure then of one is eafily told.

Boy. If, to come hither you have meafur'd miles,
And many miles ; the princefs bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Bir. Tell her, we meafure them by weary fteps.

Boy. She hears herfelf.

Rof. How many weary fteps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Arc-number'd in the travel of one mile ?

Bir. We number nothing that we fpend for you ;
Our duty is fo rich, fo infinite,
That we may do it ftill without accompt.
Vouchsafe to fhew the funfhine of your face,

⁴ *To tread a meafure,*] The meafures were dances folemn and flow.
So, in *Orcheftia*, a poem by Sir John Davies, 1622 :

“ — all the feet whereon thefe meafures go,
“ Are only spondees, folemn, grave, and flow.”

They were performed at Court, and at publick entertainments of the focieties of law and equity, at their halls, on particular occafions. It was formerly not deemed inconfiftent with propriety even for the graveft perfons to join in them ; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the inns of court, it has not been unusual for the firft characters of the law to become performers in *treading the meafures*. See Dugdale's *Origines Judiciales*. REED.

See Beatrice's defcription of this dance in *Much ado about Nothing*, p. 225. MALONE.

That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, that do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars⁵, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watry cyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

King. Then in our measure do but vouchsafe one change:
Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, musick, then: nay you must do it soon.

[*Musick plays,*

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man*.

The musick plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

King. Why take we hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends:

Court'ly, sweet hearts⁶; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves; What buys your company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that. [*They converse apart.*

⁵ *Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars,—*] When queen Elizabeth asked an ambassadour how he liked her ladies, *It is hard, said he, to judge of stars in the presence of the sun.* JOHNSON.

* — *the man.*] I suspect, that a line which rhimed with this, has been lost. MALONE.

⁶ *Court'ly, sweet hearts.*] See Vol. I. p. 26:

“*Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd—*” MALONE.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

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Bir. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Bir. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice,) Metheglin, wort, and malmsey;—Well run, dice! There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu!

Since you can cog⁷, I'll play no more with you.

Bir. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Bir. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter.

Bir. Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

Cath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Cath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless vizor half.

Cath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman⁸; Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Cath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Cath. No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Cath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

⁷ Since you can cog,] To cog, signifies to falsify the dice, and to falsify a narrative, or to lye. JOHNSON.

⁸ Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—] I suppose by *veal*, the means *well*, founded as foreigners usually pronounce that word; and introduced merely for the sake of the subsequent question. MALONE.

Long.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Cath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

Boy. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invifible,

Cutting a fmall hair than may be feen ;

Above the fenfe of fenfe : fo fenfible

Seemeth their conference ; their conceits have wings,

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, fwifter things.

Rof. Not one word more, my maids ; break off, break off.

Bir. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure fcoff !

King. Farewell, mad wenches ; you have fimple wits.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Mufcovites.—

[*Exeunt King, Lords, MOTH, Mufick, and Attendants.*]

Are thefe the breed of wits fo wonder'd at ?

Boy. Tapers they are, with your fweet breaths puff'd out.

Rof. Well-liking wits⁹ they have ; grofs, grofs ; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout !

Will they not, think you, hang themfelves to night ?

Or ever, but in vizors, fhew their faces ?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Rof. O, they were all in lamentable cafes¹ !

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did fwear himfelf out of all fuit.

Mar. Dumain was at my fervice, and his fword :

No point, quoth I² ; my fervant ftraight was mute.

Cath. Lord Longaville faid, I came o'er his heart ;
And trow you, what he call'd me ?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

⁹ *Well-liking wits*—] *Well-liking* is the fame as *embonpoint*. So, in *Job*, ch. xxxix, v. 4. “—Their young ones are in *good-liking*.” STEEV.

¹ O ! they were all &c.] *O*, which is not found in the firft quarto or folio, was added by the editor of the fecond folio. MALONE.

² No point, quoth I ;] *Point* in French is an adverb of negation ; but, if properly fpoken, is not founded like the point of a fword. A quibble, however, is intended. From this and other paffages it appears, that either our author was not well acquainted with the pronunciation of the French language, or it was different formerly from what it is at prefent. MALONE.

Cath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art !

Rof. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps³.
But will you hear ? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.

Cath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boy. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes ; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return ?

Bny. They will, they will, God knows ;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows :
Therefore, change favours ; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow ? how blow ? speak to be understood.

Boy. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud :

3 — *better wits have worn plain statute-caps.*] This line is not universally understood, because every reader does not know that a statute cap is part of the academical habit. Lady Rosaline declares that her expectation was disappointed by these courtly students, and that *better wits* might be found in the common places of education. JOHNSON.

Woollen caps were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 15th of queen Elizabeth, to be worn by all above six years of age (except the nobility and some others) on sabbath days and holy-days, under the penalty of ten groats. GREY.

I think my own interpretation of this is right. JOHNSON.

Probably the meaning is—*better wits may be found among the citizens*, who are not in general remarkable for fallies of imagination. In Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605, Mrs. Mulligrub says,—“ though my husband be a citizen, and his cap's made of wool, yet I have wit.” Again, in the *Family of Love*, 1608 : “ 'Tis a law enacted by the common-council of *statute caps*.” Again, in *News from Hell, brought by the Devil's carrier*, 1606 : “—in a bowling alley, in a *flat-cap*, like a *shop-keeper*.” STEEVENS.

The statute mentioned by Dr. Grey was repealed in the year 1597. The epithet by which these statute caps are described, “ *plain statute caps*,” induces me to believe the interpretation given in the preceding note by Mr. Steevens, the true one. The king and his lords probably wore *bats* adorned with feathers. So they are represented in the print prefixed to this play in Mr. Rowe's edition, probably from some stage tradition. MALONE.

Dis-mask'd

410 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown⁴.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear⁵;
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boy. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt* Princess⁶, *ROS.* *CAT.* and *MAR.*

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,
in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?

Boy. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boy. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Bir. This fellow pecks⁷ up wit, as pigeons peas⁸;
And utters it again when God doth please:

4 *Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.*] *Ladies unmask'd*, says Boyet, *are like angels vailing clouds*, or letting those clouds which obscured their brightness, sink from before them. JOHNSON.

To *avale* comes from the Fr. *aval*, [*Terme de batelier*] down, downward, down the stream. So, in Laneham's *Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth-Castle*, 1575: "—as on a sea-shore when the water is *avail'd*." STEEVENS.

5 — *shapeless gear*;] *Shapeless* for uncouth. WARBURTON.

[*Exeunt* Princess, &c.] Mr. Theobald ends the fourth act here.

JOHNSON.

7 *This fellow pecks*—] This is the reading of the first quarto. The folio has—*picks*. MALONE.

8 — *as pigeons peas*;] This expression is proverbial:

"Children pick up words *as pigeons peas*,

"And utter them again as God shall please."

See Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

He

He is wit's pedler ; and retails his wares
 At wakes, and waffels⁹, meetings, markets, fairs ;
 And we that sell by gros, the Lord doth know,
 Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
 'This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve ;
 Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve :
 He can carve too, and lisp¹ : Why, this is he,
 That kifs'd his hand away in courtesy ;
 This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
 In honourable terms ; nay, he can sing
 A mean² most meanly ; and, in ushering,
 Mend him who can : the ladies call him, sweet ;
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kifs his feet :
 This is the flower that smiles on every one,
 To shew his teeth as white as whales bone³ :
 And consciences, that will not die in debt,
 Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
 That put Armado's page out of his part !

9 — waffels,] *Waffels* were meetings of rustic mirth and intemperance. STEEVENS.

Waes beal, that is, be of health, was a salutation first used by the lady Rowena to King Vortiger. Afterwards it became a custom in villages, on new year's eve and twelfth night, to carry a *Wassel* or *Wassail* bowl from house to house, which was presented with the Saxon words above mentioned. Hence in process of time *wassel* signified intemperance in drinking, and also a meeting for the purposes of festivity. MALONE.

¹ *He can carve too, and lisp :*] I cannot cog, (says Falstaff in *the Merry Wives of Windsor*,) and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel.—" On the subject of *carving* see Vol. I. p. 209, n. 7. MALONE.

² *A mean*—] The *mean*, in music, is the tenor. STEEVENS.

³ — *as whales bone :*] The Saxon genitive case. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* :

"Swifter than the moones sphere."

It should be remembered that some of our ancient writers suppose *ivory* to be part of the bones of a whale. The same simile occurs in the black letter romance of *Sir Eglamour of Artoys*, in that of *Sir Ilynbras*, and in *The Squire of low degree*. STEEVENS.

As white as whales bone is a proverbial comparison in the old poets. See Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 1. st. 15 ; and Lord Surrey, folio 14. edit 1567. T. WARTON.

Enter the Princess, usher'd by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, CATHARINE, and attendants.

Bir. See, where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou⁴,

Till this mad man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. They wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you: and purpose now

To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath⁵.

Prin. You nick-name virtue: vice you should have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unfully'd lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest:

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game:

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;

True gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord:

4 — Behaviour, *what wert thou,*] Behaviour here signifies—courtly or stud manners. MALONE.

5 *The virtue of your eye must break my oath.*] I believe the author means that the virtue, in which word goodness and power are both comprised, must dissolve the obligation of the oath. The princess, in her answer, takes the most invidious part of the ambiguity. JOHNSON.

My lady, (to the manner of the days,)
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit : here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace ; and in that hour my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Bir. This jest is dry to me.—My gentle sweet⁶,
Your wit makes wise things foolish : when we greet⁷
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light : Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich ; for in my eye,—

Bir. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Bir. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine ?

Bir. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the vizors was it, that you wore ?

Bir. Where ? when ? what vizor ? why demand you this ?

Ros. There, then, that vizor ; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

King. We are descry'd : they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

⁶ *My gentle sweet,*] The word *my*, which is wanting in the first quarto, and folio, I have supplied. *Sweet* is generally used as a substantive by our author, in his addresses to ladies. So, in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ — When you speak, *sweet*,

“ I'd have you do it ever.”

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice* :

“ And now, good *sweet*, say thy opinion.”

Again, in *Othello* :

“ O, my *sweet*,

“ I prattle out of tune.”

The editor of the second folio, with less probability, (as it appears to me,) reads—*fair, gentle, sweet*. MALONE..

⁷ — *when we greet &c.*] This is a very lofty and elegant complement. JOHNSON.

414 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

Ref. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Bir. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brags hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will with thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;

Nor never come in vizard to my friend;

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affection⁸,

Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:

I do forswear them: and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:

And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ref. Sans sans, I pray you⁹.

⁸ *Three pil'd hyperboles, spruce affection,*] The modern editors read *—affection*. There is no need of change. We already in this play have had *affection* for *affection*;—"witty without *affection*." The word was used by our author and his contemporaries, as a quadrisyllable; and the rhyme such as they thought sufficient. MALONE.

Three-pil'd hyperboles,] A metaphor from the pile of velvet. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, Autolycus says, "I have worn *three-pil'd*." STEVENS.

⁹ *Sans, sans, I pray you.*] It is scarce worth remarking, that the conceit here is obscured by the punctuation. It should be written *Sans sans, i. e. without sans*; without French words: an affectation of which Biron had been guilty in the last line of his speech, though just before he had forsworn all *affectation* in phrases, terms, &c. TAYLOR.

Bir.

Bir. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*¹, on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.

Bir. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue²?

Bir. Peace: for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Bir. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

¹ *Write, Lord have mercy on us.*—] This was the inscription put up on the door of the houses infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love of himself and his companions, and pursuing the metaphor finds the *tokens* likewise on the ladies. The *tokens* of the plague are the first spots or discolorations, by which the infection is known to be received. JOHNSON.

So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1616: "*Lord have mercy on us* may well stand over their doors, for debt is a most dangerous city pestilence. MALONE.

² ——— how can this be true,

That you should forfeit, being those that sue?] That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process. The jest lies in the ambiguity of *sue*, which signifies to *prosecute by law*, or to *offer a petition*. JOHNSON.

416 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear ;

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear³.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will ; and therefore keep it :—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear ?

Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight ; and did value me
Above this world : adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him ! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam ? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did ; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this : but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give ;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear ;
And lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear :—
What ; will you have me, or your pearl again ?

Bir. Neither of either ; I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on't ; Here was a consent⁴,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)
To dash it like a Christmas comedy :
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some flight zany⁵,

3 — *you force not to forswear.*] *You force not* is the same with *you make no difficulty*. This is a very just observation. The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with less reluctance.

JOHNSON.

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, b. x. ch. 59 :

“ — he *forced* not to hide how he did err.” STEEVENS.

4 *Neither of either ;*] This seems to have been a common expression in our author's time. It occurs in the *London Prodigal*, 1605, and other comedies. MALONE.

5 — *a consent,*] i. e. *a conspiracy*. So, in *K. Henry VI.* Part I :

“ ————— the stars

“ That have *consented* to king Henry's death.” STEEVENS.

6 — *zany,*] A zany is a buffoon, a merry Andrew, a gross mimic. STEEVENS.

Some

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight⁷, some Dick,—
 'That smiles his cheek in jeers⁸; and knows the trick
 To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—
 Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
 The ladies did change favours; and then we,
 Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
 Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
 We are again forsworn; in will, and error.
 Much upon this it is⁹:—And might not you [to Boyet.
 Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
 Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire¹?
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
 And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You

7 — *some trencher-knight,*] See below:

“ And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,

“ Holding a trencher,—&c.” MALONE.

8 — *some Dick,*

That smiles his cheek in jeers;] The old copies read—in *yeeres*. The present emendation, which I proposed some time ago, I have since observed, was made by Mr. Theobald. Dr. Warburton endeavours to support the old reading, by explaining *years* to mean *wrinkles*, which belong alike to laughter and old age. But allowing the word to be used in that licentious sense, surely our author would have written, not *in*, but *into*, years—i. e. *into wrinkles*, as in a passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Twelfth Night*: “ — he does *smile his cheek into more lines* than is in the new map, &c.” The change being only that of a single letter for another nearly resembling it, I have placed *jeers* (formerly spelt *jeeres*) in the text. The words—*jeer*, *flout*, and *mock*, were much more in use in our author's time than at present.

Out-roaring Dick was a celebrated singer, who, with W. Wimbars, is said by Henry Chettle, in his *KIND HARTS DREAMS*, to have got twenty shillings a day by singing at Braintree fair, in Essex. Perhaps this itinerant droll was here in our author's thoughts. This circumstance adds some support to the emendation now made. From the following passage in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, it seems to have been a common term for a noisy twagger:

“ O he, sir, he's a desperate Dick indeed;

“ Far him your house.”

Again, in Kemp's *Nine daies Wonder*, &c. 4to. 1600:

“ A boy arm'd with a poking stick

“ Will dare to challenge *cutting Dick*.” MALONE.

9 *Much upon this it is:*] Dr. Johnson would give these words to Boyet. MALONE.

1 *by the squire?*] From *esquierre*, Fr. a *vile* or *square*. The sense is nearly the same as that of the proverbial expression in our own language, *he hath got the length of her foot*; i. e. he hath humoured her so

You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd²;
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd.
 You leer upon me, do you; there's an eye,
 Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boy. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage³, this career been run.

Bir. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
 Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Bir. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
 For every one pursents three.

Bir. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope, it is not so:
 You cannot beg us⁴, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know
 what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Bir. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth
 amount.

Bir. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your
 living by reckoning, sir.

Bir. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors,
 sir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own
 part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man,—e'en
 one poor man⁵; Pompion the great, sir.

Bir.

long, that he can persuade her to what he pleases. HEATH.

Squire in our author's time was the common term for a rule. See Min-
 shew's *Dict.* in v. The word occurs again in the *Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

² — *Go, you are allow'd*;] i. e. you may say what you will; you are
 a licensed fool, a common jester. So, in *Twelfth Night*.

³ *There is no slander in an allow'd fool.* WARBURTON.

⁴ *Hath this brave manage*,—] The old copy has *manager*. Cor-
 rected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁵ *You cannot beg us*,—] That is, we are not fools; our next re-
 lations cannot beg the wardship of our persons and fortunes. One of
 the legal tests of a *natural* is to try whether he can number. JOHNSON.

⁶ *one man, e'en one poor man*,] The old copies read—*in one poor*
 man.

Bir. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompey the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him⁶.

Bir. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [Exit Costard.]

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach.

Bir. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents⁷,

Their

man. For the emendation I am answerable. The same mistake has happened in several places in our author's plays. See my note on *All's well that ends well*, Act. I. sc. iii. "You are shallow, madam," &c.

MALONE.

⁶ *I know not the degree of the worthy, &c.*] This is a stroke of satire which, to this hour, has lost nothing of its force. Few performers are solicitous about the history of the character they are to represent. STEEV.

⁷ *That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:*

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

Die in the zeal of them which it presents, &c.] The quarto 1598, and the folio 1623, read—of *that* which it presents. The context, I think, clearly shews that *them* (which, as the passage is unintelligible in its original form, I have ventured to substitute,) was the poet's word. *Which* for *who* is common in our author; So, (to give one instance out of many,) in *the Merchant of Venice*,

"——— a civil doctor,

"*Which* did refuse three thousand ducats of me."

and *ym* and *y^t* were easily confounded: nor is the false concord introduced by this reading [of *them* who presents it,] any objection to it; for every page of these plays furnishes us with examples of the same kind. [See Vol. I. p. 40.] So *dies* in the present line, for thus the old copy reads; though here, and in almost every other passage where a similar corruption occurs, I have followed the example of my predecessors, and corrected the error. Where rhimes or metre, however, are concerned, it is impossible. Thus we must still read in *Cymbeline*, *lies*, as in the line before us, *presents*:

And Phœbus 'gins to rise,

His steeds to water at those springs

‡ On chalic'd flowers that *lies*.

Again,

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth⁸.

Bir. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Arm. converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.*

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Bir. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement⁹! [*Exit ARMADO.*

Again, in the play before us:

"That in this spleen ridiculous appears,

"To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect."

Dr. Johnson would read—

Die in the zeal of him which *them* presents.

But *him* was not, I believe, abbreviated in old Mss. and therefore not likely to have been confounded with *that*.

The word *it*, I believe, refers to *sport*. *That sport*, says the princess, *pleases best, where the actors are least skilful; where zeal strives to please, and the contents, or, (as these exhibitions are immediately afterwards called) great things, great attempts, perish in the very act of being produced, from the ardent zeal of those who present the sportive entertainment.* To "*present a play*" is still the phrase of the theatre. *It* however may refer to *contents*, and that word may mean the most material part of the exhibition. MALONE.

This sentiment of the princess is very natural, but less generous than that of the Amazonian Queen, who says, on a like occasion, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,

"Nor duty in his service perishing." JOHNSON.

⁸ — labouring *perish* in their birth.] Labouring here means, in the act of parturition. So Roscommon:

"The mountains labour'd, and a mouse was born." MALONE.

⁹ I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement!] This singular word is again used by our author in his 21st Sonnet:

"Making a complement of proud compare—." MALONE.

King.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies :
He presents Hector of Troy ; the swain, Pompey the
great ; the parish curate, Alexander ; Armado's page,
Hercules ; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.

And if these four worthies¹ in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Bir. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceiv'd, tis not so.

Bir. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the
fool, and the boy :—

Abate a throw at novum², and the whole world again
Cannot prick out³ five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.
[Seats brought for the King, Princes, &c.]

¹ *And if these four worthies &c.*] These two lines might have been
designed as a ridicule on the conclusion of *Selimus*, a tragedy, 1594 :

“ If this first part, gentles, do like you well,

“ The second part shall greater murders tell.” STEEVENS.

I rather think Shakspeare alludes to the shifts to which the actors
were reduced in the old theatres, one person often performing two or
three parts. MALONE.

² *Abate a throw at novum,—*] *Abate* throw—is the reading of the
original and authentick copies ; the quarto 1598, and the folio, 1623.
A bare throw &c. was an arbitrary alteration made by the editor of the
second folio. I have added only the article, which seems to have been
inadvertently omitted. I suppose the meaning is, Except or put the
chance of the dice out of the question, and the world cannot produce
five such as these. *Abate*, from the Fr. *abarre*, is used again by our au-
thor, in the same sense, in *All's well that ends well* :

“ ——— those *'bared*, that inherit but the fall

“ Of the last monarchy.”

“ *A bare* throw at novum” is to me unintelligible. MALONE.

Novum (or *Novem*) appears to have been some game at dice. STEEV.

³ *Cannot prick out &c.*] Dr. Grey proposes to read, *pick out*. So,
in *K. Henry. IV.* P. 1 : “ Could the world *pick* thee out three such ene-
mies again ?” The old readings, however, may be right. To *prick out*,
is a phrase still in use among gardeners. To *prick* may likewise have
reference to *vein*. STEEVENS.

Pick is the reading of the quarto, 1598 : Cannot *prick* out,—that
of the folio, 1623. Our author uses the same phrase in his 20th
Sonnet, in the same sense ;—cannot *point out* by a *puncture* or *mark*.
Again, in *Julius Cæsar* :

Will you be *prick'd* in number of our friends ?” MALONE.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

*Pageant of the Nine Worthies &c.**Enter COSTARD arm'd, for Pompey.**Cost. I Pompey am,—**Bir. You lie, you are not he.**Cost. I Pompey am,—**Boy. With libbard's head on knee^s.**Bir. Well said, old mocker ; I must needs be friends with thee.**Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,—**Dum. The great.**Cost. It is great, sir ;—Pompey surnam'd the great ;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat :**And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance ;
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lady of France.
If your ladyship would say, Thanks, Pompey, I had done.**Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.**Cost. 'Tis not so much worth ; but, I hope, I was perfect : I made a little fault in, great.**Bir. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.*

4 *Pageant of the nine worthies.*] In MS. Harl. 2057, p. 32, is
" The order of a shoue intended to be made Aug 2, 1621."

" First 2 woodmen &c.

" St. George fighting with the dragon.

" The 9 worthies in compleat armor with crownes of gould on their heads, every one having his esquires to beare before him his shield and penon of armes dressed according as these lords were accustomed to be :
3 Assaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Christians.

" After them, a Fame, to declare the rare virtues and noble deedes of the 9 worthy women."

Such a pageant as this, we may suppose it was the design of Shakespeare to ridicule. STEEVENS.

5 *With libbard's head on knee.*] This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and shoulders had usually, by way of ornament, the resemblance of a leopard's or lion's head. WARBURTON.

" See *Malguine* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary* : " The representation of a lyon's head &c. upon the elbow or knee of some old fashioned garments." TOILET.

The *libbard*, as some of the old English glossaries inform us, is the male of the panther. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter NATHANIEL arm'd, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might :
My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alifander.

Boy. Your nose says, no, you are not ; for it stands too right ⁶.

Bir. Your nose smells, no, in his, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd : Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander ;—

Boy. Most true, 'tis right ; you were so, Alifander.

Bir. Pompey the great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Bir. Take away the conqueror, take away Alifander.

Cost. O, sir, [*to Nath.*] you have overthrown Alifander the conqueror ! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this : your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool ⁷, will be given to A-jax ⁸ : he will

⁶ — *it stands too right.*] It should be remembered, to relish this joke, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his shoulders. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *he, that holds his poll-ax, sitting on a close-stool,*] This alludes to the arms given in the old history of the *Nine Worthies*, to " Alexander, the which did beare grules, a lion or, seiant in a chayer, holding a bat-sell-ax argent." Leigh's *Accidence of Armory*, 1597. p. 23. TOLLET.

⁸ *A-jax* ;] There is a conceit of *Ajax* and a *jakes*. JOHNSON.

This conceit, paltry as it is, was used by Ben Jonson, and Camden the antiquary. Ben, among his *Epigrams*, has these two lines.

" And I could wish, for their eternis'd fakes,

" My muse had plough'd with his that sung *A-jax*."

So, Camden, in his *Remains*, having mentioned the French word *pet*, says, " Enquire, if you understand it not, of Cloacina's chaplains, or such as are well read in *A-jax*."

See also Sir John Harrington's *New discourse of a stale subject, called, the Metamorphoses of Ajax*, 1596 ; his *Anatomic of the metamorphosed Ajax*, no date ; and *Ulysses upon Ajax*, 1596. All these performances are founded on the same conceit, of *Ajax* and *A-jakes*. To the first of them a license was refused, and the author was forbid the court for writing it. STEEVENS.

be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak ! run away for shame, Alifander. [Nath. retires.] 'I here, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd ! He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alifander, alas, you see, how 'tis;—a little o'er-parted^o ! —But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES arm'd, for Judas, and MOTH arm'd, for HERCULES.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;
And, when he was a babe, a child, & shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus:

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;

Ergo, I come with this apology.—

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [Exit Moth.

Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas !

Hol. Not Iscariot, fir.—

Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Bir. A kissing traitor :—How art thou prov'd Judas ?

Hol. *Judas I am,—*

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, fir ?

Boy. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, fir; you are my elder.

Bir. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Bir. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this ?

Boy. A cittern head¹.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

* — a little o'er-parted:] That is, the *part* or character allotted to him in this piece is too considerable. MALONE.

¹ A cittern head.] So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:
—“fiddling on a cittern with a man's broken head at it.” STEPHENS.

Bir. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old roman coin, scarce seen.

Boy. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask².

Bir. St. George's half-check in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Bir. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer : And now, forward ; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Bir. False ; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Bir. An thou wert a lion we would do so.

Boy. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude ! nay, why dost thou stay ?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Bir. For the ass to the Jude ; give it him :—Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monsieur Judas : it grows dark, he may stumble. [Holofernes retires.]

Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited !

Enter ARMADO arm'd, for Hector.

Bir. Hide thy head, Achilles ; here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry,

King. Hector was but a Trojan³ in respect of this.

Boy. But is this Hector ?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boy. No ; he is best indued in the small.

Bir. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter ; for he makes faces.

Arm. The omnipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

² — on a flask.] i. e. a soldier's powder-horn: STEEVENS.

³ Hector was but a Trojan—] A Trojan, I believe, was in the time of Shakspeare, a cant term for a thief. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I : "Tut these are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, &c." Again, in this scene, "—unless you play the honest Trojan, &c." STEEVENS.

Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg⁴.

Bir. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves⁵.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

The omnipotent Mars, of lances⁶ the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the hair of Ilion;

A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea⁷,

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with my device; sweet royalty, [*to the Princess.*] bestow on me the sense of hearing. [*Biron whispers Costard.*]

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boy. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. *This Hector* far surmounted Hannibal,—

Cos. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone? she is two months on her way.

⁴ *A gilt nutmeg.*] The quarto, 1598, reads—*A gift nutmeg*; and if a gilt nutmeg had not been mentioned by B. Jonson, (see Mr. Steevens's next note,) I should have thought it right. So we say, a gift-horse, &c. MALONE.

⁵ *Stuck with cloves.*] An orange stuck with cloves appears to have been a common new-year's gift. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Christmas Masque*: "he has an orange and rosemary, but not a clove to stick in it." A gilt nutmeg is mentioned in the same place, and on the same occasion. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Of lances*] i. e. of lance-men. STEEVENS.

⁷ *He would fight, yea,*] Thus all the old copies. Pop. very plausibly made: he would fight; a common vulgarism. STEEVENS.

Arm. What mean'st thou?

Cost. 'Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away. She's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamouize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whip'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boy. Renowned Pompey!

Bis. Greater than great, great, great, great, Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Bir. Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more Ates; stir them on, stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

B.r. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

—more Ates;] That is, more instigation. *Arm.* was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed. *Johnson.*
So, in *K. John*:

“An *Até*, stirring him to war and strife.” *Stevens.*
—like a northern man;] *Viz Borealis*, a clown. *See Glossary to Uri's Chaucer. Farmer.*

—my arms] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey. *Johnson.*

408 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Bir. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Moth. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen²: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, by a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring, Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Bir. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breath free breath; I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion³, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

King.

² — it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: &c.] To go woolward, I believe, was a phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries. In this sense it seems to be used in *Piers Plowman's* *Visions*, Pass. xviii. fol. 96. b. edit. 1550. It means clothed in wool, and not in linen. T. WARTON.

The same custom is alluded to in *Powell's History of Wales*, 1584: "The Angles and Saxons slew 1000 priests and monks of Bangor, with a great number of lay-brethren, &c. who were come barefooted and woolward to crave mercy, &c." STEEVENS.

In Lodge's *Incaruate Devils*, 1596, we have the character of a *waschbuchler*: "His common course is to go always untruss; except when his shirt is a washing, and then he goes woolward." FARMER.

To this speech in the oldest copy *Boy*. is prefixed, by which designation most of Moth's speeches are marked. The name of *Boy* is generally printed at length. It seems better suited to Armado's page than to Boyet, to whom it has been given in the modern editions. MALONE.

³ I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion,] I believe he means, I have hitherto looked on the indignities I have received, with the eyes of discretion, (i. e. not been too forward to resent them), and will insist on such satisfaction as will not disgrace my character, which is that of a soldier. To have decided the quarrel in the manner proposed by the antagonist would have been at once a derogation from the honour of a soldier, and the pride of a Spaniard.

" One

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
One of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal⁴ opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath⁵, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue⁶:
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose⁷, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince⁸;
Yet since love's argument was first on foot,

"One may see day at a little hole," is a proverb in Ray's Collection:
"Daylight will peep through a little hole," in Kelly's. STEEVENS.

4 — liberal—] Free to excess. See p. 271, n. 9; and Vol. I. p. 155.
n. 4. STEEVENS.

5 In the converse of breath,—] Perhaps converse may, in this line,
mean interchange. JOHNSON.

6 An heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:] By humble, the prin-
cess seems to mean obsequiously thankful. STEEVENS.

So, in the Merchant of Venice:

"Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's knee

"With bated breath, and whispering humbleness, &c.

A heavy heart, says the princess, does not admit of that verbal obsequance
which is paid by the humble to those whom they address. Farewell
therefore, once. MALONE.

7 —at his very loose,] At his very loose may mean, at the moment of
his parting, i. e. of his getting loose, or away from us. STEEVENS.

8 —which fain it would convince:] We must read,—which fain
would it convince; that is, the entreaties of love which would fain
over-power grief. So Lady Macbeth declares, "That she will con-
vince the chamberlaine with wine." JOHNSON.

Let not the cloud of sorrow juggle it
 From what it purpos'd ; since, to wail friends lost,
 Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not ; my griefs are double⁹.

Bir. Honest plain words¹ best pierce the ear of grief ;
 And by these badges understand the king.
 For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
 Play'd foul play with our oaths ; your beauty, ladies,
 Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
 Even to the oppos'd end of our intents :
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
 As love is full of unbecoming strains ;
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;
 Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
 Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms²,

Varying

⁹ *I understand you not ; my griefs are double.*] I suppose, she means, 1. on account of the death of her father ; 2. on account of not understanding the king's meaning.—A modern editor, instead of *double*, reads *deaf* ; but the former is not at all likely to have been mistaken, either by the eye or the ear, for the latter. MALONE.

¹ *Honest plain words &c.*] As it seems not very proper for Biron to court the princess for the king in the king's presence at this critical moment, I believe the speech is given to a wrong person. I read thus :

Prin. I understand you not ; my griefs are double :

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.

King. And by these badges, &c. JOHNSON.

Too many authors sacrifice propriety to the consequence of their principal character, into whose mouth they are willing to put more than justly belongs to him, or at least the best things they have to say. The original actor of Biron, however, like *Bartram* in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, might have taken this speech out of the mouth of an inferior performer. STANLEY.

In a former part of this scene Biron speaks for the king and the other lords, and being at length exhausted, tells them, they must woo for themselves. I believe, therefore, the old copies are right in this respect ; but think with Dr. Johnson that the line "*Honest &c.*" belongs to the princess. MALONE.

² *Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms.*] The old copies read "*strange shapes*." Both the sense and the metre appear to me to require the emendation which I suggested some time ago. "*strange*" might have been easily confounded by the ear with the words "*forms*," which have been substituted in their room. In *Coriolanus* we meet with "*forms*" of the same kind, which could only have arisen in this way :

" ——— Better

Varying in subjects as the eyedoth roll
To every varied object in his glance :
Which party-coated presence of loose love,
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make³ : Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours : we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you :
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love :
Your favours, the ambassadors of love ;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time⁴ :
But more devout than this, in our respects⁵,

“ ——— Better to starve

“ Than crave the *bigger* [hinc] which first we do deserve.”

The following passages of our author will, I apprehend, fully support the correction that has been made :

“ In him a plenitude of subtle matter,

“ Applied to cautions, all *strange forms* receives.” *Lower's Complaint*.

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ ——— the impression of *strange* kinds

“ Is form'd in them, by force, by fraud, or skill.”

In *K. Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we have *Forraging* blood of French nobility, instead of *Forrage* in blood, &c. Mr. Capell, I find, has made the same emendation. MALONE.

3 Suggested us.—] That is, tempted us. JOHNSON.

4 As bombast and as lining to the time.] This line is obscure. Bombast was a kind of loose texture not unlike what is now called wadding, used to give the dresses of that time bulk and protuberance, without much increase of weight ; whence the same name is given to a tumour of words unsupported by solid sentiment. The princess, therefore, says, that they considered this courtship as but bombast, as something to fill out life, which not being closely united with it, might be thrown away at pleasure. JOHNSON.

Prince Henry calls Falstaff, “ my sweet creature of bombast.” STEEV.

5 But more devout than this in our respects.] In, which is wanting in the old copies, was added by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

456 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, shew'd much more than jest,

Long. So did our looks.

Ref. We did not quote them so⁶.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in⁷ :
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness ; and, therefore, this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me :
Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning :
If this austere infociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds⁸,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love⁹ ;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts¹⁰,

And,

⁶ *We did not quote them so.* In the old copies,—*cote* them. MALONE.
We should read, *quite*, *esteem*, reckon, though our old writers spelling
by the ear. probably wrote *cote*, as it was pronounced. JOHNSON.

⁷ *We did not quote them so*, is, *we did not regard them as such*. So, in
Hamlet :

“ I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment

“ I had not *quoted* him.” See Act IV. sc. 1. STEEVENS.

⁸ *To make a world-without-end bargain in :* This singular phrase,
which Shakspeare borrowed probably from our Liturgy, occurs again in
his 77th Sonnet :

“ Nor dare I hide the world-without-end hour.” MALONE.

⁹ *and thin weeds*, i. e. *clothing*. MALONE.

¹⁰ *and last love* ; } I suspect that the compositor caught this word
from the preceding line, and that Shakspeare wrote—*last still*. If the
word *last* be right, it must mean,—*if it continue still to deserve*
the name of love. MALONE.

¹¹ *Come challenge, challenge me* } The old copies read (probably by

And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine ; and, till that instant, shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house ;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
N^o this thou do deny, let our hands part ;
N^other intitled in the other's heart³.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up ~~these~~ powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Bir. And what to me my love ? and what to me ?

Ref. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd³ ;
You are attaint with faults and perjury :
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick⁴.

Dum. But what to me, my love ? but what to me ?

Cath. A wife !—A beard, fair health, and honesty ;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife ?

the compositor's eye glancing on a wrong part of the line) Come challenge me, challenge me, &c. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

³ *Neither intitled in the other's heart.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1598, reads *intitled*, which may be right ; neither of us having a dwelling in the heart of the other.

Our author has the same kind of imagery in many other places. Thus, in the *Comedy of Errors* :

" Shall love in building grow so rinate ?

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint* :

" Love rack'd a dwelling, and made him her place."

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

" O thou, that dost inhabit in my

" Leave not the mansion so long unand

" Left growing ruinous the building fall." MALONE.

³ — *your sins are rack'd ;*] i. e. extended " to the top of their heads." So, in *such ado about nothing* :

" Why, then we rack the veins."

Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read *rack the veins*. MALONE.

⁴ — *of people sick.*] Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton were of opinion that this and the five preceding lines though written by Shakespeare, were rejected by him, " he having executed the same thought a little lower with more spirit and elegance." MALONE.

Cath. Not so, my lord;—a twelve-month and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Cath. Yet, swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Bir. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ref. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Birón;
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won),
You shall this twelve-month term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches: and your talk shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ref. Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear,
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue.

Endymion. Since is vehement, rapid. So, in *K. John*:
"The fierce extremes of sickness." STEEVENS.

Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans⁶,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal ;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Bir. A twelve-month? well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelve-month in an hospital⁷.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.
[To the King.]

King. No, madam : we will bring you on your way.

Bir. Our wooing doth not end like an old play ;
Jack hath not Jill : these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Bir. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMANDO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me, —

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave : I am
a votary : I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough
for her sweet love three year. But, most esteemed great-
ness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men
have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo : it
should have follow'd in the end of our show.

Long. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

⁶ — dear groans. *Dear* should here, as in many other places, be *dear*,
sad, odious. JOHNSON.

I believe *dear* in this place, as in many others, means only *immediate*,
consequential. So, already in this scene : —

— full of *dear* guiltiness. STANLEY.

⁷ The characters of *Biron* and *Belafine*, suffer much by comparison
with those of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*. We know that *Love's Labour's
Lost* was the elder performance ; and as our author grew more ex-
perienced in dramatic writing, he might have seen how much he could
improve on his own originals. To this circumstance, perhaps, we are
indebted for the more perfect comedy of *Much ado about nothing*. STANLEY.

Arm.

436 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Arm. Holla! approach.—

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, and others.

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuc' Ver, begin.

S O N G.

Spr. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds⁹ of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks marry'd men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

⁸ *When daisies pied, &c.*] The first lines of this song that were transposed, have been replaced by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Cuckoo-buds*—] Gerrard in his *Herbal*, 1597, says, that the *flos cuculi*, *cardamine*, &c. are called “in English cuckoo flowers, in Norfolk Canterbury bells, and at Nampwich in Cheshire lady-smocks.” Shakspeare, however, might not have been sufficiently skilled in botany to be aware of this particular.

Mr. Tollet has observed that Lyte in his *Herbal*, 1578 and 1579, remarks, that *cowslips* are in French, of some called *cognus*, prime vere, and brayes de *cognus*. This he thinks will sufficiently account for our author's *cuckoo-buds*, by which he supposes *cowslip-buds* to be meant; and further directs the reader to Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the articles—*Cornu*, and *herbe a cogn*. STEEVENS.

Cuckoo-buds must be wrong. I believe *cowslip-buds*, the true reading. FARMER.

Mr. Whalley, the learned editor of B. Jonſon's works, many years ago proposed to read—*crocus buds*. The cuckoo-flower, he observed, could not be called *yellow*, it rather approaching to the colour of white, by which epithet, Cowley, who was himself no mean botanist, has distinguished it:

Albaque cardamine &c. MALONE.

II.

*When shepherds pipe on eaten straws,
 And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
 When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear!*

III.

*Win. When icicles hang by the wall¹,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note;
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot².*

¹ *When icicles hang by the wall,*] i. e. from the eaves of the thatch or other roofing, from which in the morning icicles are found depending in great abundance, after a night of frost. So, in *K. Henry IV*:

“Let us not *hang* like roping icicles,
 “Upon our *boufes’* thatch.”

Our author (whose images are all taken from nature) has alluded in *the Tempest*, to the drops of water that after rain flow from such coverings, in their natural unfrozen state:

“His tears run down his beard, like *winter’s* drops
 “From *eves* of reeds.” MALONE.

² — *doth keel the pot.*] To *keel* the pot is to *cool* it, but in a particular manner: it is to stir the pottage with the ladle to prevent the *boiling over*. FARMER.

Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical *History* of the *Battle of Flodden*, that it is a common thing in the North “for a maid servant to take out of a boiling pot a *whoon*, i. e. a small quantity, viz. a porringer or two of broth, and then to fill up the pot with cold water. The broth thus taken out, is called the *keeling whoon*. In this manner greasy Joan keeled the pot.” STREVEN.

IV. *When*

IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw³,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl⁴,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;*

*Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note;
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way⁵. [*Exeunt.*

3 — *the parson's saw,*] *Saw* seems anciently to have meant, not as at present, a proverb, a sentence, but the whole tenor of any instructive discourse. So, in the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, translated by Lidgate, b.i.c.4.

"These old poetes in their sawes swete

"Full covertly in their verses do fayne, &c." STEEVENS.

Yet in *As you like it*, p. 198. our author uses this word in the sense of a sentence, or maxim: "Dead shepherd, now I find thy *saw* of might, &c." It is, I believe, so used here. MALONE.

4 *When roasted crabs, &c.*] *Crabs* are crab-apples. MALONE.

So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

"In very likeness of a roasted crab." STEEVENS.

5 In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar: and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

ACT I. SCENE I. Page 315.

This child of fancy, that Armado bight, &c.] This, as I have shewn in the note in its place, relates to the stories in the books of chivalry. A few words, therefore, concerning their origin and nature, may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I don't know of any writer, who has given any tolerable account of this matter: and especially as *Monsieur Huet*, the bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatise of the *Origin of Romances*, has said little or nothing of these in that superficial work. For having brought down the account of romances to the later Greeks, and entered upon those composed by the barbarous western writers, which have now the name of Romances almost appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his reader, and instead of giving us an account

account of these books of chivalry, one of the most curious and interesting parts of the subject he promised to treat of, he contents himself with a long account of the poems of the Provincial writers, called likewise romances; and so, under the *equivoue* of a common term, drops his proper subject, and entertains us with another, that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The Spaniards were of all others the fondest of these fables, as suiting best their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew so excessive, as to need all the efficacy of Cervantes's incomparable satire to bring them back to their senses. The French suffered an easier cure from their doctor Rabelais, who enough discredited the books of chivalry, by only using the extravagant stories of its giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of satire against the *refined politicks* of his countrymen; of which they were as much possessed as the Spaniards of their *romantick bravery*: a *bravery* our Shakspeare makes their characteristic in this description of a Spanish gentleman:

*A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
Tis child of fancy, that Armado bigs,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight,
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.*

The sense of which is to this effect: *This gentleman*, says the speaker, *shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances, and in their very stile.* Why he says *from tawny Spain*, is because these romances, being of the Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country. He says, *lost in the world's debate*, because the subjects of those romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa.

Indeed, the wars of the Christians against the Pagans were the general subject of the romances of chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkish historians: the one, who under the name of Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, wrote the History and Achievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers; to whom, instead of his father, they assigned the task of driving the Saracens out of France and the south parts of Spain: the other, our Geoffroy of Monmouth.

Two of those peers, whom the old romances have rendered most famous, were Oliver and Rowland. Hence Shakspeare makes Alençon, in the first part of Henry VI. say; "Froissard, a countryman of ours, records, England all Olivers and Rowlands bred, during the time Edward the third did reign." In the Spanish romance of *Bernardo del Carpe*, and in that of *Roncesvalles*, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of *Roldan el encanador*; and in that of *Palmerin de Oliva*,

* Dr Warton is quite mistaken in deriving Oliver from *Palmerin de Oliva*, which is utterly incompatible with the genius of the Spanish language. The old romance, of which Oliver was the hero is entitled in Spanish, "Historia de los nobles Cavalleros Oliveros de Castilla, y Artus de Algarbe, in fol. en Valadolid 1501. in fol. en Sevilla, 1507," and in French thus, "Histoire d'Olivier de Castille, & Artus d'Algarbe son loyal compagnon, &c de Helaine, fille au Roy d'Angleterre, &c. traduite du Latin par Phil. Kamus," in fol. Gothique. It has also appeared in English. See Ames's Typograph. p. 94, 47. P. 171.

or simply *Oliva*, those of Oliver: for *Oliva* is the same in Spanish as *Oliver* is in French. The account of their exploits is in the highest degree monstrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgment passed upon them by the priest in Don Quixote, when he delivers the knight's library to the secular arm of the house-keeper, "Eccetuando à un Bernardo del Carpio que anda por ay, y à otro llamado Roncesvalles; que estos en llegando a mis manos, an de estar en las de la ama, y dellas en las del fuego sin remission alguna *." And of Oliver he says, essa Oliva se haga luego raxas, y se queme, que aun no queden della "las cenizas †." The reasonableness of this sentence may be partly seen from one story in the *Bernardo del Carpio*, which tells us, that the cleft called Roldan, to be seen in the summit of an high mountain in the kingdom of Valencia, near the town of Alicant, was made with a single back-stroke of that hero's broad-sword. Hence came the proverbial expression of our plain and sensible ancestors, who were much cooler readers of these extravagances than the Spaniards, of giving one a *Rowland for his Oliver*, that is of matching one impossible lye with another: as, in French, *faire le Roland* means, to *swagger*. This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we say, the subject of the elder romances. And the first that was printed in Spain was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*, of which the inquisitor priest says: "segun he oydo dezir, este libro fué el primero de Cavallerias qui se imprimiò en Espana, y todos los demás an tomado principio y origen deste §;" and for which he humourously condemns it to the fire, *coma à Dogmatizador de una secta tan mala*. When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable guests; by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms against them into Greece and Asia, to support the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy-sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the *second* race or class. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, *Amadis de Gracia* was at the head of the latter. Hence it is, we find, that Trebizonde is celebrated in these romances as Roncesvalles is in the other. It may be worth observing, that the two famous Italian epic poets, Ariosto and Tasso, have borrowed, from each of these classes of old romances, the scenes and subjects of their several stories: Ariosto choosing the first, *the Saracens in France and Spain*; and Tasso, the latter, *the Crusade against them in Asia*: Ariosto's hero being Orlando, or the French *Roland*: for as the Spaniards, by one way of transposing the letters, had made it *Roldan*, so the Italians, by another, make it *Orland*.

The main subject of these fooleries, as we have said, had its original in Turpin's famous History of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers. Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by the Arabs from their crusades and pilgrimages; which indeed

have

have a cast peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of sir J. Maundevile, whose excessive superstition and credulity, together with an impudent monkish addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worse of than it deserved. This voyager, speaking of the isle of Cos in the Archipelago, tells the following story of an enchanted dragon. "And also ^{is} a zonge man, that wist not of the dragoun, went out of the schipp, and went through the isle, till that he cam to the castelle, and cam into the cave; and went so longe till that he fond a chambre, and there he saughe a damyselle, that kembed hire hede, and lokede in a myrour: and sche hadde moche tresoure abouten hire: and he trowed that sche hadde ben a comoun woman, that dwelled there to receive men to folye. And he abode till the damyselle saughe the schadowe of him in the myrour. And sche turned hire toward him, and asked him what he wolde. And he seyde, he wolde ben hire limman or paramour. And sche asked him, if that he were a knyghte. And he sayde, nay. And then sche sayde, that he might not ben hire limman. But sche bad him gon azen unto his felowes, and make him knyghte, and come azen upon the morwe, and sche scholde come out of her cave before him; and thanne come and kyffe hire on the mowth and have no drede. For I schalle do the no maner harm, alle be it that thou fee me in lykenes of a dragoun. For thoughe thou fee me hideouse and horrible to loken onne, I do the to wytene that it is made be enchauntement. For withouten doubtte, I am none other than thou seest now, a woman; and herefore drede the noughte. And zyf thou kyffe me, thou schalt have all this tresoure, and be my lord, and lord also of all that isle. And he departed &c." p. 29, 30. ed. 1725. Here we see the very spirit of a romance adventure. This honest traveller believed it all, and so, it seems did the people of the isle. "And some men seyne (says he) that in the isle of Lango is zit the doughtre of Ypocras in forme and lykenesse of a gret dragoun, that is an hundred fadme in lengthe, as men seyn: for I have not seen hire. And they of the isles callen hire, lady of the land." We are not to think then, these kind of stories, believed by pilgrims and travellers, would have less credit either with the writers or readers of romances: which humour of the times therefore may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkish historian, who supplied the romancers with materials, was our Geoffry of Monmouth. For it is not to be supposed, that these *children of fancy* (as Shakspeare in the place quoted above, finely calls them, insinuating that *fancy* hath its *infancy* as well as *manhood*;) should stop in the midst of so extraordinary a career, or confine themselves within the lists of the *terra firma*. From him therefore the Spanish romances took the story of the British Arthur, and the knights of his round table, his wife Gueniver, and his conjurer Merlin. But still it was the same subject, (essential to books of chivalry,) the wars of Christians against Infidels. And, whether it was by blunder or design, they changed the Saxons into Saracens. I suspect by design; for chivalry

valry without a Saracen was so very lame and imperfect a thing, that even the wooden image, which turned round on an axis, and served the knights to try their swords, and break their lances upon, was called by the Italians and Spaniards, *Saricino* and *Sarazino*; so closely were these two ideas connected.

In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first romance of Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the History of Saint Greal. This Saint Greal was the famous relic of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a vessel by Joseph of Arimathea. So another is called Kyrie Eleison of Montauban. For in those days Deuteronomy & Paralipomenon were supposed to be the names of holy men. And as they made saints of their knights-errant, so they made knights-errant of their tutelary saints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus every thing in those times being either a saint or a devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous*. In the old romance of Launcelot of the Lake, we have the doctrine and discipline of the church as formally delivered as in Bellarmine himself. “*La confession*” (says the preacher) *ne vaut rien si le cœur n'est repentant; et si tu es*” moult & éloigné de l'amour de nostre Seigneur, tu ne peux estre re- cordé si non par trois choies: premierement par la confession de bouche; secondement par une contrition de cœur; tiercement par peine de cœur, & par oeuvre d'aumône & charité. Telle est la droite voye d'aimer Dieu. Or va & si te confesse en cette maniere & recois la discipline des mains de tes confesseurs, car c'est le signe de merite. —Or mande le roy ses eveques, dont grandepartie avoit en l'ost, & vinrent tous en la chapelle. Le roy vint devant eux tout nud en pleurant, & tenant son plein point de vint menuës verges, si les jetta devant eux, & leur dit en soupirant, qu'ils prissent de luy vengeance, car je suis le plus vil pecheur, &c.—Après print discipline & d'eux & moult doucement la receut.” Hence we find the divinity lectures of Don Quixote and the penance of his squire, are both of them in the ritual of chivalry. Lastly, we find the knight-errant, after much turmoil to himself, and disturbance to the world, frequently ended his course, like Charles V. of Spain, in a monastery; or turned hermit, and became a saint in good earnest. And this again will let us into the spirit of those dialogues between Sancho and his master, where it is gravely debated whether he should not turn saint or archbishop.

There were several causes of this strange jumble of nonsense and religion. As first, the nature of the subject, which was a religious war or crusade: secondly, the quality of the first writers, who were religious men; and thirdly, the end of writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpose. We learn, that Clement V. interdicted justs and tournaments, because he understood they had much hindered the crusade decreed in the council of Vienna. “*Torneamenta ipsa & hastiludia sive iustas in regnis Franciæ, Angliæ, & Almanniæ, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus ea consuevere frequentius exerceri,*” specialiter

"specialiter interdixit." *Extrav. de Torneamentis C. unic. temp. Ed. I.* Religious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the design of the crusades by turning the fondness for tilts and tournaments into that channel. Hence we see the books of knight-errantry so full of solemn jousts and torneaments held at Trebizonde, Bizance, Tripoly, &c. Which wise project, I apprehend, it was Cervantes's intention to ridicule, where he makes his knight propose it as the best means of subduing the Turk, to assemble all the knights-errant together by proclamation*. **WARBURTON.**

It is generally agreed, I believe, that this long note of Dr. Warburton's is, at least, very much misplaced. There is not a single passage in the character of *Armado*, that has the least relation to *any story in any romance of chivalry*. With what propriety therefore a dissertation upon the origin and nature of those romances is here introduced, I cannot see; and I should humbly advise the next editor of Shakspeare to omit it. That he may have the less scruple upon that head, I shall take this opportunity of throwing out a few remarks, which, I think, will be sufficient to shew, that the learned writer's hypothesis was formed upon a very hasty and imperfect view of the subject.

At setting out, in order to give a greater value to the information which is to follow, he tells us, that no other writer has given any tolerable account of this matter; and particularly,—that "*Monsieur Huet, the bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatise of the Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of these [books of chivalry] in that superficial work.*"—The fact is true, that *Monsieur Huet* has said very little of Romances of chivalry; but the imputation, with which Dr. W. proceeds to load him, of—"putting the change upon his reader," and "dropping his proper subject" for another, "*that had no relation to it more than in the name,*" is unfounded.

It appears plainly from *Huet's* introductory address to *De Segrays*, that his object was to give some account of those romances which were then popular in France, such as the *Astrée* of *D'Urfé*, the *Grand Cyrus* of *De Scuderi* &c. He defines the Romances of which he means to treat, to be "*fiçons des aventures amoureuses*;" and he excludes epic poems from the number, because—"Enfin les poèmes ont pour sujet une action militaire ou politique, et ne traitent d'amour que par occasion; les Romans au contraire ont l'amour pour sujet principal, et ne traitent la politique et la guerre que par incident. Je parle des Romans réguliers; car la plupart des vieux Romans François, Italiens, et Espagnols sont bien moins amoureux que militaires." After this declaration, surely no one has a right to complain of the author for not treating more at large of the old romances of chivalry, or to stigmatise his work as superficial, upon account of that omission. I shall have occasion to remark below, that Dr. W. who, in turning over this *superficial work*, (as he is pleased to call it,) seems to have shut his eyes against every ray of good sense and just observation, has condescended to borrow from it a very gross mistake.

* See Part ii. l. 3. c. 1.

Dr. W's own positions, to the support of which his subsequent facts and arguments might be expected to apply, are two; 1. *That Romances of chivalry being of Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country*; 2. *That the subject of these romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa*. The first position, being complicated, should be divided into the two following; 1. *That romances of chivalry were of Spanish original*; 2. *That the heroes and the scene of them were generally of that country*.

Here are therefore three positions, to which I shall say a few words in their order; but I think it proper to premise a sort of definition of a Romance of Chivalry. If Dr. W. had done the same, he must have seen the hazard of systematizing in a subject of such extent, upon a cursory perusal of a few modern books, which indeed ought not to have been quoted in the discussion of a question of antiquity.

A romance of chivalry therefore, according to my notion, is any fabulous narration, in verse or prose, in which the principal characters are knights, conducting themselves, in their several situations and adventures, agreeably to the institutions and customs of Chivalry. Whatever names the characters may bear, whether historical or fictitious; and in whatever country, or age, the scene of the action may be laid, if the actors are represented as knights, I should call such a fable a Romance of Chivalry.

I am not aware that this definition is more comprehensive than it ought to be: but, let it be narrowed ever so much; let any other be substituted in its room; Dr. W's first position, *that romances of chivalry were of Spanish original*, cannot be maintained. Monsieur Huet would have taught him better. He says very truly, that "*les plus vieux*," of the Spanish romances, "*sont postérieurs à nos Tristans et à nos Lancelots, de quelques centaines d'années*." Indeed the fact is indisputable. Cervantes, in a passage quoted by Dr. W. speaks of *Amadis de Gaula* (the first four books) as the *first book of chivalry printed in Spain*. Though he says only *printed*, it is plain that he means *written*. And indeed there is no good reason to believe that *Amadis* was written long before it was printed. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a system, which places the original of romances of chivalry in a nation, which has none to produce older than the art of printing.

Dr. W.'s second position, *that the heroes and the scene of these romances were generally of the country of Spain*, is as unfortunate as the former. Whoever will take the second volume of *Du Fresnoy's Bibliothèque des Romans*, and look over his lists of *Romans de Chevalerie*, will see that not one of the celebrated heroes of the old romances was a Spaniard. With respect to the general scene of such irregular and capricious fictions, the writers of which were used, literally, to give to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name," I am sensible of the impropriety of asserting any thing positively, without an accurate examination of many more of them than have fallen in my way. I think, however, I might venture to assert, in direct contradiction to Dr. W. that the scene of them was *not generally* in Spain. My own notion is, that

that it was very rarely there; except in those few romances which treat expressly of the affair at Roncesvalles.

His last position, *that the subject of these romances were the crusades of the European Christians, against the Saracens of Asia and Africa*, might be admitted with a small amendment. If it stood thus; *the subject of some, or a few, of these romances were the crusades, &c.* the position would have been incontrovertible; but then it would not have been either new, or fit to support a system.

After this state of Dr. W.'s hypothesis, one must be curious to see what he himself has offered in proof of it. Upon the *two first* positions he says not one word: I suppose he intended that they should be received as axioms. He begins his illustration of his *third* position, by repeating it (*with a little change of terms*, for a reason which will appear). "*Indeed the wars of the Christians against the Pagans were the general subject of the romances of chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkish histories, the one, who, under the name of Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, wrote the History and Achievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers;—the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth.*" Here we see the reason for changing the terms of *crusades* and *Saracens* into *wars* and *Pagans*; for, though the expedition of Charles into Spain, as related by the Pseudo-Turpin, might be called a crusade against the Saracens, yet, unluckily, our Geoffry has nothing like a crusade, nor a single Saracen in his whole history: which indeed ends before Mahomet was born. I must observe too, that the speaking of Turpin's history under the title of "*the History of the Achievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers,*" is inaccurate and unscholarlike, as the fiction of a limited number of twelve peers is of a much later date than that history.

However, the ground-work of the romances of chivalry being thus marked out and determined, one might naturally expect some account of the first builders and their edifices; but instead of that we have a digression upon *Oliver and Roland*, in which an attempt is made to say something of those two famous characters, not from the old romances, but from Shakspeare, and Don Quixote, and some modern Spanish romances. My learned friend, the dean of Carlisle, has taken notice of the strange mistake of Dr. W. in supposing that the feats of *Oliver* were recorded under the name of *Palmerin de Oliva*; a mistake, into which no one could have fallen, who had read the first page of the book. And I very much suspect that there is a mistake, though of less magnitude, in the assertion, that, "*in the Spanish romance of Bernardo del Carpio, and in that of Roncesvalles, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of Roldan el Encantador.*" Dr. W.'s authority for this assertion was, I apprehend, the following passage of *Cervantes*, in the first chapter of Don Quixote. "*Mejor estava con Bernardo del Carpio porque en Roncesvalles avia muerto à Roldan el Encantado, valiendose de la industria de Herodes, quando abogò à Anteon el hijo de la Tierra entre los brazos.*" Where it is observable, that *Cervantes* does not appear to speak of more than *one* romance; he calls *Roldan el encantado*, and

not *el encantador*; and moreover the word *encantado* is not to be understood as an addition to Roldan's name, but merely as a participle, expressing that he was *enchanted*, or *made invulnerable by enchantment*.

But this is a small matter. And perhaps *encantador* may be an error of the press for *encantado*. From this digression Dr. W. returns to the subject of the old romances in the following manner. "*This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we say, the subject of the elder romances. And the first that was printed in Spain was the famous Amadis de Gaula.*" According to all common rules of construction, I think the latter sentence must be understood to imply, that *Amadis de Gaula* was one of the elder romances, and that the subject of it was *the driving of the Saracens out of France or Spain*; whereas, for the reasons already given, *Amadis*, in comparison with many other romances, must be considered as a *very modern one*; and the subject of it has not the least connexion with *any driving of the Saracens whatsoever*.—But what follows is still more extraordinary. "*When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these insupportable guests; by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms against them into Greece and Asia, to support the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the second race or class. And as Amadis de Gaula was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, Amadis de Græcia was at the head of the latter.*"—It is impossible, I apprehend, to refer *this subject* to any antecedent but that in the paragraph last quoted, viz. *the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain*. So that, according to one part of the hypothesis here laid down, the subject of *the driving the Saracens out of France and Spain*, was well exhausted by the old romances (with *Amadis de Gaula* at the head of them) *before the Crusades*; the first of which is generally placed in the year 1095: and, according to the latter part, the crusades happened in the interval between *Amadis de Gaula*, and *Amadis de Græcia*; a space of twenty, thirty, or at most fifty years, to be reckoned backwards from the year 1532, in which year an edition of *Amadis de Græcia* is mentioned by *Du Fresnoy*. What induced Dr. W. to place *Amadis de Græcia* at the head of his second race or class of romances, I cannot guess. The fact is, that *Amadis de Græcia* is no more concerned in supporting the Byzantine empire, and recovering the holy sepulchre, than *Amadis de Gaula* in driving the Saracens out of France and Spain. And a still more pleasant circumstance is, that *Amadis de Græcia*, through more than nine tenths of his history, is himself a declared Pagan.

And here ends Dr. W.'s account of the old romances of chivalry, which he supposes to have had their ground-work in *Turpin's* history. Before he proceeds to the others, which had their ground-work in our *Geoffrey*, he interposes a curious solution of a puzzling question concerning the origin of lying in romances.—"*Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages;*

1 pilgrimages, which indeed have a cast peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the *Travels of Sir J. Maundevile*.—He then gives us a story of an enchanted dragon in the isle of Cos, from Sir J. Maundevile, who wrote his *Travels* in 1356; by way of proof, that the tales of enchantments &c. which had been current here in romances of chivalry for above two hundred years before, were brought by travellers from the East! The proof is certainly not conclusive. On the other hand, I believe it would be easy to shew, that, at the time when romances of chivalry began, our Europe had a very sufficient stock of lies of her own growth, to furnish materials for every variety of monstrous embellishment. At most times, I conceive, and in most countries, imported lies are rather for luxury than necessity.

Dr. W. comes now to that other ground-work of the old romances, our *Geoffry of Monmouth*. And him he dispatches very shortly, because, as has been observed before, it is impossible to find anything in him to the purpose of *crusades*, or *Saracens*. Indeed, in treating of Spanish romances, it must be quite unnecessary to say much of *Geoffry*, as, whatever they have of "*the British Arthur and his conjurer Merlin*," is of so late a fabrick, that, in all probability, they took it from the more modern Italian romances, and not from *Geoffry's* own book. As to the doubt, "*whether it was by blunder or design that they changed the Saxons into Saracens*," I should wish to postpone the consideration of it, till we have some Spanish romance before us, in which king *Arthur* is introduced carrying on a war against *Saracens*.

And thus, I think, I have gone through the several facts and arguments, which Dr. W. has advanced in support of his *third* position. In support of his *two first* positions, as I have observed already, he has said nothing; and indeed nothing can be said. The remainder of his note contains another hypothesis concerning the *strange jumble of nonsense and religion in the old romances*, which I shall not examine. The reader, I presume, by this time is well aware, that Dr. W.'s information upon this subject is to be received with caution. I shall only take a little notice of one or two facts, with which he sets out—"In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first romance of *Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his knights* is called the *History of Saint Graal*.—So another is called *Kyrie eleison of Montaubon*. For in those days *Deuteronomy* and *Paralipomenon* were supposed to be the names of holy men.—I believe no one, who has ever looked into the common romance of king *Arthur*, will be of opinion, that the part relating to the *Saint Graal* was the *first* romance of *Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights*. And as to the other supposed to be called *Kyrie eleison of Montaubon*, there is no reason to believe that any romance with that title ever existed. This is the mistake, which, as was hinted above, Dr. W. appears to have borrowed from *Huet*. The reader will judge. *Huet* is giving an account of the romances in *Don Quixote's* library, which the curate and barber saved

from the flames.—“*Ceux qu' ils jugent dignes d'être gardés sont les quatre livres d' Amadis de Gaule, —Palmerin d'Angleterre, —Don Belianis; le miroir de chevalerie; Tirante le Blanc, et Kyrie élaison de Montauban (car au bon vieux temps on croyoit que Kyrie élaison et Paralipomenon estoient les noms de quelques saints) où les subtilitez de la Damoiselle Plaisir-de-ma-vie, et les tromperies de la Veuve reposée, sont fort louées.*” —It is plain, I think, that Dr. W. copied what he says of *Kyrie élaison de Montauban*, as well as the witticism in his last sentence, from this passage of Huet, though he has improved upon his original by introducing a *saint Deuteronomy*, upon what authority I know not. It is still more evident (from the passage of *Cervantes*, which is quoted below*) that Huet was mistaken in supposing *Kyrie élaison de Montauban* to be the name of a separate romance. He might as well have made *La Damoiselle Plaisir-de-ma-vie* and *La Veuve reposée* the names of separate romances. All three are merely characters in the romance of *Tirante le Blanc*. —And so much for Dr. W.'s account of the origin and nature of romances of chivalry. TYRWHITT.

No future editor of Shakspeare will, I believe, readily consent to omit the dissertation here examined, though it certainly has no more relation to the play before us, than to any other of our author's dramas. Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious observations upon it have given it a value which it certainly had not before; and I think I may venture to foretell, that Dr. Warburton's futile performance, like the pismire which Martial tells us was accidentally incruited with amber, will be ever preserved, for the sake of the admirable comment in which it is now enshrined.

—quæ fuerat vitâ contêmpta manente,
Funeribus facta est nunc pretiosa suis. MALONE.

* Don Quix. lib. i. c. 6. “Valame Dios, dixo el Cura, dando una gran voz, que aqui está Tirante el Blanco! Dadmele acá, compadre, que hego cuenta que he hallado en él un tesoro de contento, y una mina de passatiempos. *Aquí está Don Quirreyson de Montalvan*, valeroso Cavallero, y su hermano Tomas de Montalvan, y el Cavallero Fonseca, con la batalla que le valiente Detriante [r. de Tirante] hizo con el alano, y las agudezas de la Donzella Plaxer de mi vida, con los amores y embustes de la viuda Reposada, y la Señora Emperatriz, enamorada de Hipolito su escudero.”

Aquí está Don Quirreyson &c. HERE, I. e. in this romance of Tirante el Blanco, in Don Quirreyson &c.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Persons Represented.

Theseus, *Duke of Athens.*

Egeus, *Father to Hermia.*

Lyfander, } *in love with Hermia.*

Demetrius, }

Philoftrate, *Master of the Revels to Theseus.*

Quince, *the Carpenter.*

Snug, *the Joiner.*

Bottom, *the Weaver.*

Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*

Snowt, *the Tinker.*

Starveling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolita, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*

Hermia, *Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lyfander.*

Héléna, *in love with Demetrius.*

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*

Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*

Puck, or Robin-goodfellow, *a Fairy.*

Peaseblossom, }
Cobweb, } *Fairies.*
Moth, }
Mustard-seed, }

Pyramus, }
Thisbe, } *Characters in the Interlude performed by*
Wall, } *the Clowns.*
Moonshine, }
Lion, }

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolita.

SCENE, *Athens, and a Wood not far from it.*

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM'

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. *A Room in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes; she lingers my desires,

¹ This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 8, 1600, by Thomas Fisher. It is probable that the hint for it was received from Chaucer's *Knigh't's Tale*. Thence it is, that our author speaks of Theseus as *duke of Athens*. The tale begins thus; late edit. v. 861:

"Whilom as olde stories tellen us,

"There was a *Duk* that highte Theseus,

"Of Athenes he was lord and governour, &c."

Lidgate too, the monk of Bury, in his translation of the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, calls him by the same title, chap. xii. l. 21.

"*Duke* Theseus had the victorie."

Creon, in the tragedy of *Jocasta*, translated from *Euripides* in 1566, is called *Duke Creon*. So likewise Skelton:

"Not lyke *Duke* Hamilcar,

"Nor like *Duke* Arsduball."

I have been informed that the original of Shakspeare's *Oberon* and *Titanis* are to be sought in the ancient French Romance of *Huon de Bourdeaux*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton remarks, (*Observat.* on Spenser's *F. Q.* v. ii. 138,) that "this romance is mentioned among other old histories of the same kind in Lancham's Letter, concerning Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle. It is entitled *The famous exploits of Sir Hugh of Bourdeaux*, and was translated from the French by John Bouchier, Lord Berners, in the reign of Henry VIII."

The *Midsommer-Nigh't's Dream* I suppose to have been written in 1592. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

Like

442 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue².

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent³ in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.— [Exit Phi.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling⁴.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint

² Like to a stepdame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.]

— Ut piger annus

Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum,

Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora. HOR. MALONE.

³ New bent—] The old copies read—*Now* bent. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁴ With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.] By triumph, as Mr. Warton has observed in his late edition of Milton's POEMS, p. 56, we are to understand *shows*, such as masks, revels, &c. So, again in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

“And now what rests, but that we spend the time

“With stately triumphs, mirthful comick shows,

“Such as befit the pleasures of the court.”

Again in the preface to Burton's *Anatomic of Melancholy*, 1624:

“Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, playes.” In 1600, as the same gentleman observes, in the title of his masque called *Love's triumph through Callipolis*, by triumph seems to have meant a grand procession; and in one of the stage-directions, it is said, “the triumph is seen far off.” MALONE.

Against

Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
 Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her:—
 Stand forth, Lyfander;—and, my gracious duke,
 This hath bewitch'd⁵ the bosom of my child:
 Thou, thou, Lyfander, thou hast given her rhimes,
 And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
 Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
 And stol'n the impresson of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds⁶, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers
 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
 Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,
 Be it so she will not here before your grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius,
 I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
 Which shall be either to this gentleman,
 Or to her death; according to our law⁷,
 Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid;
 To you your father should be as a god;
 One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
 To whom you are but as a form in wax,

⁵ *This hath bewitch'd*—] The old copies read—*This man hath bewitch'd*—The emendation was made for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. It is very probable that the compositor caught the word *man* from the line above. MALONE.

⁶ —*gawds*,—] i. e. baubles, toys, trifles. Our author has the word frequently. The rev. Mr. Lambe in his notes on the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Flodden*, observes that a *gawd* is a child's toy, and that the children in the North call their play-things *gawds*, and their baby-house a *gawdy-house*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Or to her death; according to our law*,] By a law of Solon's, parents had an absolute power of life and death over their children. So it suited the poet's purpose well enough, to suppose the Athenians had it before.—Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter. WARBURTON.

444 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is :

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold ;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts :
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death ⁸, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth ⁹, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun ;
For aye ¹ to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage :
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd ²,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin-thorn,

⁸ — to die the death,] See p. 58, n. 6. MALONE.

⁹ Know of your youth,—] Bring your youth to the question. Consider your youth. JOHNSON.

¹ For aye—] i. e. for ever. STEEVENS.

² But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd.] Thus all the copies ; yet *earthlier* is so harsh a word, and *earthlier happy* for *happier earthly*, a mode of speech so unusual, that I wonder none of the editors have proposed *earlier happy*. JOHNSON.

It has since been observed, that Mr. Pope did propose *earlier*. We might read, *earthly happier*. STEEVENS.

This a thought in which Shakspeare seems to have much delighted. We meet with it again in his 5th, 6th, and 54th Sonnet. MALONE.

Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke³
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause: and, by the next new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would:
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—And, Lyfander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lyf. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him⁴.

Ege. Scornful Lyfander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lyf. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted⁵ and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,

³ — to whose unwish'd yoke] To, which is wanting in the quartos and first folio, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ Let me have Hermia's do you marry him.] I suspect that Shakspere wrote:

"Let me have Hermia; do you marry him." TVERWHITT.

⁵ — spotted—] As spotless is innocent, so spotted is wicked. JOHNS.

446 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof ;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come ;
And come, Egeus ; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will ;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolita ; What cheer, my love ?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along :
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial ; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty, and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt* THES. HIP. EGE. DEM. and *Train*.]

Lys. How now, my love ? Why is your cheek so pale ?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast ?

Her. Belike, for want of rain ; which I could well
Beteem them⁶ from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me ! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth⁷ ;
But, either it was different in blood ;

Her. O cross ! too high to be enthrall'd to low⁸ !

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years ;

Her. O spight ! too old to be engag'd to young !

⁶ Beteem them—] Give them, bestow upon them. The word is used by Spenser. JOHNSON.

I rather think that to *beteem* in this place signifies (as in the northern counties) to *pour out* ; from *tommer*, Danish. STEEVENS.

⁷ The course of true love &c.] This passage seems to have been imitated by Milton. *Paradise lost*, B. 10.—898, et seqq. MALONE.

⁸ — too high to be enthrall'd to low !] The old copies read—to *love*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. It is fully supported, not only by the tenour of the preceding lines, but by a passage in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, in which the former predicts that the course of love never shall run smooth.

“ Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend,

“ Ne'er settled equally, too high, or low, &c.” MALONE.

Lys.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends :

Her. O hell ! to choofe love by another's eye !

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it ;
Making it momentany⁹ as a fount,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;
Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night¹,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold !
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny :
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross ;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers².

Lys. A good persuasion ; therefore, hear me, Hermia,
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child :
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues ;

⁹ *Making it momentany—*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads
—momentary. MALONE.

Momentany is the old and proper word. JOHNSON.

¹ *Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night,*

That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,] Though the word *spleen* be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. Shakspeare, always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas, assumes every now and then, an uncommon licence in the use of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes it is usual with him to employ one, only to express a very few ideas of that number of which it is composed. Thus wanting here to express the ideas—of a sudden, or—in a trice, he uses the word *spleen* ; which, partially considered, signifying a hasty sudden fit, is enough for him, and he never troubles himself about the further or fuller signification of the word. Here, he uses the word *spleen* for a sudden hasty fit ; 'tis just the contrary, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he uses *sudden* for *splenetic* :—"sudden quips." And it must be owned this sort of conversation adds a force to the diction.

WARBURTON.

— *the colly'd night,*] *colly'd*, i. e. black, smutted with coal, a word still used in the island counties. STEEVENS.

² — *poor fancy's followers.*] *Fancy* here and in many other places in these plays, signifies *love*. MALONE.

And

448 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow-night:
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
'To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lyfander!

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
'To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lyf. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed, fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair⁴: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars⁵ and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.

Sickness

³ — *by that fire that burn'd the Carthage queen,*] Shakspeare had forgotten that Theseus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and consequently long before the death of Dido. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *your fair:*] *Fair* is used again as a substantive in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“ ——— My decayed *fair*,

“ A funny look of his would soon repair.”

See p. 146, n. 6. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Your eyes are lode-stars;* This was a complement not unfrequent among the old poets. The lode-star is the *leading* or *guiding* star, that is, the pole star. The magnet is, for the same reason, called the *lode-stone*, either because it leads iron, or because it guides the sailor. Milton has the same thought in *L'Allegro*:

Sickness is catching; O, were favour so⁶!
 Your words I'd catch⁷, fair Hermia, ere I go;
 My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
 My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
 Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
 The rest I'll give to be to you translated⁸.
 O, teach me how you look; and with what art
 You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hcl. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hcl. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hcl. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hcl. None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
 Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
 Before the time I did Lysander see⁹,
 Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:

O then,

“*Tow'rs and battlements be seen*

“*Bosom'd high in tufted trees,*

“*Where perhaps some beauty lies,*

“*The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.*”

Davies calls Elizabeth, “*lode-stone* to hearts and *lode-stone* to all eyes.” JOHNSON.

⁶ — O, were favour so!] *Favour* is *feature*, countenance. So, in *Twelfth-Night*, Act II. sc. iv:

“ ————thine eye

“ Hath stay'd upon some *favour* that it loves.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Your words I'd catch*—] The old copies read—I *catch*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*Yours would I catch*; in which he has been followed by the subsequent editors. As the old reading (*words*) is intelligible, I have adhered to the ancient copies. MALONE.

⁸ — *to be to you translated*.] *To translate*, in our author, sometimes signifies to *change*, to *transform*. So, in *Timon*:

“ ———— to present slaves and servants

“ *Translates* his rivals.” STEEVENS.

⁹ Perhaps every reader may not discover the propriety of these lines. Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
'Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet¹;
There my *Lyfander* and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewel, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius*!—
Keep word, *Lyfander*: we must starve our sight

triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to consider the power of pleasing, as an advantage to be much envied or much desired, since *Hermia*, whom she considers as possessing it in the supreme degree, has found no other effect of it than the loss of happiness. JOHNSON.

¹ *Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet*;] That is, emptying our bosoms of those secrets upon which we were wont to consult each other with so sweet a satisfaction. HEATH.

The old copies read—*swell'd*; and in the line next but one *strange companions*. Both emendations were made by Mr. Theobald, who supports them by observing that "this whole scene is in rhyme. *Sweet* was easily corrupted into *swell'd*, because that made an antithesis to *emptying*; and "*strange companions*" our editors thought was plain English, but "*stranger companies*" a little quaint and unintelligible." Our author very often uses the substantive, *stranger*, adjectively, and *companies*, to signify *companions*. So, in *K. Richard II.* Act I:

"To tread the *stranger* paths of banishment."
and in *K. Henry V.*:

"His *companies* unletter'd, rude, and shallow."

The latter of Mr. Theobald's emendations is likewise supported by Stowe's *Annales*, p. 991, edit. 1615: The prince himself was faine to get upon the high altar, to girt his aforesaid *companies* with the order of knighthood." Mr. Heath observes, that our author seems to have had the following passage in the 55th Psalm, (v. 14, 15.) in his thoughts: "But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. We took *sweet counsel* together, and walked in the house of God as friends." MALONE.

From lovers' food, 'till morrow deep midnight².

[Exit HERMIA.]

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu :

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you ! [Exit LYS.]

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some, can be !

'Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.

But what of that ? Demetrius thinks not so ;

He will not know what all but he do know.

And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,

So I, admiring of his qualities.

'Things base and vile, holding no quantity³,

Love can transpose to form and dignity.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind :

Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste ;

Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste :

And therefore is love said to be a child,

Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.

As waggish boys in game⁴ themselves forswear,

So the boy love is perjur'd every where :

For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne⁵,

He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine ;

And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,

So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.

I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight :

Then to the wood will he, to-morrow-night,

Pursue her ; and for this intelligence

If I have thanks, it is a dear expence :

But herein mean I to enrich my pain,

To have his sight thither, and back again.

[Exit.]

² — *when Phæbe doth behold &c.*

— *deep midnight.*] Shakspeare has a little forgotten himself. It appears from page 441, that to-morrow night would be within three nights of the new moon, when there is no moonshine at all, much less at deep midnight. The same oversight occurs in Act. III. sc. i.

BLACKSTONE.

³ — *no quantity,*] *Quality* seems a word more suitable to the sense than *quantity*, but either may serve. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *in game*] *Game* here signifies not contentious play, but *sport, jest*. So Spenser: "*twixt earnest and twixt game.*" JOHNSON.

⁵ — *Hermia's eyne,*] This plural is common both in Chaucer and Spenser. STEVENS.

S C E N E II.

The same. A Room in a Cottage.

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE,
and STARVELING⁶.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip⁷.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and dutchefs, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point⁸.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe⁹.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and

⁶ In this scene Shakspeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult and noise, such as every young man pants to perform when he first steps upon the stage. The same Bottom, who seems bred in a tiring-room, has another histrionical passion. He is for engrossing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all possibility of distinction. He is therefore desirous to play Pyramus, Thisbe, and the Lyon, at the same time. JOHNSON.

⁷ — the scrip.] *A scrip*, Fr. *escript*, now written *ecrit*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — grow to a point.] So, in *the Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

“Our reasons will be infinite, I trow,

“Unless unto some other point we grow.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *The most lamentable comedy*, &c. This is very probably a burlesque on the title-page of *Cambyses*: “A lamentable tragedie, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing, *The Life of Cambyses, King of Persia*, &c.” By Tho Preston, bl. l. no date. On the registers of the Stationers' Company however appears “the booke of *Perymus and Thisbe*, 1562.” Perhaps Shakspeare copied some part of his interlude from it.

STEEVENS.

A poem entitled *Pyramus and Thisbe* by D. Gale, was published in 4to. in 1597; but this, I believe, was posterior to the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. MALONE.

a mer-

a merry¹.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in², to make all split³.

“ The raging rocks,
 “ And shivering shocks,
 “ Shall break the locks
 “ Of prison-gates;
 “ And Phibbus’ car
 “ Shall shine from far,
 “ And make and mar
 “ The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles’ vein, a tyrant’s vein; a lover is more condoling.

¹ *A very good piece of work,—and a merry.*] This is designed as a ridicule on the titles of our ancient moralities and interludes. Thus Skelton’s *Magnificence* is called “a goodly interlude and a mery.” STEEV.

² *I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in:*] In the old comedy of the *Roaring girl*, 1611, there is a character called *Tear-cat*, who says, “I am called, by those who have seen my valour, *Tear-cat*.” In an anonymous piece called *Histrionastix*, or *The Player subipt*, 1610, in six acts, a parcel of soldiers drag a company of players on the stage, and the captain says, “Sirrah, this is you that would rend and tear a cat upon a stage, &c.” Again, in *The Isle of Gulls*, a comedy by J. Day, 1606: “I had rather hear two such jests, than a whole play of such *Tear-cat* thunder-claps.” STEEVENS.

³ — *to make all split.*] This is to be connected with the previous part of the speech; not with the subsequent rhymes. It was the description of a bully. In the second act of the *Scornful Lady*, we meet with “two roaring boys of Rome, that made all split.” FARMER.

The same expression is used by Chapman in his *Widow’s Tears*, 1612.

MALONE.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender*.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will⁴.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—*Thisne, Thisne,—Ab, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!*

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother⁵.—Tom Snowt, the tinker.

Snow.

* — *the bellows-mender.*] In Ben Jonson's masque of *Pan's Anniversary*, &c. a man of the same profession is introduced. I have been told that a *bellows-mender* was one who had the care of organs, regals, &c. STEEVENS.

4 — *as small as you will.*] This passage shews how the want of women on the old stage was supplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask, which was at that time a part of a lady's dress so much in use that it did not give any unusual appearance to the scene; and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone might play the woman very successfully. It is observed in Downe's *Memoirs of the Playhouse*, that one of these counterfeit heroines moved the passions more strongly than the women that have since been brought upon the stage. Some of the catastrophes of the old comedies, which make lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common use of masks, brought nearer to probability. JOHNSON.

Prynne, in his *Histriomastix*, exclaims with great vehemence through several pages, because a woman acted a part in a play at Blackfriars in the year 1628. STEEVENS.

5 — *you must play Thisby's mother.*] There seems a double forgetfulness of our part, in relation to the characters of this interlude. The father and mother of Thisbe, and the father of Pyramus, are here mentioned, who do not appear at all in the interlude; but Wall and Moonshine

Snow. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;
—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope,
here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if
it be, give it me, for I am slow of study⁶.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but
roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will
do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I
will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would
fright the dutcheffs and the ladies, that they would shriek;
and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the
ladies out of their wits, they would have no more dis-
cretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so,
that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will
roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus
is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a
summer's-day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man;
therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I
best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour'd
beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain
beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect
yellow?⁷

Quin.
shine are both employed in it, of whom there is not the least notice taken
here. THEOBALD.

Theobald is wrong as to this last particular. The introduction of
Wall and Moonshine was an after-thought. See Act II. sc. i. It
may be observed, however, that no part of what is rehearsed is after-
wards repeated, when the piece is acted before Theseus. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *slow of study.*] *Study* is still the cant term used in a theatre for
getting any nonsense by rote. Hamlet asks the player if he can "*study*"
a speech. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *your perfect yellow.*] Here Bottom again discovers a true ge-
nius

Quin. Some of your French crowns⁸ have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced.—But, masters, here are your parts : and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night ; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light ; there will we rehearse : for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties⁹, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet ; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains ; be perfect ; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough ; Hold, or cut bow-strings¹. [Exeunt.]

nus for the stage by his solicitude for propriety of dress, and his deliberation which beard to chuse among many beards, all unnatural.

JOHNSON.

It was the custom formerly to wear coloured beards. So in the old comedy of *Ram-Alley*, 1611 :

“ What colour'd beard comes next by the window ?

“ A black man's, I think ;

“ I think, a red : for that is most in fashion.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *French crowns* &c.] That is, a head from which the hair has fallen in one of the last stages of the *lues ventrea*, called the *corona veneris*. To this our poet has frequent allusions. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *properties*,] *Properties* are whatever little articles are wanted in a play for the actors, according to their respective parts, dresses and scenes excepted. The person who delivers them out is to this day called the *property man*. STEEVENS.

¹ — *Hold, or cut bow-strings*.] To meet, whether bow-strings hold or are cut, is to meet in all events. To cut the bowstring, when bows were in use, was probably a common practice of those who bore enmity to the archer. “ He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, (says Don Pedro in *Much ado about nothing*,) and the little hangman dare not shoot at him.” MALONE.

Hold, or cut cod-pie pie point, is a proverb to be found in Ray's Collection, p. 57. edit 1737. COLLINS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Wood near Athens.**Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck at another.**Puck.* How now spirit! whither wander you?*Fai.* Over hill, over dale²,

Thorough bush, thorough briar,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere³;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs⁴ upon the green:The cowslips tall her pensioners be⁵;

In

² *Over hill, over dale, &c.]* So Drayton in his *Court of Fairy*:

“Thorough brake, thorough brier,

“Thorough muck, thorough mire,

“Thorough water, thorough fire.” JOHNSON.

³ — *the moon's sphere;*] Unless we suppose this to be the Saxon genitive case, (as it is here printed,) the metre will be defective. So, in a letter from Gabriel Harvey to Spenser, 1580: “Have we not *God bys wrath*, for *Goddess wrath*, and a thousand of the same flampe, wherein the corrupte orthography in the moste, hath been the sole or principal cause of corrupt profodye in over-many?” STEEVENS.⁴ *To dew her orbs upon the green:*] The orbs here mentioned are the circles supposed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairy's care to water them. Thus Drayton:

“They in their courses make that round,

“In meadows and in marshes found,

“Of them so called the fairy ground.” JOHNSON.

Thus in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*: “—similes illis spectris, quæ in multis locis, præsertim nocturno tempore, suum saltatorium orbem cum omnium mularum concentu versare solent.” It appears from the same author, that these dancers always parched up the grass, and therefore it is properly made the office of *Puck* to refresh it.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *The cowslips tall her pensioners be;*] i. e. her guards. The golden-coated cowslips were chosen by the author as *pensioners* to the Fairy Queen, the dress of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners being in the time of Queen Elizabeth very splendid, and (as we learn from Osborne) the tallest and handsomest men being generally chosen by her for that office.

458 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

In their gold coats spots you see⁶;
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their favours :
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear⁷.
 Farewel, thou lob off spirits⁸, I'll be gone ;
 Our queen and all her elves come here anon.
Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to night ;
 Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
 A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king ;
 She never had so sweet a changeling⁹ :
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild :
 But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy :
 And now they never meet in grove, or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen¹,

office. See Vol. I. p. 234, n. 5. The allusion was pointed out by Mr Steevens. MALONE.

The cowslip was a favourite among the fairies. JOHNSON.

⁶ *In their gold coats spots you see ;*] Shakspeare, in *Cymbeline*, refers to the same red spots :

“ *A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops*

“ *I' the bottom of a cowslip.*” PERCY.

⁷ *And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.*] The same thought occurs in an old comedy call'd the *Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600. An enchanter says :

“ 'Twas I that led you through the painted meads

“ Where the light fairies danc'd upon the flowers,

“ *Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl.*” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *lob of spirits,*] *Lob, lubber, looby, lobcock*, all denote both inactivity of body and dullness of mind. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, by B. and Fletcher : “ There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her, that had a giant to her son, that was called *Lob-lye-by-the-fire*.” This being seems to be of kin to the *lubbar fiend* of Milton, as Mr. Warton has remarked in his *Observations on the Fairy Queen*. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *changeling ;*] *Changeling* is commonly used for the child supposed to be left by the fairies, but here for the child taken away.

JOHNSON.

¹ — *sheen,*] Shining, bright, gay. JOHNSON.

But

But they do square²; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow³: are you not he,
That fright⁴ the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern⁵,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;

And

² *But they do square*;] To *square* here is to quarrel. The French word *contrecarrer* has the same import. JOHNSON.

So, in *Jack Drums Entertainment*, 1601:

"— pray let me go, for he'll begin to *square*." STEEVENS.

It is somewhat whimsical, that the glaziers use the words *square* and *quarrel* as synonymous terms, for a pane of glass. BLACKSTONE.

³ — *Robin Goodfellow*;] This account of Robin Good-fellow corresponds, in every article, with that given of him in *Harsener's Declaration*, ch. xx. p. 134: "And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier, and Sisse the dairry-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head. But if a Peeter-penny or an house-egge were behind, or a patch of tythe unpaid,—then 'ware — of bull-beggars, spirits, &c." He is mentioned by Cartwright [*Ordinary*, Act III. sc. 1.] as a spirit particularly fond of disconcerting and disturbing domestic peace and œconomy. T. WARTON.

Reginald Scot gives the same account of this frolicsome spirit, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, Lond. 1588. 4to. p. 66. "Yourgrandames maids, were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding of malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight—this white bread and bread and milk, was his standing fee." STEEVENS.

⁴ *That fright*—] The old copies read *frights*; and in grammatical propriety, I believe, this verb, as well as those that follow, should agree with the personal pronoun *he*, rather than with *you*. If so, our author ought to have written—*frights, skims, labours, makes, and misleads*. The other, however, being the more common usage, and that which he has preferred, I have corrected the former word. MALONE.

⁵ *Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,*

And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;] The sense of these lines is confused. *Are not you he*, says the fairy, *that fright the country girls, that skim milk, work in the hand-mill, and make the tired dairy-woman churn without effect?* The mention of the mill seems out of place, for she is not now telling the good but the evil that he does. JOHNS.

Perhaps the construction is—and sometimes make the breathless housewife labour in the quern, and bootless churn. This would obviate the objection made by Dr. Johnson, viz. that "the mention of the

the

460 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And sometime make the drink to bear no barm⁶;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
'Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck⁷,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright⁸;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.

the mill is out of place, for she is not now telling the good but the evil that he does." MALONE.

A *Quern* is a hand-mill, *kucrna*, *mola*. Islandic. STEEVENS.

⁶ — no barm;] *Barme* is a name for yeast, yet used in our midland counties, and universally in Ireland. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck, &c.*] To those traditi-
onary opinions Milton has reference in *L'Allegro*. A like account
of Puck is given by Drayton, in his *Nymphidia*.—Whether Drayton or
Shakspeare wrote first, I cannot discover. JOHNSON.

The editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, in 4 vols. 8vo. 1775,
has incontrovertibly proved Drayton to have been the follower of Shak-
speare; for, says he, "*Don Quixot* (which was not published till 1605.)
is cited in the *Nymphidia*, whereas we have an edition of the *Midsum-
mer-Night's Dream* in 1600." STEEVENS.

Don Quixote, though published in Spain in 1605, was probably little
known in England till Skelton's translation appeared in 1612. Dray-
ton's poem was, I have no doubt, subsequent to that year. The earliest
edition of it that I have seen, was printed in 1619. MALONE.

—sweet *Puck*,] The epithet is by no means superfluous; as *Puck*
alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It signified nothing
better than *fiend* or *devil*. So, the author of *Pierce Ploughman* puts the
pouk for the devil. fol. lxxx. b. v. penult. See also fol. lxvii. v. 15.
"none belle powke."

It seems to have been an old Gothic word. *Puke*, *puken*; Sathanas.
Gudm. And. Lexicon. Island. TYRWHITT.

So, in Spenser's *Epithalamion*, 1595:

"Ne let house-fyres, nor lightning's helpelesse harms,

"Ne let the *pouke*, nor other evil spright,

"Ne let mischievous witches with their charms

"Ne let hobgoblins &c." STEEVENS.

⁸ *Puck.* *Thou speak'st aright*;] I would fill up the verse which I sup-
pose the author left complete: *I am*, thou speak'st aright.

It seems that in the Fairy mythology Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the
trusty servant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the
intrigues of Queen Mab, called by Shakspeare *Titanla*. For in Drayton's
Nymphidia, the same fairies are engaged in the same business. Mab
has an amour with Pigwiggen; Oberon being jealous, sends Hobgoblin
to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs opposes him by a spell.

JOHNSON.

La

I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab²;
 And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt¹, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And taylor cries², and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loose³;
 And waxen⁴ in their mirth, and neeze, and swear,
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
 But room, Faery⁵, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress:—'Would that he were gone.

Enter OBERON⁶, at one door, with his train, and TITANIA⁷, at another, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Tita.

² — a roasted crab;] i. e. a crab apple. So again in *Lowe's Labour's Lost*:

"When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl. MALONE."

¹ *The wisest aunt,*] Though *aunt* in many ancient English books means a *procuress*, I believe it here only signifies an old woman in general. MALONE.

² *And taylor cries,*] The custom of crying *taylor* at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair falls as a taylor squats upon his board. The Oxford editor, and Dr. Warburton after him, read *and rails or cries*, plausibly, but I believe not rightly. Besides, the trick of the fairy is represented as producing rather merriment than anger. JOHNSON.

³ — bold their hips, and loose;]

"And laughter holding both his sides." Milton. STEEVENS.

⁴ *And waxen*] And *increase*, as the moon waxes. JOHNSON.

⁵ *But room, Faery.*] The word *Faery* or *Faery*, was sometimes of three syllables, as often in Spenser. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Enter Oberon,*] The judicious editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, in his *Introductory discourse*, (See vol. iv. p. 161.) observes, that "*Pluto and Proserpina* in the *Merchant's Tale*, appear to have been the true progenitors of Shakspeare's *Oberon* and *Titania*." STEEVENS.

⁷ *Titania.*] As to the *Fairy Queen*, (says Mr. Warton in his *Observations on Spenser*,) considered apart from the race of fairies, the notion of such

Tita. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton; Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: But I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin fate all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Ob. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolita,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night⁸
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?⁹
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring¹,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain², or by rushy brook,

Or

such an imaginary personage was very common. Chaucer, in his *Rime of Sir Thopas*, mentions her, together with a Fairy land. STEEVENS..

⁸ — *through the glimmering night*] The *glimmering night* is the night faintly illuminated by stars. In *Macbeth* our author says,

"The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day." STEEV.

⁹ From Perigenia, *whom he ravished*?] In North's translation of Plutarch (Life of Theseus) this lady is called *Perigouna*. The alteration was probably intentional, for the sake of harmony. Her real name was *Perigune*. MALONE.

¹ *And never, since the middle summer's spring, &c.*] By the *middle summer's spring*, our author seems to mean the *beginning of middle or mid summer*. *Spring* for *beginning* he uses again; *Henry IV.* P. II.

"As *flaws* congealed in the spring of day." STEEVENS.

So Holinshed, p. 494:—"the morowe after about the *spring* of the daie"—MALONE.

² — *paved fountain*;] A fountain laid round the edge with stone. JOHNS.

Perhaps *paved* at the bottom. So, Lord Bacon in his *Essay on Gardens*: "As for the other kind of *fountain*, which we may call a *bathing*

Or on the beached margent³ of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain⁴,
 As in revenge have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
 Have every pelting river⁵ made so proud,
 That they have overborne their continents⁶:
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard⁷:
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrain flock⁸;
 The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud⁹;

And

Ing-pool, it may admit much curiosity and beauty. As that the bottom be finely paved the fides likewise, &c." STEEVENS.

³ Or on the beached margent—] The old copies read—Or in. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁴ — the winds, piping] So, Milton:

"While rocking winds are piping loud." JOHNSON.

⁵ — pelting river] Thus the quartos: the folio reads *petty*. Shakspeare has in *Lear* the same word,—*low* pelting farms. The meaning is plainly, despicable, mean, sorry, wretched; but as it is a word without any reasonable etymology, I should be glad to dismiss it for *petty*: yet it is undoubtedly right. We have "*petty pelting officer in Measure for Measure*." JOHNSON.

This word is always used as a term of contempt. STEEVENS.

⁶ — ne their continents:] Born down the banks that contained them. S., in *Lear*:

close pent-up guilts,

"Rive your concealing continents!" JOHNSON.

⁷ — and the green corn

Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:] So, in our author's 32th Sonnet:

"And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,

"Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard." MALONE.

⁸ — murrain flock:] The *murrain* is the plague in cattle. It is here used by Shakspeare as an adjective; as a substantive by others.

STEEVENS.

⁹ The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud:] In that part of Warwickshire were Shakspeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonshire, the shepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to represent a sort of imperfect chess-board. It consists of a square, sometimes only a foot diameter, sometimes three or four yards,

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable :
 The human mortals ¹ want their winter here ² ;

yards. Within this is another square, every side of which is parallel to the external square, and these squares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both squares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player; has wooden pegs, the other stones, which they move in such a manner as to take up each other's men as they are called, and the area of the inner square is called the Pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. These figures are by the country people called *Nine Men's Morris*, or *Merrils*, and are so called, because each party has nine men. These figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the grass at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy seasons never fail to be *choated up with mud*. JAMES.

Nine men's morris is a game still play'd by the shepherds, cow-keepers, &c. in the midland counties, as follows :

A figure is made on the ground, by cutting out the turf; and two persons take each nine stones, which they place by turns in the angles, and afterwards move alternately, as at chess or draughts. He who can place three in a straight line, may then take off any one of his adversary's, where he pleases, till one, having lost all his men, loses the game.

ALCHORNE.

In Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the article *Merelles*, is the following explanation. "Le Jeu des Merelles. The boyish game called Merils, or fivepenny morris; played here most commonly with stones, but in France with pawns, or men made on purpose, and termed *merelles*."

TOILET.

The foregoing explanation is probably the true one. Some, however, have thought that "the nine men's morris" here means the ground marked out for a morris dance performed by nine persons. MALONE.

¹ *The human mortals*.] Shakspeare might have employ'd this epithet, which, at first sight, appears redundant, to mark the difference between *men* and *fairies*. *Fairies* were not *human*, but they were yet *subject to mortality*. STEEVENS.

See the *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. 10; and Warton's *OBSERVATIONS* on Spenser, vol. i. p. 55. REED.

² — *their winter here*;] *Here*, in this country.—I once inclined to receive the emendation proposed by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer,—*their winter cheer*; but perhaps alteration is unnecessary. "Their winter" may mean those sports with which country people are wont to beguile a winter's evening, at the season of Christmas, which, it appears from the next line was particularly in our author's contemplation :

"The wery winter nights restore the Christmas games,

"And now the seson doth invite to banquet townish dames."

Romans and Juliet, 1562. MALONE.

NO

No night is now with hymn or carol blest³ :—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods⁴,

Pale

³ *No night is now with hymn or carol blest :*] Since the coming of Christianity, this season, [winter,] in commemoration of the birth of Christ, has been particularly devoted to festivity. And to this custom, notwithstanding the impropriety, *hymn or carol blest* certainly alludes.

WARBURTON.

⁴ *Therefore the moon, the governess of floods, &c.*] This line has no immediate connection with that preceding it (as Dr. Johnson seems to have thought). It does not refer to the omission of hymns or carols, but of the fairy rites, which were disturbed in consequence of Oberon's quarrel with Titania. The moon is with peculiar propriety represented as incensed at the cessation—not of the christian carols, (as Dr. Warburton thinks,) nor of the heathen rites of adoration, (as Dr. Johnson supposes,) but of those sports, which have been always reputed to be celebrated by her light.

As the whole passage has been much misunderstood, it may be proper to observe that Titania begins with saying,

And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,—
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.

She then particularly enumerates the several consequences that have flowed from their contention. The whole is divided into four clauses :

1. *Therefore* the winds, &c.
That they have overborne their continents ;
2. The Ox hath *therefore* stretch'd his yoke in vain ;
The ploughman lost his sweat ;—
No night is now with hymn or carol blest :
3. *Therefore* the Moon—washes all the air,
That rheumatick diseases do abound :
4. And, *therefore* this distemperature, we see,
The seasons alter ;—
— and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which :
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissention.

In all this there is no difficulty. All these calamities are the consequences of the dissention between Oberon and Titania ; as seems to be sufficiently pointed out by the word *therefore*, so often repeated. Those lines which have it not, are evidently put in apposition with the preceding line in which that word is found. MALONE.

The repeated adverb *therefore*, throughout this speech, I suppose to have constant reference to the first time when it is used —All these irregularities of season happened in consequence of the disagreement between the king and queen of the fairies, and not in consequence of each other. —Ideas crowded fast on Shakspeare, and as he committed them to pa-

Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatick diseases do abound :
 And, thorough this distemperature⁵, we see
 The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose⁶;
 And on old Hyems' chin⁷, and icy crown,

per, he did not attend to the distance of the leading object from which they took their rise.

That the festivity and hospitality attending Christmas, decreased, was the subject of complaint to many of our ludicrous writers. Among the rest, to Nash, whose comedy called *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, made its first appearance in the same year with this play, viz. 1600. The confusion of seasons here described, is no more than a poetical account of the weather, which happened in England about the time when this play was first published. For this information I am indebted to chance, which furnished me with a few leaves of an old meteorological history. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *this distemperature*,] By *distemperature*, I imagine is meant in this place, the perturbed state in which the king and queen had lived for some time past. Mr. Steevens thinks it means "the perturbation of the elements." MALONE.

⁶ — *hoary-headed frosts*
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;] Shakspeare, in *Coriolanus*, talks of the "consecrated snow that lies on Dian's lap:" and Spenser in his *Faery Queen*, B. ii. c. 2. has—

"And fills with flow'rs fair Flora's painted lap." STEEVENS.

This thought is elegantly expressed by Goldsmith in his *Traveller* :

"And winter lingering chills the lap of May." MASON.

⁷ — *Hyems' chin*,] Dr. Grey, not inelegantly conjectures, that the poet wrote, "—on old Hyems' *chill* and icy crown." It is not indeed easy to discover how a chaplet can be placed on *the chin*. STEEV.

It should be rather for *thin*, i. e. thin-hair'd. TYRWHITT.

So Cordelia speaking of Lear :

"——to watch, poor perdu !

"With this *thin* helm." STEEVENS.

Thinne is nearer to *chinne* (the spelling of the old copies) than *chill*, and therefore, I think, more likely to have been the author's word.

MALONE.

I believe this peculiar image of Hyems' chin must have come from Virgil, (*Æneid* iv. 253) through the medium of the translation of the day :

—— tum flumina mento

Precipitant fenis, et glacie riget horrida barba." S. W.

Thus translated by Phaer, 1561 :

"——and from his hoary beard adowne,

"The streames of waters fall ; with yce and frost his face doth frowne."

MALONE.

An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set : The spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the 'mazed world,
By their increase⁸, now knows not which is which :
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissention ;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then ; it lies in you :
Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman⁹.

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order :
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side ;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood ;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind :
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
(Following her womb then rich with my young 'squire,)

⁸ *The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the 'mazed world
By their increase, &c.] 'The chiding autumn is the pregnant au-
tumn, frugifer autumnus. STEEVENS.*

By their increase, is, by their produce. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 97th Sonnet :

“ The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
“ Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime.”

The latter expression is scriptural : “ Then shall the earth bring forth
her increase, and God, even our God, shall give us his blessing.” PSALM
lxvii. MALONE.

⁹ — *henchman.* Page of honour. GREY.

Henchman. Quasi hauffsch-man. One that goes behind another.
Pedisequus. BLACKSTONE.

The learned commentator might have given his etymology some sup-
port from the following passage in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

“ O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,

“ Which ever in the haunch of winter sings

“ The lifting up of day.” STEEVENS.

Would imitate²; and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
 And, for her sake, do I rear up her boy;
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
 If you will patiently dance in our round,
 And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away:
 We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt TITANIA, and her Train.*]

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
 Till I torment thee for this injury.—
 My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back³,

Uttering

² Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
 Following, (her womb then rich with my young 'squire,)

Would imitate; ———] Perhaps the parenthesis should begin
 sooner; as I think Mr. Kenrick observes:

(Following her womb, then rich with my young 'squire,)

So, in Trulla's combat with Hudibras:

" ——— She press'd so home,

" That he retired, and follow'd's bum."

And Dryden says of his *Spanish Friar*, "his great belly walks in state
 before him, and his gouty legs come limping after it." FARMER.

I have followed this regulation, (which was likewise adopted by Mr.
 Steevens,) though I do not think that of the old copy at all liable to
 the objection made to it by Dr Warburton. "She did not, (he says)
 follow the ship whose motion she imitated; for that sailed on the water,
 she on land." But might she not on land move in the same direction
 with the ship at sea, which certainly would outstrip her? and what
 is this but following?

Which, according to the present regulation, must mean—*which motion*
of the ship with swelling sails, &c: according to the old regulation
 it must refer to: "embarked traders." MALONE.

³ And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back, &c.] By the mermaid in
 this passage, says Dr Warburton, the poet meant Mary Queen of Scots;
 by the dolphin, her husband, the Dauphin of France (formerly spelt
 Dolphin).

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres *,
To hear the sea-maid's musick.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not,) Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd ⁵: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west ⁶;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon ;
And the imperial vor'tress pass'd on,

Dolphin). Mary is called a mermaid, to denote 1. her reign over a kingdom situated in the sea ; 2. her beauty and intemperate lust. *Such dulcet and harmonious breath* alludes to her genius and learning, more particularly to her sweet and graceful elocution. *The rude sea* alludes to Scotland, which in her absence rose up in arms against the Regent, and the disorders which she on her return home found means to quiet. The earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who fell in her quarrel, and the Duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences, are imagined by *the stars that shot madly from their spheres*. In the latter part of the imagery there is a peculiar justness, the vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to destruction by her songs

The learned commentator's note is here considerably abridged, but I have endeavoured to preserve the substance of it. MALONE.

* *And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

" And little stars shot from their fixed places." MALONE.

⁵ *Cupid all arm'd :*] *All arm'd*, does not signify *dressed in panoply*, but only enforces the word *armed*, as we might say *all booted*. JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Never too late*; 1616 :

" Or where proud Cupid sat all arm'd with fire."

So in Lord Surrey's translation of the fourth book of the *Æneid* :

" All utterly I could not seem forsaken." STEEVENS.

⁶ *At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;*] A compliment to queen Elizabeth. POPE.

It was no uncommon thing to introduce a compliment to queen Elizabeth in the body of a play. So, again in *Tamcred and Gismunda*, 1592:

" I here lives a virgin, one without compare,

" Who of all graces hath her heavenly share ;

" In whose renowne, and for whose happie days,

" Let us record this Pæan of her praise." Cantant. STEEVENS.

470 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :

It fell upon a little western flower,—

Before, milk-white ; now purple with loves wound— ;

And maidens call it, love-in-idleness⁷ .

Fetch me that flower ; the herb I shew'd thee once ;

The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,

Will make or man or woman madly dote

Upon the next live creature that it sees.

Fetch me this herb ; and be thou here again,

Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth⁸ .

In forty minutes.

[*Exit.*

Obe. Having once this juice,

I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,

And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :

The next thing then she waking looks upon,

(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,

On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)

She shall pursue it with the soul of love.

And ere I take this charm off from her sight,

(As I can take it with another herb,)

I'll make her render up her page to me.

But who comes here ? I am invisible⁹ ;

And I will over-hear their conference.

⁷ *And maidens call it love-in idleness.]* It is scarce necessary to mention that *love in idleness* is a flower. STEEVENS.

The flower or violet commonly called *panties*, or *heart's-ease*, is named *love in idleness* in Warwickshire, and in Lyte's Herbal. There is a reason why Shakspeare says it is "now purple with love's wound," because one or two of its petals are of a purple colour. TOLLET.

It is called in other countries the *Three colour'd violet*, the *Herb of Trinity*, *Three faces in a hood*, *Cuddle me to you*, &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ *I'll put a girdle round about the earth.]* This expression (as Mr. Steevens has shewn) occurs in many of our old plays. MALONE.

⁹ — *I am invisible ;]* I thought proper here to observe, that, as Oberon and Puck his attendant may be frequently observed to speak, when there is no mention of their entering, they are designed by the poet to be supposed on the stage during the greatest part of the remainder of the play ; and to mix, as they please, as spirits, with the other actors ; and embroil the plot, by their interposition, without being seen, or heard, but when to their own purpose. THEOBALD.

Enter

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me¹.
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood²,
Because I cannot meet with Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron³, for my heart
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worse place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

¹ *The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.*] The old copies read—*slay* and *slayeth*. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. MALONE.

² — and wood within this wood,] *Wood*, or mad, wild, raving. POPE.

In the third part of the Countess of Pembroke's *Ivy Church*, 1591, is the same quibble on the word:

“Daphne goes to the *wood*, and vowes herself to Diana;

“Phœbus grows stark *wood* for love and fancie to Daphne.” STEEV.

³ *You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;*

But yet you draw not iron,] I learn from Edward Fensdon's *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. 1569, that “— there is now a dayes a kind of adamant, which draweth unto it sicke, and the same so strongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together two mouths of contrary persons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodie without offending any parte of him.” STEEVENS.

472 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that ⁴.
It is not night, when I do see your face ⁵,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world ⁶:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you ⁷.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase.
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tyger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:

⁴ — *for that.*] i. e. for leaving the city, &c. TYRWHITT.

⁵ *It is not night, when I do see your face, &c.*] This passage is paraphrased from two lines of an ancient poet [Libullus]:

“ ——— *Tu nocte vel atra*

“ *Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.*” JOHNSON.

⁶ *Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company, &c.*] The same thought occurs in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

“ A wilderness is populous enough,

“ So Suffolk had thy heavenly company.” MALONE.

⁷ *The wildest hath not such a heart as you.*]

Mitius inveni quam te genus omne ferarum. Ovid.

See *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. i.

“ — where he shall find

“ The unkindest beasts more kinder than mankind.” S. W.

We cannot fight for love as men may do ;
 We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
 I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
 To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exeunt DEM. and HEL.*]

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph : ere he do leave this grove,
 Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank where * the wild thyme blows,
 Where ox-lips † and the nodding violet grows ;
 Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine ‡,
 With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :
 There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
 Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;
 And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,
 Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in :
 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
 And make her full of hateful fantasies.
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :
 A sweet Athenian lady is in love
 With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;
 But do it, when the next thing he espies
 May be the lady : Thou shalt know the man
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.
 Effect it with some care ; that he may prove
 More fond on her, than she upon her love :
 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

* — *where*—] is here used as dissyllable. The modern editors unnecessarily read—*whereen*. MALONE.

† *Where oxlips*] The *oxlip* is the greater *cowslip*. STEEVENS.

‡ *Quite over canopy'd with luscious woodbine,*] On the margin of one of my folios an unknown hand has written—*lush woodbine*, which, I think is right.

This hand I have since discovered to be Theobald's. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the word *lush* in *The Tempest*, Act II :

"How *lush* and lustrous the grass looks ? how green ?" STEEVENS.

S C E N E III.

*Another part of the wood.**Enter TITANIA with her train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song¹;
 Then for the third part of a minute, hence²:
 Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
 Some, war with rear-mice³ for their leathern wings,
 To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
 At our quaint spirits⁴: Sing me now asleep;
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

¹ — *a roundel,*] *A roundel*; that is, as I suppose, *a circular dance*. Ben Jonson seems to call *the rings* which such dances are supposed to make in the grass, *rondels*. Vol. V. *Tale of a Tub*, p. 23:

“ I’ll have no *rondels*, I, in the queen’s paths.” TYRWHITT.

Rounds or *roundels* were like the present country dances. See *Orchestra*, by Sir John Davies, 1622. REED.

² *Then for the third part of a minute, hence:*] Dr. Warburton reads—*for the third part of the midnight*—.

The persons employed are *fairies*, to whom the third part of a minute might not be a very short time to do such work in. The critick might as well have objected to the epithet *tall*, which the fairy bestows on the *cowslip*. But Shakspeare, throughout the play, has preserved the proportion of other things in respect of these tiny beings, compared with whose size, a *cowslip* might be tall, and to whose powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age. STEEVENS.

³ — *with rear-mice*] *A rear mouse* is a bat; a *mouse* that *rears* from the ground by the aid of wings. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *quaint spirits:*] For this Dr. Warburton reads against all authority—*quaint sports*. But Prospero in *The Tempest*, applies *quaint* to Ariel. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right in the word, and Dr. Warburton in the interpretation. A *spirit* was sometimes used for a *sport*. In Decker’s play, *If it be not good, the devil is in it*, the king of Naples says to the devil Ruffian, disguised in the character of Shalcan: “Now Shalcan, some new spirit? Ruff. A thousand wenches stark-naked to play at leap-frog. *Others*. O rare sight!” FARMER.

S O N G.

1. *Fai.* *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:*

Chorus.

*Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.*

II.

2. *Fai.* *Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

1. *Fa.* *Hence, away; now all is well⁵:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.*

[*Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps.*

Enter OBERON.

Ob. *What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[Squeezes the flower on Titania's eye-lids.
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce⁶, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear*

⁵ *Hence, away; &c.*] This, according to all the editions, is made part of the song; but I think without sufficient reason, as it appears to be spoken after the song is over. In the quarto 1600, it is given to the 2d Fairy; but the other division is better. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Be it ounce,*] The ounce is a small tiger, or tiger-cat. JOHNSON.

476 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

When thou wak'st, it is thy dear ;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. [Exit.

* Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lyf. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood ;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way :
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lyfander : find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lyf. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both ;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lyfander ; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lyf. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence⁷ ;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference⁸.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit ;
So that but one heart we can make of it :
Two bosoms interchained with an oath ;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny,
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lyfander, riddles very prettily :—
Now much beshrew⁹ my manners and my pride,

⁷ O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence ;] Understand the meaning of my innocence, or my innocent meaning. Let no suspicion of ill enter thy mind. JOHNSON.

⁸ Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.] In the conversation of those who are assured of each other's kindness, not *spirit* but *love* takes the meaning. No malevolent interpretation is to be made, but all is to be received in the sense which *love* can find, and which *love* can dictate. JOHNSON.

This line is certainly intelligible as Dr. Johnson has explained it ; but I think it requires a slight alteration to make it connect well with the former. I would read :

Love take the meaning in love's conference
That is, Let *love* take the meaning. TYRWHITT.

⁹ Now much beshrew &c.] This word, of which the etymology is not exactly known, implies a sinister wish, and means the same as if she had said " now ill befall my manners, &c." STEEVENS.

See Mintheu's etymology of it, which seems to be an imprecation or wish of such evil to one, as the venomous biting of the *shrew-mouse*.

TOLLET.
If

If Hermia meant to say, Lyfander lied.
 But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
 Lie further off ; in human modesty
 Such separation, as, may well be said,
 Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid :
 So far be distant ; and good night, sweet friend :
 Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end !

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I ;
 And then end life, when I end loyalty !
 Here is my bed : sleep give thee all his rest !

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd !
[They sleep.]

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
 But Athenian found I none,
 On whose eyes I might approve
 This flower's force in stirring love.
 Night and silence ! who is here ?
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear :
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the Athenian maid ;
 And here the maiden sleeping found,
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 Pretty soul ! she durst not lie
 Near this lack-love, this kill-court'sy¹.
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the power this charm doth owe :
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
 So awake, when I am gone ;
 For I must now to Oberon.

[Exit.]

Enter DEMETRIUS, and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me ? do not so.

Dem. Stay on thy peril ; I alone will go. *[Exit DEM.]*

¹ — *this kill-court'sy.*] We meet with the same abbreviation in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ They all strain court'sy, who shall cope him first.” *MALONE.*
Hel.

478 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chace !
 The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace².
 Happy is Hermia, wherefoe'er she lies ;
 For she hath blessed, and attractive eyes.
 How came her eyes so bright ? Not with salt tears :
 If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers.
 No, no, I am as ugly as a bear ;
 For beasts that meet me, run away for fear :
 Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
 Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
 Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne ?—
 But who is here ? Lysander ! on the ground !
 Dead ? or asleep ? I see no blood, no wound :—
 Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[*waking.*

Transparent Helena ! Nature shews art³,
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
 Where is Demetrius ? O, how fit a word
 Is that vile name, to perish on my sword !

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander ; say not so :
 What though he love your Hermia ? Lord, what though ?
 Yet Hermia still loves you : then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia ? No : I do repent
 The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
 Not Hermia, but Helena I love :
 Who will not change a raven for a dove ?
 The will of man is by his reason sway'd ;
 And reason says you are the worthier maid.
 Things growing are not ripe until their season :
 So, I, being young, till now ripe not to reason ;
 And touching now the point of human skill⁴,

² — *my grace.*] My acceptableness, the favour that I can gain. JOHNS.

³ — *Nature shews art,*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*Nature* *her* *shews* *art*,—perhaps an error of the press for—*Nature* *shews* *her* *art*. The editor of the second folio changed *her* to *here*. MALONE.

⁴ — *touching now the point of human skill,*] i. e. my senses being now at their utmost height of perfection. So, in *K. Henry VIII* :

“ I have *touch'd* the highest point of all my greatness.” STEEV.
 Reason

Reason becomes the marshal to my will⁵,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness⁶

O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,

Should, of another, therefore be abus'd!

[*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never may'st thou come Lysander near!

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;

Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,

Are hated most of those they did deceive;

So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,

Of all be hated; but the most of me!

⁵ Reason becomes the marshal to my will,] That is, My will now follows reason. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going." STEEVENS.

A modern writer [*Letters of Literature*, 8vo. 1785,] contends that Dr. Johnson's explanation is inaccurate. The meaning, says he, is, "my will now obeys the command of my reason, not my will follows my reason. *Marshal* is a director of an army, of a turney, of a feast. Sydney has used *marshal* for *herald* or *poursuivant*, but improperly."

Of such slimy materials are many of the *hyper-criticisms* composed, to which the labours of the editors and commentators on Shakspeare have given rise. Who does not at once perceive, that Dr. Johnson, when he speaks of the will following reason, uses the word not literally, but metaphorically? "My will follows or obeys the dictates of reason." Or that, if this were not the case, he would yet be justified by the context, (And leads me—) and by the passage quoted from *Macbeth*.—"The heralds, distinguished by the names of "*poursuivants* at arms," were likewise called *marshals*. See Minshew's *Dict.* 1617, in v. MALONE.

⁶ — true gentleness,] Gentleness is equivalent to what, in modern language, we should call the spirit of a gentleman. PERCY.

And

480 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight ! [Exit.

Her. [*starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me ! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast !

Ah me, for pity !—what a dream was here ?

Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear :

Methought, a serpent eat my heart away,

And you sat smiling at his cruel prey :—

Lysander ! what, remov'd ? Lysander ! lord !

What out of hearing ? gone ? no found, no word ?

Alack, where are you ? speak, an if you hear ;

Speak, of all loves ? I swoon almost with fear.

No ?—then I well perceive you are not nigh :

Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT,
and STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met ?

Quin. Pat, pat ; and here's a marvellous convenient
place for our rehearsal : This green plot shall be our stage,
this hawthorn brake our tyring-house ; and we will do it
in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom ?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and
Thisby*, that will never please. First, *Pyramus* must draw

⁷ *Speak, of all loves ;—*] *Of all loves* is an adjuration more than once
used by our author. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. sc. viii :

“ ——— to send her your little page, *of all loves.*” STEEVENS.

⁸ In the time of Shakspeare, there were many companies of players,
sometimes five at the same time, contending for the favour of the pub-
lick. Of these some were undoubtedly very unskilful and very poor,
and it is probable that the design of this scene was to ridicule their ig-
norance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the
want of proper decorations. Bottom was perhaps the head of a rival
house, and is therefore honoured with an ass's head. JOHNSON.

a sword.

a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide.
How answer you that?

Snout. By'r'lakin², a parlous fear.

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six³.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl, than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect;—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner⁴.

Quin.

² By'r'lakin, a parlous fear.] By our ladykin, or little lady, as *isukins* is a corruption of, by my faith. Parlous, a word corrupted from *perilous*, i. e. dangerous. STEEVENS.

³ — in eight and six.] i. e. in alternate verses of eight and six syllables. MALONE.

⁴ No, I am no such thing; I am a man, as other men are:—and there, Vol. II. I i indeed,

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things ; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber : for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play ?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar ! look in the almanack ; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open ; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay ; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing : we must have a wall in the great chamber ; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom ?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall ; and let him have some plaister, or some lome, or some rough cast about him, to signify wall ; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

indeed, let him name his name ; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.] There are probably many temporary allusions to particular incidents and characters scattered through our author's plays, which gave a poignancy to certain passages, while the events were recent, and the persons pointed at, yet living.—In the speech before us, I think it not improbable that he meant to allude to a fact which happened in his time, at an entertainment exhibited before queen Elizabeth. It is recorded in a manuscript collection of anecdotes, stories, &c. entitled, *Merry Passages and Feasts*, Ms. Harl. 6395 :

“ There was a spectacle presented to queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others *Harry Goldingham* was to represent *Arion* upon the dolphin's back ; but finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and swears he was none of *Arion*, not he, but even honest *Harry Goldingham* ; which blunt discovery pleased the queen better than if it had gone through in the right way :—yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well.”

The collector of these *Merry Passages* appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Estrange. MALONE.

Quin.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake⁵; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swagging here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—*

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. ————*odours savours sweet:*

So hath thy breath⁶, my dearest Thisby dear.—

But, bark, a voice! stay thou but here a while⁷,

And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit.

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here⁸!

[*aside.—Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. *Most radiant Pyramus, most lilly-white of hue,*

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most brisky juvenal^{}, and eke most lovely Jew,*

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

⁵ — that brake;] Brake anciently signified a thicket or bush. STEEV.

Brake in the west of England is used to express a large extent of ground overgrown with furze, and appears both here and in the next scene to convey the same idea. HENLEY.

⁶ So hath thy breath,—] Mr. Pope reads—So dost, instead of—So hath, but nothing, I think, is got by the change. I suspect two lines to have been lost; the first of which rhymed with “favours sweet,” and the other with “here a while”. The line before us appears to me to refer to some thing that has been lost. MALONE.

⁷ — a while,] Thus the old copies. Mr. Theobald reads a whit, but this is no rhyme to sweet. The corruption arose, I believe, from a different cause. See the last note. MALONE.

⁸ — than e'er play'd here!] I suppose he means in that theatre where the piece was acting. STEEVENS.

* juvenal,] i. e. a young man. So, Falstaff, “—the juvenal thy master.” STEEVENS.

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all^o.—Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire*.

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an afs's head.

Thif. O,—*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

Pyr. *If I were fair¹, Thifly, I were only thine:—*

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray masters! fly, masters! help! [*Exeunt Clowns.*]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

'Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier²;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar and burn:

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid³.

Re-enter SNOOT.

Snoot. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee⁴?

Bot. What do you see? you see an afs' head of your own; Do you?

^o — cues and all.] A cue, in stage cant, is the last words of the preceding speech, and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next.

STEEVENS.

¹ *If I were fair, &c.*] Perhaps we ought to point thus: *If I were, [i. e. as true, &c.] fair Thifly, I were only thine.* MALONE.

² *Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;*] Here are two syllables wanting. Perhaps it was written:—*Througgh bog, through mite*—. JOHNSON.

³ — to make me afraid.] *Afraid* is from *fear*, by the old form of the language, as *an hungered*, from *to hunger*. So *adry*, for *thirsty*.

JOHNSON.

⁴ *O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?*] It is plain by Bottom's answer, that Snoot mentioned an *afs's head*. Therefore we should read:

Snoot. *O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee? An afs's head?* JOHNSON.

Re-enter .

■ Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom ! bless thee ! thou art translated. [Exit.

Bot. I see their knavery : this is to make an ass of me ; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can : I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [sings.

The ouzel-cock, so black of hue⁵,

With orange-tawny bill,

The thrushle with his note so true⁶,

The wren with little quill ;

Quin. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed ? ?

[waking.

Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,*

The plain-song cuckoo⁸ gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer, nay ;—

for

⁵ *The ouzel-cock, so black of hue, &c.]* In *The Arbor of Amorous Devices*, 4to. bl. l. are the following lines :

“ The chattering pie, the jay, and eke the quail,

“ *The thrushle-cock that was so black of beak.*”

The former leaf and the title-page being torn out of the copy I consulted, I am unable either to give the two preceding lines of the stanza, or to ascertain the date of the book.

The *ouzel-cock* is generally understood to be the cock blackbird. P. Holland, however, in his translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. x. ch. 24. represents the *ouzel* and the *blackbird*, as different birds. See also Mr. Lever's *Musium*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *The thrushle—]* It appears from the following passage in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, that the *thrushle* is a distinct bird from the *thrush* : “ There is also another sorte of myrte or myrtle, which is wild ; whose berries the maviles, *thrushells*, owlsells, and *thrushes* delite much to eate.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *What angel wakes me from my flowery bed ?]* Perhaps a parody on a line in the *Spanish Tragedy*, often ridiculed by the poets of our author's time :

“ What outcry calls me from my naked bed ?”

The *Spanish Tragedy* was entered on the Stationers' books in 1592.

⁸ *plain-song cuckoo, &c.]* That is, the cuckoo, who, having no variety of strains, sings in *plain song*, or in *plano cantu* ; by which expression

for indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?
who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*,
never so.

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again :
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason
for that: And yet to say the truth, reason and love keep
little company together now-a-days : The more the pity,
that some honest neighbours will not make them friends.
Nay, I can gleeek⁹, upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither : but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go ;
Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit, of no common rate ;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee : therefore, go with me ;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee ;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep :
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—

pression the uniform modulation or simplicity of the *chaunt* was anciently distinguished, in opposition to *prick-song* or variegated music sung by note. Skelton introduces the birds singing the different parts of the service at the funeral of his favourite sparrow : among the rest is the cuckoo. p. 227. edit. Lord. 1736 :

“ But with a large and a long

“ To kepe just *playne songe*,

“ Our chanter shall be your *cuckoue*.” T. WARTON.

⁹ — *gleek*,] Joke or scoff. FORE.

Gleeek was originally a game at cards. The word is often used by our ancient comick writers in the same sense as by our author. Mr. Lambé observes in his notes on the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Floddon*, that in the North to *gleek* is to *deceive*, or *beguile* ; and that the reply made by the queen of the fairies, proves this to be the meaning of it. STEEVENS.

Pease-

Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

1. *Fair.* Ready.

2. *Fair.* And I.

3. *Fair.* And I.

4. *Fair.* And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries¹,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes²,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

¹ — dewberries,] *Dewberries* strictly and properly are the fruit of one of the species of wild bramble called the creeping or the lesser bramble: but as they stand here among the more delicate fruits, they must be understood to mean raspberries, which are also of the bramble kind.

HAWKINS.

Dewberries are *gooseberries*, which are still so called in several parts of the kingdom. HENLEY.

² — *the fiery glow-worm's eyes*,] I know not how Shakspeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail. JOHNSON.

The blunder is not in Shakspeare, but in those who have construed too literally a poetical expression. It appears from every line of his writings that he had studied with attention the book of nature, and was an accurate observer of every object that fell within his notice. He must have known that the light of the glow-worm was seated in the tail; but surely a poet is justified in calling the luminous part of a glow-worm the *eye*. It is a liberty we take in plain prose; for the point of greatest brightness in a furnace is commonly called the *eye* of it.

Dr. Johnson might have arraigned him with equal propriety for sending his fairies to *light* their tapers at the fire of the glow-worm, which in *Hamlet* he terms *uneffectual*:

“The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,

“And 'gins to pale his *uneffectual* fire.” MASON.

Fai. Hail, mortal³!

Fai. Hail!

Fai. Hail!

Fai. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name?

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance⁴, good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman⁵?

Peasc. Pease-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother⁶, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master

3 *Hail, mortal!*] The old copies read—hail, mortal, *hail!* The second *hail!* was clearly intended for another of the fairies, so as that each of them should address Bottom. The regulation now adopted was proposed by Mr Stevens. MALONE.

4 *I shall desire you of more acquaintance,*] This line has been very unnecessarily altered. Such phraseology was very common to many of our ancient writers. So in *Lusty Juventus*, a morality, 1561: "I shall desire you of better acquaintance." Again in *An Humorous Days Mirth*, 1599: "I do desire you of more acquaintance." STEVENS.

The alteration in the modern editions was made on the authority of the first folio, which reads in the next speech but one—"I shall desire of you more acquaintance." But the old reading is undoubtedly the true one. MALONE.

5 — good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?] In *The Mayde's Metamorphosis*, a comedy by Lilly, there is a dialogue between some foresters and a troop of fairies, very similar to the present:

"*Mopso.* I pray, sir, what might I call you?

"1. *Fai.* My name is Penny.

"*Mop.* I am sorry I cannot purse you.

"*Prisco.* I pray you, sir, what might I call you?

"2. *Fai.* My name is Cricket.

"*Pris.* I would I were a chimney for your sake."

The Muid's Metamorphosis was not printed till 1600, but was probably written some years before. Mr. Warton says, (*History of English Poetry*, vol. II. p. 393.) that Lilly's last play appeared in 1597.

MALONE.

6 — mistress Squash, your mother,] A *squash* is an immature peascod. So, in *Twelfth-Night*, Act I. sc. v: "—as a *squash* is, before 'tis a peascod." STEVENS.

Pease-

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 489

Pease-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-feed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-feed, I know your patience⁷ well: that same cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you, more acquaintance, good master Mustard-feed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue⁸, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule⁹ now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,

⁷ —*patience*,] By *patience* is meant, standing still in a mustard-pot to be eaten with the beef, on which it was a constant attendant.

COLLINS.

⁸ — *my love's tongue*,] The old copies read—*my lover's tongue*.

STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁹ *What night-rule*—} *Night-rule* in this place should seem to mean, what stick of the night, what revelry is going forward? So, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1601: "Marry, here is good *rule*." It appears, from the old song of *Robin Goodfellow*, in the third volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, that it was the office of this waggish spirit "to viewe the night-sports." STEEVENS.

A crew

A crew of patches¹, rude mechanicals,
 That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
 Were met together to rehearse a play,
 Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
 The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort²,
 Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
 Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
 When I did him at this advantage take,
 An ass's nowl³ I fixed on his head;
 Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
 And forth my mimick⁴ comes: When they him spy,
 As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
 Or ruffet-pated choughs, many in sort⁵,
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report

¹ — patches,] *Patch* was in old language used as a term of opprobry; perhaps with much the same import as we use *raggamuffin*, or *tatter-demonion*. JOHNSON.

This common opprobrious term, probably took its rise from *Patch*, cardinal Wolsey's fool. In the western counties, *cross-patch* is still used for *perverse*, *ill-natured fool*. T. WARTON.

The name was rather taken from the *patch'd* or *pyed* coats worn by the fools or jesters of those times. STEEVENS.

I should suppose *patch* to be merely a corruption of the Italian *pazzo*, which signifies properly a *fool*. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*, A& II. sc. v. Shylock says of Launcelot, *The patch is kind enough*;—after having just called him, *that fool of Hagar's offspring*. TYRWHITT.

² — sort,] See note 5. MALONE.

³ — nowl—) A head. Saxon. JOHNSON.

⁴ — my mimick—] This is the reading of the folio. The quarto printed by Fisher has—*minnick*; that by Roberts, *minnock*: both evidently corruptions. The line has been explained as if it related to *Thisbe*; but it does not relate to her, but to *Pyramus*. Bottom had just been playing that part, and had retired into a brake; (according to Quince's direction: "When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake.") "Anon his *Thisbe* must be answered, *And forth my mimick* (i. e. my actor) *comes*." In this there seems no difficulty.

Mimick is used as synonymous to *actor*, by Decker, in his *Guls Horne-booke*, 1609: "Draw what troop you can from the stage after you; the *mimicks* are beholden to you for allowing them elbow room." Again, in his *Satiromastix*, 1602: "Thou [B. Jonson] hast forgot how thou ambled in a leather piltch by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'st mad *Jeronymo's* part, to get service amongst the *mimicks*." MALONE.

⁵ — sort,] Company. So above: "—*that barren sort*; and in Wallers: "*A sort of lusty shepherds strive*." JOHNSON.

Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky ;
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly :
 And, at our stamp⁶, here o'er and o'er one falls ;
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
 Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong :
 For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch ;
 Some, sleeves ; some, hats : from yielders all things catch.
 I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there :
 When in that moment (so it came to pass)
 'Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.
Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
 But hast thou yet latch'd⁷ the Athenian's eyes
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do ?

⁶ *And, at our stamp,—*] This seems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never represented stamping, or of a size that should give force to a stamp, nor could they have distinguished the stamps of Puck from those of their own companions : I read :

And at a slump here o'er and o'er one falls." JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading. 'The stamp of a fairy might be efficacious, though not loud ; neither is it necessary to suppose, when supernatural beings are spoken of, that the size of the agent determines the force of the action. That fairies did stamp to some purpose, may be known from the following passage in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*.—"Verò saltum adeo profunde in terram impræferant, ut locus insigni ardore orbiculariter peresus, non parit arenæ redivivum cespitem gramin." Shakspeare's own authority, however, is most decisive. See the conclusion of the first scene of the fourth act :

"—Come, my queen, take hand with me,

"And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be." STEEVENS.

Our "grandams maides were wont to set a boll of milke before *Incubus*, and his cousin *Robin Goodfellow*, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight : and—he would chafe exceedingly if the maid or good wife of the house, having compassion of his nakednes, laid anie clothes for him, be sides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee : for in that case he saith, What have we here ? Hemton hamten, here will I never more tread, nor stampen." *Discoverie of Witchcraft* by Reginald Scott, 1584, p. 85.

ANONYMOUS.

7 —latch'd] or letch'd, lick'd over ; *lecher*, to lick, French.

HANMER.

In the North, it signifies to *infest*. STEEVENS.

Puck.

492 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side ;
'That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so ?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse ;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood⁸, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me : Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia ? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd ; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes⁹.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him ;
So should a murderer look ; so dead¹, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look ; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty :
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander ? where is he ?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me ?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog ! out, cur ! thou driv'st me past the
bounds

⁸ *Being o'er shoes in blood,*] An allusion to the proverb, *Over shoes, over boots.* JOHNSON.

⁹ —*with the Antipodes.*] i. e. on the other side of the globe. EDWARDS.

¹ —*so dead,*] So again in *K Henry IV.* P. II. Act. I. sc. iii :

“ *Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,*

“ *So dull, so dead in look, so twice-begone.* STEEVENS.

So also in Lodge's *Dorastus and Faunus* : “ —if thou marry in age, thy wife's fresh colours will breed in thee *dead* thoughts and suspicion.

MALONE.

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
 Henceforth be never number'd among men!
 O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
 Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
 And hast thou kill'd him sleeping²? O brave touch³!
 Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
 An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
 Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood⁴;
 I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
 Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so⁵:

See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [Exit.]

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
 Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,
 For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
 Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
 If for his tender here I make some stay. [lies down.]

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
 And laid the love-juice on some true love's fight:
 Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
 Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

² *Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
 And hast thou kill'd him sleeping?* She means, Hast thou kill'd
 him sleeping, whom, when awake, thou didst not dare to look upon?

MALONE.

³ — *O brave touch!* Touch in Shakspeare's time was the same with
 our exploit, or rather stroke. A brave touch, a noble stroke, *un grand*
coup. JOHNSON.

A touch anciently signified a trick. In the old black letter story of
Hercules, it is always used in that sense. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *mispris'd mood:* Mistaken; so below *misprision* is mistake.

JOHNSON.

Mood is anger, or perhaps rather in this place, *capricious fancy.*

MALONE.

⁵ — *part I so:* So, which is not in the old copy, was inserted for
 the sake of both metre and rhyme, by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Puck.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find :
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear :
By some illusion see thou bring her here ;
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery⁶,
Sink in apple of his eye !
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be !

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two, at once, woo one;
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER, and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:

⁶ *Hit with Cupid's archery,*] This alludes to what was said before:

——the bolt of Cupid fell:

It fell upon a little western flower,

Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound, STEEV.

Look

Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,

Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgement, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect,
divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow⁷,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss

This princess of pure white⁸, this seal of bliss⁹!

Hel. O spight! O hell! I see you all are bent

To set against me, for your merriment.

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join, in souls¹, to mock me too?

If

⁷ — *Taurus' snow,*] *Taurus* is the name of a range of mountains in Asia. JOHNSON.

⁸ *This princess of pure white,*—] So in Wyat's poems:

"—of beauty princess chief." STEVENS.

In the *Winter's Tale* we meet with a similar expression:

"—good sooth, she is

"The Queen of curds and cream." MALONE.

⁹ — *seal of bliss!*) He has in *Measure for Measure*, the same image:

"But my kisses bring again,

"Seals of love, but seal'd in vain." JOHNSON.

¹ — *join in souls,*] i. e. join heartily, unite in the same mind. Shakespeare in *Henry V.* uses an expression not unlike this:

"For

If you were men, as men you are in show,
 You would not use a gentle lady so;
 To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
 When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
 You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
 And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
 A trim exploit, a manly enterprize²,
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
 With your derision! None, of noble sort³,
 Would so offend a virgin; and extort⁴
 A poor soul's patience⁴, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
 For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
 And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;

"For we will bear, note, and believe in heart;"
 i. e. heartily believe; and in *Measure for Measure* he talks of cloaking
 with special soul. In *Triculus and Cressida*, Ulysses, relating the character
 of Hector as given him by Æneas, says:

"—— with private soul

"Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me."

And, in *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1605, is the same expression as that in
 the text:

"Happy, in soul, only by winning her."

Again in *Pierre Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592:—"whose
 subversion in soul they have vow'd." STEEVENS.

A similar phraseology is found in *Measure for Measure*:

"Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

"To accuse this worthy man, but in foul mouth

"To call him villain! MALONE.

I rather believe the line should be read thus:

But you must join, ill souls, to mock me too. TYRWHITT.

² *A trim exploit, a manly enterprize, &c.*] This is written much in
 the manner and spirit of Juno's reproach to Venus in the 4th book of
 the *Æneid*:

"Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis,

"Tuque puerque tuus; magnum et memorabile nomen,

"Una dolo divum si fœmina victa duxum est." STEEVENS.

³ — none, of noble sort,] *Sort* is here used for degree or quality. So,
 in the old ballad of *Jane Shore*:

"Long time I lived in the court,

"With lords and ladies of great sort." MALONE.

⁴ — extort a poor soul's patience,] Harra's, torment. JOHNSON.

And

And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lyfander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as guest-wife, sojourn'd;
And now to Helen is it home return'd⁵,
There to remain.

Lyf. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence:—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lyfander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly did'st thou leave me so?

Lyf. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lyfander from my side?

Lyf. Lyfander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes⁶ and eyes of light.

⁵ *My heart with her but, as guest-wife, sojourn'd;*

And now to Helen is it home return'd,] So, in our author's 109th Sonnet:

"This is my home of love; if I have rang'd,

"Like him that travels, I return again."

The old copies read—to her. Corrected by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

My heart &c.] So Prior:

"No matter what beauties I saw in my way,

"They were but my visits, but thou art my home." JOHNSON.

⁶ — *all yon fiery oes]* Shakspeare uses O for a circle. So, in the prologue to *K. Henry. V.*:

"—— can we crowd

"Within this little O, the very casques

"That did affright the air at Agincourt?" STEEVENS.

D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 650, mentions a patent to make spangles and oes of gold; and I think haberdashers call small curtain rings, O's, as being circular. TOLLET.

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows⁷, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, is all now forgot⁸?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods⁹,
Have with our needles¹ created both one flower,

⁷ *The sisters' vows*,—] We might read more elegantly,—*The sister vows*, and a few lines lower,—*All school-day friendship*. The latter emendation was made by Mr. Pope; but changes merely for the sake of elegance ought to be admitted with great caution. MALONE.

⁸ *For parting us*,—O, is all now forgot?] The word *now* is not in the old copies. For the emendation the present editor is answerable. The editor of the second folio, to complete the metre, introduced the word *and*;—"O, and is all forgot?" It stands so awkwardly, that I am persuaded it was not the author's word. MALONE.

⁹ — *artificial gods*,] *Artificial* is ingenious, artful. STEEVENS.

¹ *Have with our needles &c.*] In the old copies the word is written *needles*. MALONE.

It was probably written by Shakspeare *needles*, (a common contraction in the inland counties at this day,) otherwise the verse will be inharmonious. See Gammer Gurton's *Needle*. The same ideas occur in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"——— she

"Would ever with Marina be:

"Be't when they weav'd the siled silk,

"With fingers long, small, white as milk,

"Or when she would with sharp *needle* wound"

"The cambrick, &c."

In the age of Shakspeare many contractions were used. Ben Jonson has *wher* for *whether* in the prologue to his *Sad Shepherd*; and in lord Sterling's *Darius* is *sport* for *support*, and *twards* for *towards*. STEEV.

In the old editions of these plays many words of two syllables are printed at length, though intended to be pronounced as one. Thus *spirit* is almost always so written, though often used as a monosyllable; and *whether*, though intended often to be contracted, is always (I think, improperly,) written at length. MALONE.

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted ;
 But yet a union in partition,
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem :
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest ².
 And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it ;
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words :
 I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face ?
 And made your other love, Demetrius,
 (Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
 To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
 Precious, celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this
 To her he hates ? and wherefore doth Lysander
 Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
 And tender me, forsooth, affection ;
 But by your setting on, by your consent ?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate ;
 But miserable most, to love unlov'd ?
 This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel.

² *Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.* The old copy reads
 —life coats, &c. Corrected by Mr. Martin Folkes.

According to the rules of heraldry, the *first* house only, (e. g. a father who has a son living, or an elder brother as distinguished from a younger,) has a right to bear the family coat. The son's coat is distinguished from the father's by a label ; the younger brother's from the elder's by a mullet. The same crest is common to both. Helena therefore means to say, that she and her friend were as closely united, as much *one* person,

500 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Hel. Ay, do, persever³, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back ;
Wink at each other ; hold the sweet jest up :
This sport, well carry'd, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument⁴.
But, fare ye well : 'tis partly mine own fault ;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lyf. Stay, gentle Helena ; hear my excuse ;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena !

Hel. O excellent !

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lyf. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat ;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prays⁵. —
Helen, I love thee ; by my life, I do ;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lyf. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come, —

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this ?

Lyf. Away, you Ethiop !

Dem. No, no ; he'll — Sir⁶,

Seem

as if they were both of the first house ; as if they both had the privilege due but to one person, (viz. to him of the first house,) the right of bearing the family coat without any distinguishing mark. MALONE.

³ — persever,] The word was formerly so pronounced. So, in *All's Well that ends well*, Act IV. sc. ii :

“ — say, thou art mine, and ever

“ My love, as it begins, so shall persever.” STEVENS.

⁴ — such an argument.] Such a subject of light merriment. JOHNS,
So, in the first part of *King Henry IV.* Act II. sc. ii.

“ — it would be argument for a week, &c. STEVENS.

⁵ — than her weak prays.] i. e. prayers, entreaties. The old copies read — her weak praise. Mr. Theobald proposed the reading now adopted. A noun thus formed from the verb, to pray, is much in our author's manner ; and the transcriber's ear might have been easily deceived by the similarity of sounds. MALONE.

⁶ No, no, he'll — Sir,] This passage, like almost all those in these plays in which there is a sudden transition, or the sense is hastily broken off, is much corrupted in the old copies. The present text is formed

from

Seem to break loose ; take on, as you would follow ;
But yet come not : you are a tame man, go !

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr : vile thing, let loose ;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude ? what change is this,
Sweet love ?

Lys. Thy love ? out, tawny Tartar, out !
Out, loathed medicine ! hated potion, hence ? !

Her. Do you not jest ?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth ; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond : for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you ; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead ?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate ?
Hate me ! wherefore ? O me ! what news, my love ?
Am not I Hermia ? Are not you Lysander ?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me ; yet, since night, you left me :
Why, then you left me, — O, the gods forbid ! —
In earnest, shall I say ?

Lys. Ay, by my life ;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt ³,
Be certain, nothing truer ; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me ! you juggler ! you canker-blossom ⁹ !

You

from the quarto printed by Fisher and the first folio. The words "*be'll*" are not in the folio, and *Sir* is not in the quarto. Demetrius, I suppose, would say, No, no ; he'll *not have resolution to disengage himself from Hermia*. But turning abruptly to Lysander, he addresses him ironically : — *Sir*, seem to break loose ; &c. MALONE.

⁷ — *bated potion, hence !*] The old copies have *O* before *bated*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁸ — *of question, doubt,*] The old copies read — *of doubt*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁹ *O me ! you juggler ! you canker-blossom !*] *Juggler* in this line is used as trisyllable : So again, in *K. Henry V.* P. 1 :

" She and the dauphin have been *juggling*."

So also *tickling*, *wrestler*, and many more. MALONE.

By the *canker-blossom* is here meant a worm that preys on the leaves

You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statues, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst¹;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:

or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle. So, in this play,
Act II. sc. iii:

¹ "Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds." STEEVENS.
— I was never curst;] Perverse; wicked. MALONE.

You see how simple and how fond I am².

Her. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrew'd:

She was a vixen when she went to school;

And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;

You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grafs made³;

You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,

In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone; speak not of Helena;

Take not her part: for if thou dost intend

Never so little shew of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it⁴.

Lys. Now she holds me not;

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,

Or thine or mine⁵, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

[*Exeunt* LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS.]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:

² — *how fond*] i. e. foolish. See Vol. III. p. 66, n. 5. STEEVENS.

³ — *of hind'ring knot-grafs made*;) It appears that knot-grafs was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child. Beaumont and Fletcher mention this property of it in the *Knight of the burning pestle*, and in the *Coxcomb*. Daisy roots were supposed to have the same effect. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Thou shalt aby it.*] To *aby* is to pay dear for, to suffer. STEEV.

⁵ Or *thine or mine*,—] The old copies read—*Of thine*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. I am not sure that the old reading is corrupt. If the line had run—"Of mine or thine," I should have suspected that the phrase was borrowed from the Latin:—Now follow, to try whose right of *property*,—*of meum or tuum*,—is the greatest in Helena.

MALONE.

Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away.

[*Exit*,

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[*Exit, pursuing HELENA.*

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did fort⁶,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. 'Thou see'st, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lyfander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lyfander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property⁷,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted fight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.

⁶ — *so did fort,*] So happen in the issue. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *virtuous property,*] Salutiferous. So he calls, in the *Tempest*,
poisonous dew, wicked dew. JOHNSON.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye releafe
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast⁸,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial⁹,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport¹;

And,

⁸ — *night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast*,] “The image of dragons drawing the chariot of the night is derived” (as a late writer has observed,) “from the watchfulness of that fabled animal.” *LETTERS OF LITERATURE*, 8vo. 1785.

This circumstance Shakspeare might have learned from a passage in Golding's Translation of Ovid, which he has imitated in the *Tempest*:

“Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortal war did set,

“And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shut.”

See Vol. I. p. 88. MALONE.

⁹ — *damned spirits all*,

That in cross-ways and floods have burial,] i. e. The ghosts of self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads; and of those who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. That the waters were sometimes the place of residence for *damned spirits*, we learn from the ancient bl. l. Romance of *Syr Eglamour of Artoys*, no date:

“Let some preest a gospel saye,

“For dote of fendes in the jode.” STEEVENS.

¹ *I with the morning's love have oft made sport*;] Thus all the old Copies, and I think, rightly. Tithonus was the husband of Aurora, and Tithonus was no young deity. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, b. iii. c. 3:

“As faire Aurora rising hastily,

“Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye

“All night in *old Tithonus' frozen bed*.”

How such a waggish spirit as the King of the Fairies might make sport with an antiquated lover, or his mistress in his absence, may be easily understood

506 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [Exit OBERON.]

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down,

Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lyf. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lyf. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then

To plainer ground: [Exit Lyf. as following the voice.]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lyfander! speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.

[Exeunt PUCK and DEMETRIUS.]

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lyf. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd, than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[lies down.]

derstood. Dr. Johnson reads with all the modern editors, "I with the
morning light, &c." STEVENS.

For

For if but once thou shew me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spight. [*sleeps.*]

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! coward, why comest thou not?²

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy
this dear³,

If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be visited. [*lies down and sleeps.*]

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east;
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest:—
And, sleep, that sometime shuts up morrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*sleeps.*]

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst, and sad:—
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

Here

² Ho, ho, ho! coward, why comest thou not?] It may be remarked that this exclamation is peculiar to *Puck*. In the old song printed by Peck, in which he relates all his gambols, he concludes every verse with *ho, ho, ho!* He here forgets his assumed character. ANONYMOUS.

The song above alluded to may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 203. MALONE.

³ — buy this dear,] i. e. thou shalt dearly pay for this. Though this

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Here will I rest me, till the break of day.

Heavens shield Lyfander, if they mean a fray ! [*lies down.*]

Puck. On the ground

Sleep found :

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on Lyfander's eye.*]

When thou wak'st,

Thou tak'st⁴

True delight

In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye :

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown ;

Jack shall have Jill⁵ :

Nought shall go ill ;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.

[*Exit PUCK.—DEM. HEL. &c. sleep.*]

is sense, and may well enough stand, yet the poet perhaps wrote *thou shalt* 'by it dear. So, in another place, *thou shalt* aby it. So, *Milton* :

"How dearly I abide that boast so vain." *JOHNSON.*

⁴ *When thou wak'st,*

Thou tak'st] The second line would be improved, I think, both in its measure and construction, if it were written thus :

When thou wak'st,

See thou tak'st

True delight &c. *TYRWHITT.*

⁵ *Jack shall have Jill : &c.*] These three last lines are to be found among *Heywood's Epigrams on three hundred Proverbs.* *STEEVENS.*

A C T IV. S C E N E I⁶.*The same.**Enter* TITANIA, and BOTTOM, Fairies attending;
OBERON *behind, unseen.*

Tita. Come sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy⁷,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Pease-blossom?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Pease-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you over-flown⁸ with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-feed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif⁹, monsieur Mustard-feed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb¹ to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for,

⁶ I see no reason why the fourth act should begin here, when there seems no interruption of the action. In the old quartos of 1600, there is no division of acts, which seems to have been afterwards arbitrarily made in the first folio, and may therefore be altered at pleasure. JOHNS.

⁷ — *do coy*,] To coy, is to sooth, to stroke. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *overflowed*—] It should be *overflow'd*; but it appears from a rhyme in another play that the mistake was our author's. MALONE.

⁹ — *neif*,] i. e. first. *Henry IV.* Act II. sc. x:

"Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif." GREY.

¹ — *cavalero Cobweb*—] Without doubt it should be *Cavalero Pease-blossom*; as for *cavalero Cobweb*, he had just been dispatched upon a perilous adventure. GREY.

methinks,

methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face : and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love ?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in musick : let us have the tongs² and the bones.

Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender ; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay : good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me ; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away³. So doth the woodbine⁴, the sweet honey-suckle,

Gently

² — the tongs—] The old rustic music of the tongs and key. The folio has this stage direction.—“ *Musicke Tongs, Rural Musicke.*”

STEEVENS.

³ — and be all ways away.] i. e. disperse yourselves, and scout out severally, in your watch, that danger approach us from no quarter.

THEOBALD.

The old copies read—be always. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁴ So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,

Gently entwist,—the female ivy so

Enrings, the barked fingers of the elm.] Dr. Warburton objects, that the wood-bine and the honey-suckle are the same plant, and that therefore it is absurd to make one of them entwine the other. But the interpretation of either Dr. Johnson or Mr. Steevens removes all difficulty. The following passage in *The fatal Union*, 1640, in which the honey-suckle is spoken of as the flower, and the woodbine as the plant, adds some support to Dr. Johnson's exposition :

“ ——— as fit a gift

“ As this were for a lord,—a honey-suckle,

“ The amorous woodbine's offspring.”

But Minshieu in v. *Woodbinde*, supposes them the same : “ *Alio nomine nobis Anglis Honey-suckle dictus.*” If Dr. Johnson's explanation be right, there should be no point after *woodbine*, *honey-suckle*, or *enrings*. MALONE.

Shakspeare perhaps only meant, so the leaves involve the flower, using *woodbine* for the plant, and *honey-suckle* for the flower ; or perhaps Shakspeare made a blunder. JOHNSON.

The thought is Chaucer's. See his *Troilus and Cresside*, v. 1236, lib. iii.

“ And as about a tre with many a twist

“ Bitren.

Gently entwist,—the female ivy^s so
 Entrings, the barky fingers of the elm.
 O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*]

OBERON *advances.* Enter PUCK.

Obc. Welcome, good Robin. Sec'st thou this sweet fight?
 Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
 For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
 Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
 I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
 For she his hairy temples then had rounded
 With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
 And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
 Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes,
 Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
 When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
 And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
 I then did ask of her her changeling child;

"Bitrent and writhin is the swete woodbinde,

"Gan eche of hem in armis other winde."

What Shakspeare seems to mean, is this.—*So the woodbine, i. e. the sweet honey-suckle, doth gently entwist the barky fingers of the elm, and so does the female ivy enring the same fingers.* It is not unfrequent in the poets, as well as other writers, to explain one word by another which is better known. The reason why Shakspeare thought *woodbine* wanted illustration, perhaps is this. In some counties, by *woodbine* or *wood-bind* would have been generally understood the ivy, which he had occasion to mention in the very next line. STEEVENS.

It is certain that the *woodbine* and the *honey-suckle* were sometimes considered as different plants. But I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. The old writers did not always carry the auxiliary verb forward, as the late editor seems to have thought by his alteration of *enring* to *enring*. So Bishop Lowth, in his excellent *Introduction to Grammar*, p. 126, has without reason corrected a similar mistake in *St. Matthew*. FARMER.

5 — *the female ivy*] Shakspeare calls it *female ivy*, because it always requires some support, which is poetically called its husband. So Milton:

"— led the vine

"To wed *her* elm: she spous'd, about him twines

"Her marriageable arms."

Ulmo conjuncta marito. Catull.

Platanusque carles

Evinct ulmos. HOR. STEEVENS.

Which

512 MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the others do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be;

[*touching her eyes with an herb.*]

See, as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower⁶

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

Obe. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—

Titania, musick call; and strike more dead

Than common sleep, of all these five the sense⁷.

Tita. Musick, ho! musick; such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's
eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, musick. [*Still Musick.*] Come my queen,
take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;

⁶ *Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower*] The old copies read—or Cupid's. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. The herb now employed is styled *Diana's bud*, because it is applied as an antidote to that charm which had constrained Titania to dote on Bottom with "the soul of love." MALONE.

⁷ — *all these five the sense*.] The old copies read—these *sense*; the u being accidentally reversed at the press. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. See Vol. I. p. 292, n. 9. MALONE.

The five that lay asleep on the stage were Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, Helena, and Bottom. THEOBALD.

And

And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity⁸:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade⁹:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground.

[*Exeunt.*

Horns sound within.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EGEUS, and Train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—
For now our observation is perform'd¹:

And

⁸ — to all fair prosperity:] I have preferred this, which is the reading of the first and best quarto, printed by Fisher, to that of the other quarto and the folio, (*posterity*,) induced by the following lines in a former scene:

“ — your warrior love

“ To Theseus must be wedded, and you come

“ To give their bed joy and prosperity.” MALONE.

⁹ *Then, my queen, in silence sad,*

Trip we after the night's shade:] Sad signifies grave, sober; and is opposed to their dances and revels, which were now ended at the singing of the morning lark. So *Winter's Tale*, Act IV: “*My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk.*” WARBURTON.

A statute 3 Hen. VII. c. 14, directs certain offences committed in the king's palace, to be tried by twelve *sad* men of the king's household.

BLACKSTONE.

¹ — our observation is perform'd:] The honours due to the morning of *May*. I know not why Shakspeare calls this play a *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, when he so carefully informs us that it happened on the night preceding *May-day*. JOHNSON.

The title of this play seems no more intended to denote the precise time of the action, than that of *The Winter's Tale*; which we find, was at the season of sheep-shearing. FARMER.

The same phrase has been used in a former scene:

“ To do observance to a morn of *May*.^a”

} Vol. II.

L 1

I imagine

514 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; go:—
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear²
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding³; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains⁴, every region near
Seem all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind⁵, So

I imagine that the title of this play was suggested by the time it was first introduced on the stage, which was probably at *Midsummer*. "A Dream for the entertainment of a Midsummer-night." *Twelfth Night* and *The Winter's Tale* had probably their titles from a similar circumstance. MALONE.

² — *they bay'd the bear*] Thus all the old copies. And thus in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*, v. 2020, late edit:

"The hunte ystrangled with the wilde beere." STEEVENS.

Holinshed, with whose histories our poet was well acquainted, says, "the beare is a beast commonlie hunted in the East countries." See vol. i. p. 206; and in p. 226, he says, "Alexander at vacant times hunted the tiger, the pard, the bore, and the beare." Pliny, Plutarch, &c. mention bear-hunting. Turberville, in his *Book of Hunting*, has two chapters on hunting the bear. As the persons mentioned by the poet are foreigners of the heroick strain, he might perhaps think it nobler sport for them to hunt the bear than the boar. TOLLET.

³ *Such gallant chiding*] Chiding in this instance means only sound. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"As doth a rock against the chiding flood." STEEVENS.

⁴ — *for, besides the groves,*

The skies, the fountains,—] Instead of *fountains*, Mr. Heath would read *mountains*. The change had been proposed to Mr. Theobald, who has well supported the old reading, by observing that Virgil and other poets have made rivers, lakes, &c. responsive to sound:

Tum vero exoritur clamor, ripæque lacusque

Responsum circa, et cælum tonat omne tumultu. MALONE.

⁵ *My hounds are bred &c.*] This passage has been imitated by Lee in his *Theodosius*:

"Then through the woods we chac'd the foaming boar,

"With hounds that open'd like Thessalian bulls;

So flew'd⁶, so fanded⁷; and their heads are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
 Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Theſſalian bulls;
 Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable
 Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theſſaly:
 Judge, when you hear.—But, ſoft; what nymphs are theſe?
Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep;
 And this, Lyſander; this Demetrius is;
 This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
 I wonder of⁸ their being here together.

The. No doubt, they roſe up early, to obſerve
 The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
 Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.—
 But, ſpeak, Egeus; is not this the day

“ Like tygers flew'd, and fanded as the ſhore;

“ With ears and cheſts that daſh'd the morning dew.” MALONE.

⁶ *So flew'd,*] i. e. ſo mouthed. *Flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouthed hound. HANMER.

Arthur Golding uſes this word in his tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*, finiſhed 1567, a book with which Shakſpeare appears to have been well acquainted. The poet is deſcribing Actæon's hounds, b. iii. p. 33, b. 16c3. Two of them, like our author's, were of Spartan kind; bred from a Spartan bitch and a Cretan dog:

“ — with other twaine, that had a fire of Crete,

“ And dam of Spart: th' one of them called Jollyboy, a grette

“ And large-flew'd hound.”

Shakſpeare mentions Cretan hounds (with Spartan) afterwards in this ſpeech of Theſeus. And Ovid's tranſlator, Golding, in the ſame deſcription, has them both in one verſe, *ibid.* p. 33, a:

“ This latter was a hound of Crete, the other was of Spart.”

T. WARTON.

⁷ *So fanded;*] So marked with ſmall ſpots. JOHNSON.

Sandy'd means of a ſandy colour, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound. STEEVENS.

⁸ *I wonder of—*] The modern editors read—I wonder at &c. But changes of this kind ought, I conceive, to be made with great caution; for the writings of our author's contemporaries furniſh us with abundant proofs that many modes of ſpeech, which now ſeem harſh to our ears, were juſtified by the phraſeology of former times. In *Alſt's well that ends well*, we have:

“ — thou diſlik'ſt

“ Of virtue, for the name.” MALONE;

That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is: my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER,
HERMIA, and HELENA, wake and start up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past⁹;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [*He and the rest kneel to Theseus.*]

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you two are rival enemies; *
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:

But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)

I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—

They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:

You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me¹.

9 — *Saint Valentine is past:* Alluding to the old saying, that birds begin to couple on St. Valentine's day. STEEVENS.

¹ *Fair Helena in fancy following me.* Fancy is here taken for love or affection, and is opposed to fury, as before:

Sighs and tears, poor Fancy's followers.

Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in, his *fancy*. *Flower-fancier*, for a florist, and *bird-fancier*, for a lover and feeder of birds, are colloquial words. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"A martial man to be soft *fancy's* slave!" MALONE.

But

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
 (But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
 Melted as doth the snow², seems to me now
 As the remembrance of an idle gawd³,
 Which in my childhood I did dote upon :
 And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
 The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
 Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
 Was I betroth'd ere I did see⁴ Hermia :
 But, like a sickness, did I loath this food :
 But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
 Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
 And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :
 Of this discourse we will hear more anon.—

Egeus, I will over-bear your will ;
 For in the temple, by and by with us,
 These couples shall eternally be knit.
 And, for the morning now is something worn,
 Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—
 Away, with us, to Athens : Three and three,
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—

Come, Hippolita. [*Exeunt THE. HIP. EGE. and Train.*]

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguishable,
 Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
 When every thing seems double,

Hel. So methinks :
 And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
 Mine own, and not mine own⁵,

Dem.

² — as doth *she* [now,] The word *doth* which seems to have been inadvertently omitted, was supplied by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

³ — an idle gawd,] See p. 443. n. 6. STEEVENS.

⁴ — ere I did see—] *Did*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁵ And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,

Mine own, and not mine own.] Helena, I think, means to say, that having found Demetrius *unexpectedly*, she considered her property in him as insecure as that which a person has in a jewel that he has found by accident ; which he knows not whether he shall retain, and

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake⁶?—it seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolita.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*]

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:
—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*.—Hey, ho!—Peter
Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker!
Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me
asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a
dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was:
Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream.
Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought
I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a
patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I
had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man
hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue
to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was.
I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream:
it shall be call'd Bottom's Dream, because it hath no

which therefore may properly enough be called *his own and not his own*. She does not say, as Dr. Warburton has represented, that Demetrius was like a jewel, but that she had found him, like a jewel, &c.

A kindred thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — by starts,

“ His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear

“ *Of what he has, and has not.*”

The same kind of expression is found also in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ Where every something, being blent together,

“ Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,

“ *Express, and not express.*” MALONE.

⁶ *Are you sure*

That we are awake?] *Sure* is here used as a disyllable: so *fire*, *fire*, *hour*, &c. The word *now* [*That we are now awake?*] seems to be wanting, to complete the metre of the next line. MALONE.

7 — *patch'd fool*,] That is, a fool in a party-colour'd coat. JOHNSON.
bottom;

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bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death⁸. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Athens. *A Room in Quince's House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELLING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd; It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of nought⁹.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men¹.

⁸ — at her death.] He means the death of Thisbe, which is what his head is at present full of. STEEVENS.

Theobald reads—after death. He might have quoted the following passage in the *Tempest* in support of his emendation. "This is a very scurvy tune (says Trinculo,) for a man to sing at his funeral."—Yet I believe the text is right. MALONE.

⁹ — a thing of nought.] This Mr. Theobald changes with great pomp to a thing of naught; i. e. a good for nothing thing. JOHNSON.

A thing of nought is the true reading. So in *Hamlet*:

"Ham. The king is a thing—

"Guil. A thing, my lord?

"Ham. Of nothing."

See the note on this passage. STEEVENS.

¹ — made men.] In the same sense as in the *Tempest*, "any monster in England makes a man." JOHNSON.

L 1 4

Flu.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost fix-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped fix-pence a-day: an the duke had not given him fix-pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deserv'd it: fix-pence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath din'd: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards² new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd³. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [*Exeunt.*]

² — good strings to your beards] i. e. to prevent the false beards, which they were to wear, from falling off. MALONE.

³ — our play is preferr'd.] This word is not to be understood in its most common acceptation here, as if their play was chosen in preference to the others; (for that appears afterwards not to be the fact:) but means, that it was given in among others for the duke's option. So, in *Julius Cæsar* Decius, says,

"Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go

"And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar." THEOBALD.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

The same. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords,
and Attendants.*

Phil. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.
These. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains¹,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet²,
Are of imagination all compact³:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling⁴,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.

¹ — *such seething brains,*] We meet with the same expression in *The Winter's Tale*: "Would any but these boil'd brains of three and twenty hunt this weather?" MALONE.

² *The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,*] An ingenious modern writer supposes that our author had here in contemplation Orestes, Mark Antony, and himself; but I do not recollect any passage in his works that shows him to have been acquainted with the story of Agamemnon's son,—*scelerum furis agitatus Orestes*: and indeed, if even such were found, the supposed allusion would still remain very problematical.

MALONE.

³ *Are of imagination all compact:*] i. e. made up of mere imagination
So, in *As you like it*:

"If he, compact of jars, grow musical." STEEVENS.

⁴ — *in a fine frenzy rolling,*] This seems to have been imitated by Dryden in his *Epistle to J. Reynolds on Poets and Poetry*: describing Marlowe, he says,

"— that fine madness still he did retain,

"Which rightly should possess a poet's brain." MALONE.

Such

522 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Such tricks hath strong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and
HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
Wait on⁶ your royal walks, your board, your bed!
The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate⁷.

Philostr. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement⁸ have you for this evening?
What mask? what musick? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

⁵ — *constancy*;] Consistency, stability, certainty. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Wait on*—] The old copies have—wait in. Corrected by Mr. ROWE. MALONE.

⁷ *Call Philostrate.*] In the *Knight's Tale* of Chaucer, Arcite, under the name of *Philostrate*, is squire of the chamber to *Theseus*. STEEV.

⁸ *Say, what abridgement &c.*] By *abridgement* our author means a dramatick performance, which crowds the events of years into a few hours. So, in *Hamlet*, Act. II. sc. vii. he calls the players "*abridgements, abstratts, and brief chronicles of the time.*" Again, in *K. Hen. V.*

"Then brook *abridgement*; and your eyes advance

"After your thoughts, STEEVENS.

Philostr.

Philost. There is a brief⁹, how many sports are ripe;
[giving a paper.]

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

The. The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung [reads.
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,

In story of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was play'd

When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

The thrice three Muses mourning for the death

Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary¹.

That is some satire, keen, and critical²,

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,

And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.

Merry and tragical³? Tedious and brief?

That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow⁴.

Philost.

⁹ — a brief,] i. e. a short account or enumeration. STEEVENS.

¹ *The thrice three Muses mourning for the death*

Of learning, &c.] I do not know whether it has been observed, that Shakspeare here, perhaps, alluded to Spenser's poem, entitled *The Tears of the Muses*, on the neglect and contempt of learning. This piece first appeared in quarto, with others, 1591. T. WARTON.

This pretended title of a dramatic performance might be designed as a covert stroke of satire on those who had permitted Spenser to die through absolute want of bread, in the year 1598: — "*late deceas'd in beggary,*" seems to refer to this circumstance. STEEVENS.

If such an allusion was intended, this passage must have been added after the original appearance of this play; for we know that it was written in or before the year 1598, and Spenser did not die till 1599.

MALONE.

² — *keen and critical,]* *Critical* here means *criticizing, censuring*. So in *Othello*: "*O, I am nothing if not critical.*" STEEVENS.

³ *Merry and tragical?—]* Our poet is still harping on *Cambyfes*.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.]* Mr. Upton reads, not improbably:

— *and wonderous strange black snow.* JOHNSON.

I think the passage needs no change on account of the versification; for *wonderous* is as often used as *three*, as it is as *two* syllables. The meaning

324 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they, that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here.
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents⁶,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

meaning of the line is—"That is, *hot ice* and *snow* of as *strange* a *quality*." STEEVENS.

As there is no antithesis between *strange* and *snow*, as there is between *hot* and *ice*, I believe we should read—"and wondrous *strong* snow."

MASON.

In support of Mr. Mason's conjecture it may be observed that the words *strong* and *strange* are often confounded in our old plays. MALONE.

⁵ — unbreath'd memories] That is, unexercised, unpractised memories. STEEVENS.

⁶ Unless you can find sport in their intents,] Thus all the copies. But as I know not what it is to *stretch* and *con* an *intent*, I suspect a line to be lost. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* were anciently synonymous. Of this use several instances are given in a note on the third scene of the first act of *Othello*. *Intents* therefore may be put for the objects of their *attention*. We still say a person is *intent* on his business. STEEVENS.

Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.

[Exit PHILOSTRATE.]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be⁷, to take what they mistake :

And what poor duty cannot do⁸,

Noble respect takes it in might, not merit⁹.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;

Where I have seen them shiver, and look pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,

Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off⁴,

Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,

Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome ;

And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

⁷ *Our sport shall be, &c.*] Voltaire says something like this of Louis XIV. who took a pleasure in seeing his courtiers in confusion when they spoke to him. STEEVENS.

⁸ *And what poor duty cannot do,*] The defective metre of this line shews that some word was inadvertently omitted by the transcriber or compositor. Mr. Theobald supplied the defect by reading "And what poor willing duty, &c." MALONE.

⁹ *And what poor duty cannot do,*

Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.] And what dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardful generosity receives with complacency, estimating it not by the actual *merit* of the performance, but by what it *might* have been, were the abilities of the performers equal to their zeal.—Such, I think, is the true interpretation of this passage; for which the reader is indebted partly to Dr. Johnson, and partly to Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

¹ *Where I have come, great clerks have purposed—*

And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,] So, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"She sings like one immortal, and she dances

"As goddess like to her admired lays ;

"Deep clerks she dumbs."

It should be observed, that *periods* in the text is used in the sense of *full points*. MALONE.

Of sawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd ².

The. Let him approach. [*Trumpets sound* ³.]

Enter Prologue.

Prol. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will.—To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despite.

*We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. — All for your delight,*

*We are not here. — That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.*

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue, like a child on a recorder ⁴; a sound, but not in government ⁵.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is next?

Enter

² — *address.*] That is, ready. So, in *K. Henry V.*

“To-morrow for our march we are address’d.” STEEVENS.

³ *Trumpets sound.*] It appears from the *Guls Hornbook* by Decker, 1609, that the prologue was anciently usher'd in by trumpets. “Present not yourselfe on the stage (especially at a new play) untill the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cullor in his cheeks, and is ready to give the trumpets their cue that hee's upon point to enter.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *a recorder;*] A kind of flute. Shakspeare introduces it in *Hamlet*; and *Milton*, says:

“To the sound of soft recorders.”

This instrument is mentioned in many of the old plays. STEEVENS.

Sir John Hawkins supposes it to have been a *flagelet*. MALONE.

⁵ — *but not in government.*] That is, not regularly, according to the tune. STEEVENS.

*Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show*⁶.

Prol. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

"This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

"his beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

"This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

"all, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder:

And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content.

"To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.

"This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

"Presenteth moon-shine: for, if you will know,

"By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn

"To meet at Ninus' tomb⁷, there, there to woo.

"This grisly beast, which by name lion hight⁸,

"The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

"Did scare away, or rather did affright:

"And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall⁹;

"Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:

"Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,

"And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:

Hamlet speaking of a recorder, says, "*Govern* these ventages with your fingers and thumb, breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most elegant musick." This explains the meaning of *government* in this passage. MASON.

⁶ In this place the folio, 1623, exhibits the following prompter's direction. *Tawnyer with a trumpet before them.* STEEVENS.

⁷ *To meet at Ninus' tomb, &c.*] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thisbe of Babylon*:

"Thei settin markes ther metingis should be,

"There king *Ninus* was graven undir a tre."

Again: "And as she ran her *wimple* she let fall." STEEVENS.

⁸ — *which by name lion hight,*] *Hight*, in old English signifies—is called. The old copies read—*which lion hight by name*. The present regulation was made by Mr. Theobald. I think it more probable that a line, following the words—*by night*, has been lost. MALONE.

⁹ — *her mantle she did fall;*] *To fall* in this instance is a verb active. So, in the *Tempest*, Act II. sc. i:

"And when I rear my hand, do you the like,

"*To fall* it on Gonzalo." STEEVENS.

"Whereat

"Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade"

"He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast ;

"And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,

"His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

"Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,

"At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt* Prol. THISBY, Lion, and Moon.]

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. Nowonder, my lord : one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. "In this same interlude, it doth befall,

That I, one Snout by name, present a wall :

And such a wall, as I would have you think,

That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,

Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,

Did whisper often very secretly.

This lome, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show

That I am that same wall ; the truth is so :

And this the cranny is, right and sinister,

Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better ?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall : silence !

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night ! O night with hue so black !

"O night, which ever art, when day is not !

"O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

"I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot !—

¹ *Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,*] Mr. Upton rightly observes, that Shakspeare in this line ridicules the affectation of beginning many words with the same letter. He might have remarked the same of

The raging rocks,

*And shivering flocks.**

Gascoigne, contemporary with our poet, remarks and blames the same affectation. JOHNSON.

" And

" And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
 " That stand'st between her father's ground and mine ;
 " Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
 " Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.

[Wall holds up his fingers.

" Thanks, courteous wall : Jove shield thee well for this !

" But what see I ? No Thisby do I see.

" O wicked wall², through whom I see no blifs ;

" Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me !"

" The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, fir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, is Thisby's cue ; she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you :—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

Thisb. " O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,

" For parting my fair Pyramus and me :

" My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones ;

" Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Pyr. " I see a voice : now will I to the chink,

" To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

" Thisby !"

Thisb. " My love ! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. " Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace ;

" And like Limander am I trusty still³."

Thisb. " And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. " Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."

Thisb. " As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. " O, kiss me through the whole of this vile wall."

Thisb. " I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. " Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straight—
 " way ?"

Thisb. " Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."

² *O wicked wall, &c.*] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thisbe* :

" Thus would thei saine, alas ! thou *wicked wal*, &c." STEEV.

³ *And like Limander, &c.*] Limander and Helen, are spoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris. JOHNSON.

Wall. "Thus have I wall my part discharged so;
 "And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall, PYRAMUS, and THISBES.*]

The. Now is the mural ⁴ down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning ⁵.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows: and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion ⁶.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

"The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

"May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,

"When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

⁴ — the mural—] Old Copies—*moral*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

⁵ — *when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.*] This alludes to the proverb, "*Walls have ears.*" A wall between almost any two neighbours would soon be down, where it to exercise this faculty without previous warning. FARMER.

⁶ — *a man, and a lion.*] Mr. Theobald reads—a moon and a lion, and the emendation was adopted by the subsequent editors; but, I think, without necessity. The conceit is furnished by the person who represents the lion, and enters covered with the hide of that beast; and Thefeus only means to say, that the man who represented the moon, and came in at the same time, with a lantern in his hand, and a bush of thorns at his back, was as much a beast as he who performed the part of the lion. MALONE.

The man in the moon was no new character on the stage, and is here introduced in ridicule of such exhibitions. Ben Jonson in one of his masques, call'd, *News from the New World in the Moon*, makes his *Faustus* doubt of the person who brings the intelligence. "I must see his dog at his girdle, and the bush of thorns at his back, ere I believe it."—"Those", replies one of the heralds, "are *state ensigns* o' the stage." FARMER.

" Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am

" A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam :

" For if I should as lion come in strife

" Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True ; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord : for his valour cannot carry his discretion ; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour ; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well : leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. " 'This lantern doth the horned moon present ;"

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. " This lantern doth the horned moon present ;
" Myself the man i'th'moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest : the man should be put into the lantern ; how is it else the man i'the moon ?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle : for, you see, it is already in snuff^b.

Hip. I am awearry of this moon : Would, he would change !

The. It appears, by this small light of discretion, that he is in the wane : but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

⁷ Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am

A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam :] That is, that I am Snug the joiner ; and neither a lion, nor a lion's dam. Dr. Johnson has justly observed in a note on *All's well that ends well*, that *nor* in the phraseology of our author's time often related to two members of a sentence, though only expressed in the latter. So in the play just mentioned :

" — contempt *nor* bitterness

" Were in his pride or sharpness."

The reading of the text is that of the folio. The quartos read—that I, as Snug the joiner, &c. MALONE.

^b — in *snuff*.] An equivocation. *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle, and hasty anger. JOHNSON.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

Thisb. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh.—" [*The lion roars. Thisbe runs off.*]

Dem. Well roar'd, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well mous'd, lion⁹. [*The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle.*]

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Lys. And so the lion vanish'd¹. [*Exit Lion.*]

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy funny beams;

"I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright:

"For by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams²,

"I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

"But stay;—O spight!

"But mark;—Poor knight,

"What dreadful dole is here?

"Eyes, do you see?

"How can it be?

"O dainty duck! O dear!

"Thy mantle good,

"What, stain'd with blood?

"Approach, ye furies fell!

⁹ *Well mous'd, lion.*] Theseus means that he has well tumbled and bloody'd the veil of Thisbe. STEEVENS.

¹ *And then came Pyramus.*

And so the lion vanish'd.] Dr. Farmer would read—

And so comes Pyramus,

And then the moon vanishes. MALONE.

² — *glittering streams,*] The old copies read—*beams.* STEEVENS.
The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

"O fates!

" O fates! come, come ;

" Cut thread and thrum³ ;

" Quail, crush, conclude, and quell⁴ !"

Ths. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Per. " O, wherefore nature didst thou lions frame ?

" Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear :

" Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

" That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd, with
" cheer.

" Come, tears, confound ;

" Out, sword, and wound

" The pap of Pyramus :

" Ay, that left pap,

" Where heart doth hop :—

" Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

" Now am I dead,

" Now am I fled ;

" My soul is in the sky :

" Tongue, lose thy light !

" Moon, take thy flight !

" Now die, die, die, die, die. [*dies. Exit Moonshine.*]

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him, for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man ; for he is dead ; he is no-thing.

Ths. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an afs⁵.

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before *Ths* comes back and finds her lover ?

³ *Cut thread and thrum ;*] *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp ; it is popularly used for very coarse yarn. The maids now call a mop of yarn a *thrum mop*. WARNER.

⁴ — and quell !] *To quell* is to murder, to destroy. STEEVENS.

⁵ — and prove an afs.] The character of *Theseus* throughout this play is more exalted in its humanity, than its greatness. Though some sensible observations on life, and animated descriptions fall from him, as it is said of *Jago*, *you shall taste him more as a soldier than as a wit*, which is a distinction he is here striving to deserve, though with little success ; as in support of his pretensions he never rises higher than a *pun*, and frequently sinks as low as a *quibble*. STEEVENS.

The. She will find him by star light.—Here she comes;

Enter THISBE.

and her passion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better⁶.

Lys. She hath spied him already, with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans⁷, *videlicet*.—

This. “Asleep, my love?

“What, dead, my dove?

“O Pyramus, arise,

“Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

“Dead, dead? A tomb

“Must cover thy sweet eyes.

“These lilly lips,

“This cherry nose⁸,

“These yellow cowslip cheeks,

⁶ The first quarto makes this speech a little longer, but not better.
JOHNSON.

The passage omitted is,—“He for a man, God warn’d us; she for a woman, God blefs us.” STEEVENS.

⁷ And thus she moans,—] The old copies read—*means*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. A late writer contends for the old reading, which, he says, is a common term in the Scotch law, signifying to *tell*, to *relate*, to *declare*. “Petitions to the lords of session in Scotland run, To the lords of council and session humbly *means* and shews your petitioner.” *Letters of Literature*, 8vo. 1785. MALONE.

⁸ These lilly lips, this cherry nose,] It should be:

“These lips lilly,

“This nose cherry.”

This mode of position adds not a little to the burlesque of the passage.
FARMER.

Mr. Theobald for the sake of rhyme would read—lilly *brows*. But *lips* could scarcely have been mistaken by either the eye or the ear for *brows*. MALONE.

We meet with somewhat like this passage in George Peele’s *Old Wives Tale*, 1595:

Her coral lippes, her crimson chinne,

Thou art a flouting knave—Her coral lippes, her crimson chinne!

STEEVENS.

“Are

- " Are gone, are gone :
 " Lovers, make moan !
 ' His eyes were green as leeks.
 " O sisters three,
 " Come, come, to me,
 , With hands as pale as milk ;
 " Lay them in gore,
 " Since you have shore
 " With shears his thread of silk.
 " Tongue, not a word :—
 " Come, trusty sword ;
 " Come, blade, my breast imbrue
 " And farewell, friends ;—
 " Thus Thisby ends :
 " Adieu, adieu, adieu."

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance⁹, between twof our company.

The. No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse ; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy : and so it is, truly ; and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Bergomask : let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of clowns.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve :—

Lovers, to bed ; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gait¹ of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.

⁹ — a *Bergomask dance*,] Sir Thomas Hanmer observes in his *Glossary*, that this is a dance after the manner of the peasants of *Bergomasc*, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people ; and from thence it became also a custom to imitate their manner of dancing. STEEV.

¹ — *gait*] i. e. *passage, progress*. STEEVENS.

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A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*The same.**Enter Puck.*

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon²;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone³.

² *And the wolf behowls the moon;*] The old copies read—*beholds* the moon. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. The word *beholds* was in the time of Shakspeare frequently written *behowls*, (as, I suppose, it was then pronounced,) which probably occasioned the mistake. The following passage in Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, which (as Mr. Theobald has likewise observed) seems to have been copied from that before us, appears to me a strong confirmation of the reading suggested by Dr. Warburton:

"Now barks the wolfe against the full-cheek'd moon,
"Now Lyons half-clam'd entrals roar for food,
"Now croaks the toad, and night-crows screech aloud,
"Flurt'ring 'bout casements of departing souls;
"Now gape the graves, and thro' their yawns let loose
"Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth."

It is observable, that in the passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592, which Shakspeare seems to have had in his thoughts, when he wrote, in *As you like it*,—" 'Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon,"—the expression is found, that Marston has here used instead of *behowls*. "In courting Phebe, thou bark'st with the wolves of Syria against the moon."

These lines also in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*. B. I. C. 5. ft. 30. which Shakspeare might have remembered, add support to the emendation now made:

"And all the while she [*Night*] stood upon the ground,
"The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay;—
"The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
"With dreary shrieks did also her bewray;
"And hungry wolves continually did howle
"At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle." MALONE.

I think, *Now the wolf behowls the moon*, was the original text. The allusion is frequently met with in the works of our author, and his contemporaries. "'Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon," says he, in *As you like it*. FARMER.

³ — *fordone*.] i. e. overcome. STEEVENS.

Now

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

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Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
 Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his spright,
 In the church-way paths to glide:
 And we fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecate's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolick; not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
 I am sent, with broom, before⁴,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their Train.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light⁵,

By the dead and drowsy fire:

Every elf and fairy sprite,

Hop as light as bird from brier;

And this ditty, after me,

Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse this song by rote:

To each word a warbling note,

Hand in hand, with fairy grace,

Will we sing, and bless this place.

⁴ *I am sent with broom, before,*

To sweep the dust behind the door.] Cleanliness is always necessary to invite the residence and the favour of fairies:

"These make our girls their flutt'ry rue,

"By pinching them both black and blue,

"And put a penny in their shoe,

"The house for cleanly sweeping. Drayton. JOHNSON.

To sweep the dust behind the door is a common expression, and a common practice in large, old houses; where the doors of halls and galleries are thrown backward, and seldom or never shut. FARMER.

⁵ *Through the house give glimmering-light,*] Milton perhaps had this picture in his thought:

"Glowing embers through the room

"Teach light to counterfeit a gloom." Il Penseroso. JOHNSON.

SONG⁶, and DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day
 Through this house each fairy stray.
 To the best bride-bed will we,
 Which by us shall blessed be ;
 And the issue, there create,
 Ever shall be fortunate.
 So shall all the couples three
 Ever true in loving be :
 And the blots of nature's hand
 Shall not in their issue stand ;
 Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
 Nor mark prodigious⁷, such as are
 Despised in nativity,
 Shall upon their children be.—
 With this field-dew consecrate,
 Every fairy take his gait⁸ ;
 And each several chamber bless,
 Through this palace, with sweet peace ;
 E'er shall it in safety rest,
 And the owner of it blest.

Trip away ;
 Make no stay ;
 Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, and Train.

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
 Think but this, (and all is mended,)
 That you have but slumber'd here,
 While these visions did appear,

⁶ This song, like many others, is lost. Dr. Johnson thinks that another song has also been lost, which he supposes to have been sung by Oberon, immediately after his first speech on his entrance :

And this ditty, after me,
 Sing, and dance it trippingly. MALONE.

⁷ *Nor mark prodigious,*] *Prodigious* has here its primitive signification of portentous. So, in *K. Richard III.*

"If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 "Prodigious, and untimely brought to light." STEEVENS.

⁸ — take his gait ;] i. e. take his way, or direct his steps. STEEV.

*And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I'm an honest Puck⁹,
If we have unearned luck¹,
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue²,
We will make amends, ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands³, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.*

[Exit*.]

9 — an honest Puck,] The propriety of this epithet has been already shewn in p. 460, n. 7. MAIRONE.

¹ — unearned luck] i. e. if we have better fortune than we have deserved. STEVENS.

² Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,] That is, if we be dismissed without hisses. JOHNSON.

³ Give me your hands,—] That is, Clap your hands. Give us your applause. JOHNSON.

So in J. Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607:

"But then ymph, after the custom of distressed tragedians, whose first act is entertained with a *snaky* salutation, &c. STEVENS.

4 Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great. JOHNSON.

